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THE PRINCESS CASAMASSIMA.

BOOK FIFTH.

XLIV.

"AND Madame Grandoni, then?" asked Hyacinth, reluctant to turn away. He felt pretty sure that he should never knock at that door again, and the desire was strong in him to see once more, for the last time, the ancient, troubled *sui-vante* of the Princess, whom he had always liked. She had seemed to him ever to be in the slightly ridiculous position of a confidante of tragedy in whom the heroine should have ceased to confide.

"*E andata via, caro signorino*," said Assunta, smiling at him as she stood there holding the door open.

"She has gone away? Bless me, when did she go?"

"It is now five days, dear young sir. She has returned to our country."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Hyacinth, disappointedly.

"*E possibilissimo!*" said Assunta. Then she added, "There were many times when she almost went; but this time — *capisce*" — And without finishing her sentence the Princess's Roman tirewoman indulged in a subtle, suggestive, indefinable play of expression, to which her hands and shoulders contributed, as well as her lips and eyebrows.

Hyacinth looked at her long enough to catch any meaning that she might have wished to convey, but gave no sign of apprehending it. He only remarked, gravely, "In short, she is here no more."

"And the worst is that she will probably never come back. She didn't go for a long time, but when she decided herself it was finished," Assunta declared. "*Peccato!*" she added, with a sigh.

"I should have liked to see her again — I should have liked to bid her good-by." Hyacinth lingered there in strange, melancholy vagueness; since he had been told the Princess was not at home he had no reason for remaining, save the possibility that she might return before he turned away. This possibility, however, was small, for it was only nine o'clock, the middle of the evening — too early an hour for her to reappear, if, as Assunta said, she had gone out after tea. He looked up and down the Crescent, gently swinging his stick, and became conscious in a moment that Assunta was regarding him with tender interest.

"You should have come back sooner; then perhaps she would n't have gone, *povera vecchia*," she rejoined in a moment. "It is too many days since you

have been here. She liked you — I know that.”

“She liked me, but she did n’t like me to come,” said Hyacinth. “Was n’t that why she went, because we came?”

“Ah, that other one — *quel’ grande* — yes. But you are better.”

“The Princess does n’t think so, and she is the right judge,” Hyacinth replied, smiling.

“Eh, who knows what she thinks? It is not for me to say. But you had better come in and wait. I dare say she won’t be long, and it would gratify her to find you.”

Hyacinth hesitated. “I am not sure of that.” Then he asked, “Did she go out alone?”

“*Sola, sola,*” said Assunta, smiling. “Eh, don’t be afraid; you were the first.” And she flung open the door of the little drawing-room, with an air of irresistible solicitation and sympathy.

He sat there nearly an hour, in the chair she habitually used, under her shaded lamp, with a dozen objects around him which seemed as much a part of herself as if they had been portions of her dress or even tones of her voice. His thoughts were tremendously active, but his body was too tired for restlessness; he had not been to work, and had been walking about all day, to fill the time; so that he simply reclined there, with his head on one of the Princess’s cushions, his feet on one of her little stools — one of the ugly ones, that belonged to the house — and his respiration coming quickly, like that of a man in a state of acute agitation. Hyacinth was agitated now, but it was not because he was waiting for the Princess; a deeper source of emotion had been opened to him, and he had not on the present occasion more sharpness of impatience than had already visited him at certain moments of the past twenty hours. He had not closed his eyes the night before, and the day had not made up for that torment. A fever of reflection had de-

scended upon him, and the range of his imagination had been wide. It whirled him through circles of immeasurable compass; and this is the reason that, thinking of many things while he sat in the Princess’s chair, he wondered why, after all, he had come to Madeira Crescent, and what interest he could have in seeing the lady of the house. He had a very complete sense that everything was over between them; that the link had snapped which bound them so closely together for a while. And this was not simply because for a long time now he had received no sign or communication from her, no invitation to come back, no inquiry as to why his visits had stopped. It was not because he had seen her go in and out with Paul Muniment, nor because it had suited Prince Casamassima to point the moral of her doing so, nor even because, quite independently of the Prince, he believed her to be more deeply absorbed in her acquaintance with that superior young man than she had ever been in her relations with himself. The reason, so far as he became conscious of it in his fitful meditations, could only be a strange, detached curiosity — strange and detached because everything else of his past had been engulfed in the abyss that opened before him as, after Mr. Vetch had left him, he stood under the lamp in a paltry Westminster street. That had swallowed up all familiar feelings, and yet out of the ruin had sprung the impulse which brought him to where he sat.

The solution of his difficulty — he flattered himself he had arrived at it — involved a winding up of his affairs; and though, even if no solution had been required, he would have felt clearly that he had been dropped, yet as even in that case it would have been sweet to him to bid her good-by, so, at present, the desire for some last vision of her own hurrying fate could still appeal to him. If things had not gone well for

him, he was still capable of wondering whether they looked better for her. It is a singular fact, but there rose in his mind a sort of incongruous desire to pity her. All these were odd feelings enough, and by the time half an hour had elapsed they had throbbed themselves into weariness and into slumber. While he remembered that he was waiting now in a very different frame from that in which he waited for her in South Street, the first time he went to see her, he closed his eyes and lost himself. His unconsciousness lasted, he afterwards perceived, nearly half an hour; it terminated in his becoming aware that the lady of the house was standing before him. Assunta was behind her, and as she opened his eyes she took from her mistress the bonnet and mantle of which the Princess divested herself. "It's charming of you to have waited," the latter said, smiling down at him with all her old kindness. "You're very tired—don't get up; that's the best chair, and you must keep it." She made him remain where he was; she placed herself near him on a smaller seat; she declared that she was not tired herself, that she did n't know what was the matter with her—nothing tired her now; she exclaimed on the time that had elapsed since he had last called, as if she were reminded of it simply by seeing him again; and she insisted that he should have some tea—he looked so much as if he needed it. She considered him with deeper attention, and wished to know what was the matter with him—what he had done to use himself up; adding that she must begin and look after him again, for while she had the care of him that kind of thing did n't happen. In response to this Hyacinth made a great confession: he admitted that he had stayed away from work and simply amused himself—amused himself by loafing about London all day. This did n't pay—he was beginning to discover it as he grew older; it was

doubtless a sign of increasing years when one began to perceive that wanton pleasures were hollow, and that to stick to one's tools was not only more profitable, but more refreshing. However, he did stick to them, as a general thing; that was no doubt partly why, from the absence of the habit of it, a day off turned out to be rather a grind. When Hyacinth had not seen the Princess for some time, he always, on meeting her again, had a renewed tremendous sense of her beauty, and he had it to-night in an extraordinary degree. Splendid as that beauty had ever been, it seemed clothed at present in transcendent glory, and (if that which was already supremely fine could be capable of greater refinement) to have worked itself free of all earthly grossness and been purified and consecrated by her new life. Her gentleness, when she was in the mood for it, was something divine (it had always the irresistible charm that it was the humility of a high spirit), and on this occasion she gave herself up to it. Whether it was because he had the consciousness of resting his eyes upon her for the last time, or because she wished to be particularly pleasant to him in order to make up for having, amid other preoccupations, rather dropped him of late (it was probable the effect was a product of both causes), at all events, the sight of her loveliness seemed none the less a privilege than it had done the night he went into her box, at the play, and her presence lifted the weight from his soul. He suffered himself to be coddled and absently, even if radiantly, smiled at, and his state of mind was such that it could produce no alteration of his pain to see that on the Princess's part these were inexpensive gifts. She had sent Assunta to bring them tea, and when the tray arrived she gave him cup after cup, with every restorative demonstration; but he had not sat with her a quarter of an hour before he perceived that she scarcely measured a

word he said to her, or a word that she herself uttered. If she had the best intention of being nice to him, by way of compensation, this compensation was for a wrong that was far from vividly present to her mind. Two points became perfectly clear: one was that she was thinking of something very different from her present, her past, or her future relations with Hyacinth Robinson; the other was that he was superseded indeed. This was so completely the case that it did not even occur to her, it was evident, that the sense of supersession might be cruel to the young man. If she was charming to him, it was because she was good-natured and he had been hanging off, and not because she had done him an injury. Perhaps, after all, she had n't, for he got the impression that it might be no great loss of comfort not to constitute part of her life to-day. It was manifest from her eye, from her smile, from every movement and tone, and indeed from all the irradiation of her beauty, that that life to-day was tremendously wound up. If he had come to Madeira Crescent because he was curious to see how she was getting on, it was sufficiently intimated to him that she was getting on well; that is, that she was living more than ever on high hopes and bold plans and far-reaching combinations. These things, from his own point of view, ministered less to happiness, and to be mixed up with them was perhaps not so much greater a sign that one had not lived for nothing than the grim argument which, in the interest of peace, he had just arrived at with himself. She asked him why he had not been to see her for so long, quite as if this failure were only a vulgar form of social neglect; and she scarcely seemed to notice whether it were a good or a poor excuse when he said he had stayed away because he knew her to be extremely busy. But she did not deny the impeachment; she admitted that she had been busier than

ever in her life before. She looked at him as if he would know what that meant, and he remarked that he was very sorry for her.

"Because you think it's all a mistake! Yes, I know that. Perhaps it is; but if it is, it's a magnificent one. If you were scared about me three or four months ago, I don't know what you would think to-day — if you knew! I have risked everything."

"Fortunately, I don't know," said Hyacinth.

"No, indeed, how should you?"

"And to tell the truth," he went on, "that is really the reason I have n't been back here till to-night. I have n't wanted to know—I have feared and hated to know."

"Then why did you come at last?"

Hyacinth hesitated a moment. "Out of a kind of inconsistent curiosity."

"I suppose, then, you would like me to tell you where I have been to-night, eh?"

"No, my curiosity is satisfied. I have learned something — what I mainly wanted to know — without your telling me."

She stared an instant. "Ah, you mean whether Madame Grandoni was gone? I suppose Assunta told you."

"Yes, Assunta told me, and I was sorry to hear it."

The Princess looked grave, as if her old friend's departure was indeed a very serious incident. "You may imagine how I feel it! It leaves me completely alone; it makes, in the eyes of the world, an immense difference in my position. However, I don't consider the eyes of the world. At any rate, she could n't put up with me any more — it appears that I am more and more shocking; and it was written!" On Hyacinth's asking what the old lady would do, she replied, "I suppose she will go and live with my husband." Five minutes later she inquired of him whether the same reason that he had

mentioned just before was the explanation of his absence from Audley Court. Mr. Muniment had told her that he had not been near him and his sister for more than a month.

"No, it is n't the fear of learning something that would make me uneasy : because, somehow, in the first place it is n't natural to feel uneasy about Paul, and in the second, if it were, he never lets one see anything. It is simply the general sense of real divergence of view. When that divergence becomes sharp, it is better not to pester each other."

"I see what you mean. But you might go and see his sister."

"I don't like her," said Hyacinth, simply.

"Ah, neither do I!" the Princess exclaimed, smiling ; while her visitor remained conscious of the perfect composure, the absence of false shame, with which she had referred to their common friend. But she was silent after this, and he judged that he had stayed long enough and sufficiently taxed a preoccupied attention. He got up, and was bidding her good-night, when she checked him by saying, suddenly, "By the way, your not going to see so good a friend as Mr. Muniment, because you disapprove to-day of his work, suggests to me that you will be in an awkward fix, with your disapprovals, the day you are called upon to serve the cause according to your vow."

"Oh, of course I've thought of that," said Hyacinth, smiling.

"And would it be indiscreet to ask what you have thought?"

"Ah, so many things, Princess ! It would take me a long time to say."

"I have never talked to you about this, because it seemed to me indelicate, and the whole thing too much a secret of your own breast for even so intimate a friend as I have been to have a right to meddle with it. But I have wondered much — seeing that you cared less and less for the people — how you would

reconcile your change of heart with the performance of your engagement. I pity you, my poor friend," the Princess went on, with a heavenly sweetness, "for I can imagine nothing more terrible than to find yourself face to face with such an engagement, and to feel at the same time that the spirit which prompted it is dead within you."

"Terrible, terrible, most terrible," said Hyacinth, gravely, looking at her.

"But I pray God it may never be your fate!" The Princess hesitated a moment; then she added, "I see you feel it. Heaven help us all!" She paused, then went on: "Why should n't I tell you, after all? A short time ago I had a visit from Mr. Vetch."

"It was kind of you to see him," said Hyacinth.

"He was delightful, I assure you. But do you know what he came for? To beg me, on his knees, to snatch you away."

"To snatch me away?"

"From the danger that hangs over you. Poor man, he was very pathetic."

"Oh yes, he has talked to me about it," Hyacinth said. "He has picked up the idea, but he knows nothing whatever about it. And how did he expect that you would be able to snatch me?"

"He left that to me; he had only a general conviction of my influence with you."

"And he thought you would exercise it to make me back out? He does you injustice; you would n't!" Hyacinth exclaimed, smiling. "In that case, taking one false position with another, yours would be no better than mine."

"Oh, speaking seriously, I am perfectly quiet about you and about myself. I know you won't be called," the Princess returned.

"May I inquire how you know it?"

After a slight hesitation, she replied, "Mr. Muniment tells me so."

"And how does he know it?"

"We have information. My dear fellow," the Princess went on, "you are so much out of it now that if I were to tell you, you wouldn't understand."

"Yes, no doubt I am out of it; but I still have a right to say, all the same, in contradiction to your imputation of a moment ago, that I care for the people exactly as much as I ever did."

"My poor Hyacinth, my poor infatuated little aristocrat, was that ever very much?" the Princess asked.

"It was enough, and it is still enough, to make me willing to lay down my life for anything that will really help them."

"Yes, and of course you must decide for yourself what that is; or, rather, what it's not."

"I did n't decide when I gave my promise. I agreed to take the decision of others," Hyacinth said.

"Well, you said just now that in relation to this business of yours you had thought of many things," the Princess rejoined. "Have you ever, by chance, thought of anything that *will* help the people?"

"You call me fantastic names, but I'm one of them myself."

"I know what you are going to say!" the Princess broke in. "You are going to say that it will help them to do what you do — to do their work, and earn their wages. That's beautiful so far as it goes. But what do you propose for the thousands and thousands for whom no work — on the overcrowded earth, under the pitiless heaven — is to be found? There is less and less work in the world, and there are more and more people to do the little that there is. The old ferocious selfishnesses *must* come down. They won't come down gracefully, so they must be smashed!"

The tone in which the Princess uttered these words made Hyacinth's heart beat fast, and there was something so inspiring in her devoted fairness that the vision of a great heroism flashed

up again before him, in all the splendor it had lost — the idea of a tremendous risk and an unregarded sacrifice. Such a woman as that, at such a moment, made every scruple seem a prudence and every compunction a cowardice. "I wish to God I could see it as you see it!" he exclaimed, after he had looked at her a minute in silent admiration.

"I see simply this: that what we are doing is at least worth trying; and that as none of those who have the power, the place, the means, will try anything else, on *their* head be the responsibility, on *their* head be the blood!"

"Princess," said Hyacinth, clasping his hands, and feeling that he trembled, "dearest Princess, if anything should happen to *you*" — and his voice fell; the horror of it, a dozen hideous images of her possible perversity and her possible punishment, were again before him, as he had already seen them, in sinister musings; they seemed to him worse than anything he had imagined for himself.

She threw back her head, looking at him almost in anger. "To me! And pray why not to me? What title have I to exemption, to security, more than any one else? Why am I so sacrosanct and so precious?"

"Simply because there is no one in the world, and there has never been any one in the world, like you."

"Oh, thank you," said the Princess, with a kind of dry impatience, turning away.

The manner in which she spoke put an end to their conversation. It expressed an indifference to what it might interest him to think about her to-day, and even a contempt for it, which brought tears to his eyes. His tears, however, were concealed by the fact that he bent his head over her hand, which he had taken to kiss; after which he left the room without looking at her.

XLV.

"I have received a letter from your husband," Paul Muniment said to the Princess, the next evening, as soon as he came into the room. He announced this fact with a kind of bald promptitude, and with a familiarity of manner which showed that his visit was one of a closely connected series. The Princess was evidently not a little surprised by it, and immediately asked how in the world the Prince could know his address. "Could n't it have been by your old lady?" Muniment inquired. "He must have met her in Paris. It is from Paris that he writes."

"What an incorrigible cad!" the Princess exclaimed.

"I don't see that—for writing to me. I have his letter in my pocket, and I will show it to you, if you like."

"Thank you, nothing would induce me to touch anything he has touched," the Princess replied.

"You touch his money, my dear lady," Muniment remarked, with the quiet smile of a man who sees things as they are.

The Princess hesitated a little. "Yes, I make an exception for that, because it hurts him, it makes him suffer."

"I should think, on the contrary, it would gratify him by showing you in a condition of weakness and dependence."

"Not when he knows I don't use it for myself. What exasperates him is that it is devoted to ends that he hates almost as much as he hates me, and yet that he can't call selfish."

"He does n't hate you," said Muniment, with that tone of pleasant reasonableness that he used when he was most imperturbable. "His letter satisfies me of that." The Princess stared at this, and asked him what he was coming to—whether he was leading up to advising her to go back and live with her husband. "I don't know that I would

go so far as to advise," he replied; "when I have so much benefit from seeing you here, on your present footing, that wouldn't sound well. But I'll just make bold to prophesy that you will go before very long."

"And on what does that extraordinary prediction rest?"

"On this plain fact—that you will have nothing to live upon. You decline to read the Prince's letter, but if you were to look at it it would give you evidence of what I mean. He informs me that I need count upon no more supplies from your hands, as you yourself will receive no more."

"He addresses you that way, in plain terms!"

"I can't call them very plain, because the letter is written in French, and I naturally have had a certain difficulty in making it out, in spite of my persevering study of the tongue and the fine example set me by poor Robinson. But that appears to be the gist of the matter."

"And you can repeat such an insult to me without the smallest apparent discomposure? You're the most remarkable man!" the Princess broke out.

"Why is it an insult? It is the simple truth. I do take your money," said Paul Muniment.

"You take it for a sacred cause; you don't take it for yourself."

"The Prince is n't obliged to look at that," Muniment rejoined, laughing.

His companion was silent for a moment; then, "I did n't know you were on his side," she replied, gently.

"Oh, you know on what side I am!"

"What does he know? What business has he to address you so?"

"I suppose he knows from Madame Grandoni. She has told him that I have great influence upon you."

"She was welcome to tell him that!" the Princess exclaimed.

"His reasoning, therefore, has been

that when I find you have nothing more to give to the cause I will let you go."

"Nothing more? And does he count *me*, myself, and every pulse of my being, every capacity of my nature, as nothing?" the Princess cried, with shining eyes.

"Apparently he thinks that I do."

"Oh, as for that, after all, I have known that you care far more for my money than for me. But it has made no difference to me," said the Princess.

"Then you see that by your own calculation the Prince is right."

"My dear sir," Muniment's hostess replied, "my interest in you never depended on your interest in me. It depended wholly on a sense of your great destinies. I suppose that what you began to tell me is that he stops my allowance."

"From the first of next month. He has taken legal advice. It is now clear — so he tells me — that you forfeit your settlements."

"Can I not take legal advice, too?" the Princess asked. "Surely I can contest that. I can forfeit my settlements only by an act of my own. The act that led to our separation was *his* act; he turned me out of his house by physical violence."

"Certainly," said Muniment, displaying even in this simple discussion his easy aptitude for argument; "but since then there have been acts of your own." He stopped a moment, smiling; then he went on: "Your whole connection with a secret society constitutes an act, and so does your exercise of the pleasure, which you appreciate so highly, of feeding it with money extorted from an old Catholic and princely family. You know how little it is to be desired that these matters should come to light."

"Why in the world need they come to light? Allegations in plenty, of course, he would have, but not a particle of proof. Even if Madame Grandoni were to testify against me, which is in-

conceivable, she would not be able to produce a definite fact."

"She would be able to produce the fact that you had a little bookbinder staying for a month in your house."

"What has that to do with it?" the Princess demanded. "If you mean that that is a circumstance which would put me in the wrong as against the Prince, is there not, on the other side, this circumstance, that while our young friend was staying with me Madame Grandoni herself, a person of the highest and most conspicuous respectability, never saw fit to withdraw from me her countenance and protection? Besides, why should n't I have my bookbinder, just as I might have (and the Prince should surely appreciate my consideration in not having) my physician and my chaplain?"

"Am I not your chaplain?" said Muniment, with a laugh. "And does the bookbinder usually dine at the princess's table?"

"Why not, if he's an artist? In the old times, I know, artists dined with the servants; but not to-day."

"That would be for the court to appreciate," Muniment remarked. And in a moment he added, "Allow me to call your attention to the fact that Madame Grandoni *has* left you — *has* withdrawn her countenance and protection."

"Ah, but not for Hyacinth!" the Princess returned, in a tone which would have made the fortune of an actress, if an actress could have caught it.

"For the bookbinder or for the chaplain, it does n't matter. But that's only a detail," said Muniment. "In any case, I should n't in the least care for your going to law."

The Princess rested her eyes upon him for a while in silence, and at last she replied, "I was speaking just now of your great destinies, but every now and then you do something, you say something, that makes me doubt of them. It's when you seem afraid.

That's terribly against your being a first-rate man."

"Oh, I know you have thought me a coward from the first of your knowing me. But what does it matter? I have n't the smallest pretension to being a first-rate man."

"Oh, you're deep, and you're provoking!" murmured the Princess, with a sombre eye.

"Don't you remember," Muniment continued, without heeding this somewhat passionate ejaculation — "don't you remember how, the other day, you accused me of being not only a coward, but a traitor; of playing false; of wanting, as you said, to back out?"

"Most distinctly. How can I help its coming over me, at times, that you have incalculable ulterior views, and are only using me — only using us all? But I don't care."

"No, no; I'm genuine," said Paul Muniment, simply, yet in a tone which might have implied that the discussion was idle. And he immediately went on, with a transition too abrupt for perfect civility: "The best reason in the world for your not having a lawsuit with your husband is this: that when you have n't a penny left you will be obliged to go back and live with him."

"How do you mean, when I have n't a penny left? Have n't I my own property?" the Princess demanded.

"The Prince tells me that you have drawn upon your own property at such a rate that the income to be derived from it amounts, to his positive knowledge, to no more than a thousand francs — forty pounds — a year. Surely, with your habits and tastes, you can't live on forty pounds. I should add that your husband implies that your property, originally, was but a small affair."

"You have the most extraordinary tone," observed the Princess, gravely. "What you appear to wish to express is simply this: that from the moment I have no more money to give you I am

of no more value than the skin of an orange."

Muniment looked down at his shoe awhile. His companion's words had brought a flush into his cheek; he appeared to admit to himself and to her that, at the point at which their conversation had arrived, there was a natural difficulty in his delivering himself. But presently he raised his head, and showed a face still slightly embarrassed, but none the less bright and frank. "I have no intention whatever of saying anything harsh or offensive to you, but, since you challenge me, perhaps it is well that I should let you know that I *do* consider that in giving your money — or, rather, your husband's — to our business you gave the most valuable thing you had to contribute."

"This is the day of plain truths!" the Princess exclaimed, with a laugh that was not expressive of pleasure. "You don't count, then, any devotion, any intelligence, that I may have placed at your service, even rating my faculties modestly?"

"I count your intelligence, but I don't count your devotion, and one is nothing without the other. You are not trusted at headquarters."

"Not trusted!" the Princess repeated, with her splendid stare. "Why, I thought I could be hanged to-morrow!"

"They may let you hang, perfectly, without letting you act. You are liable to be weary of us," Paul Muniment went on; "and, indeed, I think you are weary of us already."

"Ah, you *must* be a first-rate man, you are such a brute!" replied the Princess, who noticed, as she had noticed before, that he pronounced "*weary*" *weery*.

"I did n't say you were weary of *me*," said Muniment, blushing again. "You can never live poor — you don't begin to know the meaning of it."

"Oh, no, I am not tired of you," the Princess returned, in a strange tone.

"In a moment you will make me cry with passion, and no man has done that for years. I was very poor when I was a girl," she added, in a different manner. "You yourself recognized it just now, in speaking of the insignificant character of my fortune."

"It had to be a fortune, to be insignificant," said Muniment, smiling. "You will go back to your husband!"

To this declaration she made no answer whatever; she only sat looking at him in sombre calmness. "I don't see, after all, why they trust you more than they trust me," she remarked.

"I am not sure that they do," said Muniment. "I have heard something this evening which suggests that."

"And may one know what it is?"

"A communication which I should have expected to be made through me has been made through another person."

"A communication?"

"To Hyacinth Robinson."

"To Hyacinth" — The Princess sprang up; she had turned pale in a moment.

"He has got his ticket; but they didn't send it through me."

"Do you mean his orders? He was here last night," the Princess said.

"A fellow named Schinkel, a German — whom you don't know, I think, but who was a sort of witness, with me and another, of his undertaking — came to see me this evening. It was through him the summons came, and he put Hyacinth up to it on Sunday night."

"On Sunday night?" The Princess stared. "Why, he was here yesterday, and he talked of it, and he told me nothing."

"That was quite right of him, bless him!" Muniment exclaimed.

The Princess closed her eyes a moment, and when she opened them again Muniment had risen and was standing before her. "What do they want him to do?" she asked.

"I am like Hyacinth; I think I had

better not tell you — at least till it's over."

"And when will it be over?"

"They give him several days, and, I believe, minute instructions," said Muniment, "with, however, considerable discretion in respect to seizing his chance. The thing is made remarkably easy for him. All this I know from Schinkel, who himself knew nothing on Sunday, being a mere medium of transmission, but who saw Hyacinth yesterday morning."

"Schinkel trusts you, then?" the Princess remarked.

Muniment looked at her steadily a moment. "Yes, but he won't trust you. Hyacinth is to receive a card of invitation to the house," he went on, "a card with the name left in blank, so that he may fill it out himself. It is to be good for each of two big parties which are to be given at a few days' interval. That's why they give him the job — because at a party he'll look in his place."

"He will like that," said the Princess, musingly — "repaying hospitality with a pistol-shot."

"If he does n't like it, he need n't do it."

The Princess made no rejoinder to this, but in a moment she said, "I can easily find out the place you mean — the house where two great parties are to be given at a few days' interval, and where the master is worth your powder."

"Easily, no doubt. And do you want to warn him?"

"No, I want to do the business first, so that it won't be left for another. If Hyacinth will look in his place at a big party, should not I look still more in mine? And as I know the individual, I should be able to approach him without exciting the smallest suspicion."

Muniment appeared to consider her suggestion a moment, as if it were practical and interesting; but presently he answered, smiling, "To fall by your hand would be too good for him."

"However he falls, will it be useful, valuable?" the Princess asked.

"It's worth trying. He's a bad institution."

"And don't you mean to go near Hyacinth?"

"No, I wish to leave him free," Muniment answered.

"Ah, Paul Muniment," murmured the Princess, "you *are* a first-rate man!" She sank down upon the sofa, and sat looking up at him. "In God's name, why have you told me this?" she broke out.

"So that you should not be able to throw it up at me, later, that I had not."

She threw herself over, burying her face in the cushions, and remained so, for some minutes, in silence. Muniment watched her awhile, without speaking; but at last he remarked, "I don't want to aggravate you, but you *will* go back!" The words failed to cause her to raise her head, and after a moment he quietly went out.

XLVI.

That the Princess had done with him, done with him forever, remained the most vivid impression that Hyacinth had carried away from Madeira Crescent the night before. He went home, and he flung himself on his narrow bed, where the consolation of sleep again descended upon him. But he woke up with the earliest dawn, and the beginning of a new day was a quick revival of pain. He was overpast, he had become vague, he was extinct. The things that Sholto had said to him came back to him, and the compassion of foreknowledge that Madame Grandoni had shown him from the first. Of Paul Muniment he only thought to wonder whether he knew. An insurmountable desire to do justice to him, for the very reason that there might be a temptation to oblique thoughts, forbade him to challenge his

friend even in imagination. He vaguely wondered whether *he* would ever be superseded; but this possibility faded away in a stronger light — a kind of dazzling vision of some great tribuneship, which swept before him now and again, and in which the figure of the Princess herself seemed merged and extinguished. When full morning came at last, and he got up, it brought with it, in the restlessness which made it impossible to him to remain in his room, a return of that beginning of an answerless question, "After all — after all" — which the Princess had planted there the night before when she spoke so bravely in the name of the Revolution. "After all — after all, since nothing else was tried, or would, apparently, ever be tried" — He had a sense of his mind, which had been made up, falling to pieces again; but that sense in turn lost itself in a shudder which was already familiar — the horror of the reappearance, on his part, of the imbrued hands of his mother. This loathing of the idea of a *repetition* had not been sharp, strangely enough, till his summons came; in all his previous meditations the growth of his reluctance to act for the "party of action" had not been the fear of a personal stain, but the simple extension of his observation. Yet now the idea of the personal stain made him horribly sick; it seemed by itself to make service impossible. It rose before him like a kind of backward accusation of his mother; to suffer it to start out in the life of her son was in a manner to publish again her own obliterated maculation. The thought that was most of all with him was that he had time — he had time; he was grateful for that, and saw a kind of delicacy in their having given him a margin, and not condemned him to be pressed by the hours. He had another day, he had two days, he might take even three. He knew he should be terribly weary of them before they were over; but, for that matter, they

would be over whenever he liked. Anyhow, he went forth again into the streets, into the squares, into the parks, solicited by an aimless desire to steep himself yet once again in the great city that he knew and loved, and that had had so many of his smiles and tears and confidences. The day was gray and damp, though no rain fell, and London had never appeared to him to wear more proudly and publicly the face of London. He passed slowly to and fro over Westminster bridge, and watched the black barges drift on the great brown river, and looked up at the huge fretted palace rising there as a fortress of the social order which he, like the young David, had been commissioned to attack with a sling and a pebble. At last he made his way to St. James's Park, and he strolled there a long time. He revolved about it, and he went a considerable distance up the Buckingham Palace Road. He stopped at a certain point and came back again, and then he retraced his steps in the former direction. He looked in the windows of shops, and he looked in particular into the long, glazed expanse of that establishment in which, at that hour of the day, Millicent Henning discharged superior functions. Millicent's image had descended upon him after he came out, and now it moved before him as he went, it clung to him, it refused to quit him. He made, in truth, no effort to drive it away; he held fast to it in return, and it murmured strange things in his ear. She had been so jolly to him on Sunday; she was such a strong, obvious, simple nature, with such a generous breast and such a freedom from the sophistries of civilization. All that he had ever liked in her came back to him now with a finer air, and there was a moment, during which he hung over the rail of the bridge that spans the lake in St. James's Park and mechanically followed the movement of the swans, when he asked himself whether,

at bottom, he had n't liked her better, almost, than any one. He tried to think he had, he wanted to think he had; and he seemed to see the look her eyes would have if he should tell her that he had. Something of that sort had really passed between them on Sunday; only the business that had come up since had superseded it. Now the taste of the vague, primitive comfort that his Sunday had given him came back to him, and he asked himself whether he might n't know it a second time. After he had thought he could n't again wish for anything, he found himself wishing that he might believe there was something Millicent could do for him. Might n't she help him — might n't she even extricate him? He was looking into a window — not that of her own shop — when a vision rose before him of a quick flight with her, for an undefined purpose, to an undefined spot; and he was glad, at that moment, to have his back turned to the people in the street, because his face suddenly grew red to the tips of his ears. Again and again, all the same, he indulged in the reflection that spontaneous, uncultivated minds often have inventions, inspirations. Moreover, whether Millicent should have any or not, he might at least feel her arms around him. He did n't exactly know what good it would do him or what door it would open; but he should like it. The sensation was not one he could afford to defer, but the nearest moment at which he could enjoy it would be that evening. *He* had thrown over everything, but she would be busy all day; nevertheless, it would be a gain, it would be a kind of foretaste, to see her earlier, to have three words with her. He wrestled with the temptation to go into her establishment, because he knew she did n't like it (he had tried it once, of old); as the visits of gentlemen, even when ostensible purchasers (there were people watching about who

could tell who was who), compromised her in the eyes of her employers. This was not an ordinary case, however; and though he hovered about the place a long time, undecided, embarrassed, half ashamed, at last he went in, as by an irresistible necessity. He would just make an appointment with her, and a glance of the eye and a single word would suffice. He remembered his way through the labyrinths of the shop; he knew that her department was on the second floor. He walked through the place, which was crowded, as if he had as good a right as any one else; and as he had entertained himself, on rising, with putting on his holiday garments, in which he made such a distinguished little figure, he was not suspected of any purpose more nefarious than that of looking at some nice thing to give a lady. He ascended the stairs, and found himself in a large room where made-up articles were exhibited, and where, though there were twenty people in it, a glance told him he shouldn't find Millicent. She was perhaps in the next one, into which he passed by a wide opening. Here also were numerous purchasers, most of them ladies; the men were but three or four, and the disposal of the wares was in the hands of neat young women, attired in black dresses with long trains. At first it appeared to Hyacinth that the young woman he sought was even here not within sight, and he was turning away, to look elsewhere, when suddenly he perceived that a tall gentleman, standing in the middle of the room, was none other than Captain Sholto. It next became plain to him that the person standing upright before the captain, as still as a lay-figure and with her back turned to Hyacinth, was the object of his own quest. In spite of her averted face he instantly recognized Millicent; he knew her shop attitude, the dressing of her hair behind, and the long, grand lines of her figure, draped in the last new

thing. She was exhibiting this article to the captain, and he was lost in contemplation. He had been beforehand with Hyacinth as a false purchaser, but he imitated a real one better than our young man, as, with his eyes traveling up and down the front of Millicent's person, he frowned, consideringly, and rubbed his lower lip slowly with his walking-stick. Millicent stood admirably still, and the back view of the garment she displayed was magnificent. Hyacinth, for a minute, stood as still as she. At the end of that minute he perceived that Sholto saw him, and for an instant he thought he was going to direct Millicent's attention to him. But Sholto only looked at him very hard, for a few seconds, without telling her he was there; to enjoy that satisfaction he would wait till the second comer was gone. Hyacinth gazed back at him for the same length of time — what these two pairs of eyes said to each other requires perhaps no definite mention — and then turned away.

That evening, about nine o'clock, the Princess Casamassima drove in a hansom to Hyacinth's lodgings in Westminster. The door of the house was a little open, and a man stood on the step, smoking his big pipe, and looking up and down. The Princess, seeing him while she was still at some distance, had hoped he was Hyacinth, but he proved to be a very different figure indeed from her devoted young friend. He had not a forbidding countenance, but he looked very hard at her as she descended from her hansom and approached the door. She was used to being looked at hard, and she didn't mind this; she supposed he was one of the lodgers in the house. He edged away to let her pass, and watched her while she endeavored to impart an elasticity of movement to the limp bell-pull beside the door. It gave no audible response, so that she said to him, "I wish to ask for Mr. Hyacinth Robinson. Perhaps you can tell me — a" —

"Yes, I too," the man replied, smiling. "I have come also for that."

The Princess hesitated a moment. "I think you must be Mr. Schinkel. I have heard of you."

"You know me by my bad English," her interlocutor remarked, with a sort of benevolent coquetry.

"Your English is remarkably good — I wish I spoke German as well. Only just a hint of an accent, and, evidently, an excellent vocabulary."

"I think I have heard, also, of you," said Schinkel, appreciatively.

"Yes, we know each other, in our circle, don't we? We are all brothers and sisters." The Princess was anxious, she was in a fever; but she could still relish the romance of standing in a species of back-slum and fraternizing with a personage looking like a very tame horse whose collar galled him. "Then he's at home, I hope; he is coming down to you?" she went on.

"That's what I don't know. I am waiting."

"Have they gone to call him?"

Schinkel looked at her, while he puffed his pipe. "I have called him myself, but he will not say."

"How do you mean — he will not say?"

"His door is locked. I have knocked many times."

"I suppose he is out," said the Princess.

"Yes, he may be out," Schinkel remarked, considerately.

He and the Princess stood a moment looking at each other, and then she asked, "Have you any doubt of it?"

"Oh, *es kann sein*. Only the woman of the house told me five minutes ago that he came in."

"Well, then, he probably went out again," the Princess remarked.

"Yes, but she did n't hear him."

The Princess reflected, and was conscious that she was flushing. She knew what Schinkel knew about their young

friend's actual situation, and she wished to be very clear with him, and to induce him to be the same with her. She was rather baffled, however, by the sense that he was cautious, and justly cautious. He was polite and inscrutable, quite like some of the high personages — ambassadors and cabinet ministers — whom she used to meet in the great world. "Has the woman been here, in the house, ever since?" she asked in a moment.

"No, she went out for ten minutes, half an hour ago."

"Surely, then, he may have gone out again in that time!" the Princess exclaimed.

"That is what I have thought. It is also why I have waited here," said Schinkel. "I have nothing to do," he added, serenely.

"Neither have I," the Princess rejoined. "We can wait together."

"It's a pity you have n't got some room," the German suggested.

"No, indeed; this will do very well. We shall see him the sooner when he comes back."

"Yes, but perhaps it won't be for long."

"I don't care for that; I will wait. I hope you don't object to my company," she went on, smiling.

"It is good, it is good," Schinkel responded, through his smoke.

"Then I will send away my cab." She returned to the vehicle and paid the driver, who said, "Thank you, my lady," with expression, and drove off.

"You gave him too much," said Schinkel, when she came back.

"Oh, he looked like a nice man. I am sure he deserved it."

"It is very expensive," Schinkel went on, sociably.

"Yes, and I have no money, but it's done. Was there no one else in the house while the woman was away?" the Princess asked.

"No, the people are out; she only has

single men. I asked her that. She has a daughter, but the daughter has gone to see her cousin. The mother went only a hundred yards, round the corner there, to buy a pennyworth of milk. She locked this door, and put the key in her pocket; she stayed at the grocer's, where she got the milk, to have a little conversation with a friend that she met there. You know ladies always stop like that — *nicht wahr?* It was half an hour later that I came. She told me that he was at home, and I went up to his room. I got no sound, as I have told you. I came down and spoke to her again, and she told me what I say."

"Then you determined to wait, as I have done," said the Princess.

"Oh, yes, I want to see him."

"So do I, very much." The Princess said nothing more, for a minute; then she added, "I think we want to see him for the same reason."

"Das kann sein — das kann sein."

The two continued to stand there in the brown evening, and they had some further conversation, of a desultory and irrelevant kind. At the end of ten minutes the Princess broke out, in a low tone, laying her hand on her companion's arm, "Mr. Schinkel, this won't do. I'm intolerably nervous."

"Yes, that is the nature of ladies," the German replied, imperturbably.

"I wish to go up to his room," the Princess pursued. "You will be so good as to show me where it is."

"It will do you no good, if he is not there."

The Princess hesitated. "I am not sure he is not there."

"Well, if he won't speak, it shows he likes better not to have visitors."

"Oh, he may like to have me better than he does you!" the Princess exclaimed.

"Das kann sein — das kann sein." But Schinkel made no movement to introduce her into the house.

"There is nothing to-night — you

know what I mean," the Princess remarked, after looking at him a moment.

"Nothing to-night?"

"At the duke's. The first party is on Thursday, the other is next Tuesday."

"*Schön*. I never go to parties," said Schinkel.

"Neither do I."

"Except that this is a kind of party — you and me," suggested Schinkel.

"Yes, and the woman of the house does n't approve of it." The footstep of the personage in question had been audible in the passage, through the open door, which was presently closed, from within, with a little reprehensive bang. Something in this incident appeared to quicken exceedingly the Princess's impatience and emotion; the menace of exclusion from the house made her wish more even than before to enter it. "For God's sake, Mr. Schinkel, take me up there. If you won't, I will go alone," she pleaded.

Her face was white now, and it need hardly be added that it was beautiful. The German considered it a moment in silence; then turned and reopened the door and went in, followed closely by his companion.

There was a light in the lower region, which tempered the gloom of the staircase — as high, that is, as the first floor; the ascent the rest of the way was so dusky that the pair went slowly, and Schinkel led the Princess by the hand. She gave a suppressed exclamation as she rounded a sharp turn in the second flight. "Good God, is that his door, with the light?"

"Yes, you can see under it. There was a light before," said Schinkel, without confusion.

"And why, in Heaven's name, did n't you tell me?"

"Because I thought it would worry you."

"And does n't it worry *you*?"

"A little, but I don't mind," said

Schinkel. "Very likely he may have left it."

"He does n't leave candles!" the Princess returned, with vehemence. She hurried up the few remaining steps to the door, and paused there with her ear against it. Her hand grasped the handle, and she turned it, but the door resisted. Then she murmured, pantingly, to her companion, "We must go in—we must go in!"

"What will you do, when it's locked?" he inquired.

"You must break it down."

"It is very expensive," said Schinkel.

"Don't be abject!" cried the Princess. "In a house like this the fastenings are certainly flimsy; they will easily yield."

"And if he is not there—if he comes back and finds what we have done?"

She looked at him a moment through the darkness, which was mitigated only by the small glow proceeding from the chink. "He *is* there! Before God, he is there!"

"*Schön, schön,*" said her companion, as if he felt the contagion of her own dread, but was deliberating and meant to remain calm. The Princess assured him that one or two vigorous thrusts with his shoulder would burst the bolt—it was sure to be some wretched little bolt—and she made way for him to come close. He did so, he even leaned against the door, but he gave no violent push, and the Princess waited, with her hand against her heart. Schinkel, apparently, was still deliberating. At last he gave a low sigh. "I know they found him the pistol; it is only for that," he murmured; and the next moment Christina saw him sway sharply to and fro, in the gloom. She heard a crack and saw that the lock had yielded. The door went back: they were in the light;

they were in a small room, which looked full of things. The light was that of a single candle on the mantel; it was so poor that for a moment she made out nothing definite. Before that moment was over, however, her eyes had attached themselves to the small bed. There was something on it—something black, something outstretched. Schinkel held her back, but only for an instant; she saw everything, and with the very act she flung herself beside the bed, upon her knees. Hyacinth lay there as if he were asleep, but there was a horrible thing, a mess of blood, on the bed, in his side, in his heart. His arm hung limp beside him, downwards, off the narrow couch; his face was white and his eyes were closed. So much Schinkel saw, but only for an instant; a convulsive movement of the Princess, bending over the body, while a strange low cry came from her lips, covered it up. He looked about him for the weapon, for the pistol, but the Princess, in her rush at the bed, had pushed it out of sight. "It's a pity they found it—if he had n't had it here!" he exclaimed to her. He had determined to remain calm, so that, on turning round at the quick advent of the little woman of the house, who had hurried up, white, scared, staring, at the sound of the crashing door, he was able to say, very quietly and gravely, "Mr. Robinson has shot himself through the heart. He must have done it while you were getting the milk." The Princess got up, hearing another person in the room, and then Schinkel perceived the small revolver, lying just under the bed. He picked it up, and carefully placed it on the mantel-shelf, keeping, equally carefully, to himself the reflection that it would certainly have served much better for the duke.

Henry James.

A MAD MONARCH.

ONE of the most important and salutary lessons of modern science is that which teaches us to study history in the light of psycho-pathology, and to look upon the many sovereigns who, especially in ancient and mediæval times, have been a curse to their subjects and a disgrace to humanity as morbid forces working uncontrolled in the body politic, malignant in their manifestations as cancers in the physical body, and with scarcely a greater degree of moral quality in their actions.

Of all the dreadful Roman emperors of the first century, Domitian is deservedly the most notorious for deeds of freakish cruelty and mad extravagance. He wasted in the erection of magnificent edifices and in games the treasure which his father, the prudent and economical Vespasian, had accumulated; and no sooner did financial stress put a check upon the execution of his wild projects than he became violent, and began to wreak his rage on imaginary persecutors. He lent a ready ear to venal courtiers and vile informers, and sacrificed to his morbid fears and suspicions the best men of his time.

That this ruler, whom historians have uniformly portrayed as a monster of depravity, was really a victim of *paranoia* appears scarcely to admit of question. Modern alienists would entertain no doubt whatever in such cases, and modern parliaments would not suffer such persons to remain in power and do detriment to the state. So far, at least, even in Germany, where constitutional government is as yet in its infancy, the people, through their representatives, can effectually restrain

"The right divine of kings to govern wrong."

Had Ludwig II. been an absolute monarch, with obsequious ministers and ser-

vile satellites to do his bidding, the record of his barbarous acts would rival that of Caligula or Nero. His commands to scourge the members of his cabinet and other men of political position, and to put out their eyes, could not have then been met with a simple smile of compassion, but might have been as fatal to Von Lutz and Von Crailsheim as the suspicions of Domitian were to Helvidius Priscus and Herennius Senecio. That the advisers of the crown have shown themselves very weak, and deserve reproof and correction for enduring so long the follies and whimsies of a crazy monarch, seems to be generally admitted; but the only punishment that can be properly administered to offending ministers in free countries is to be beaten at the polls, the legally authorized whipping-post for recreant politicians.

Nero was a gentle youth, of rare endowments and rather poetic temperament, and passionately fond of music. These qualities appealed strongly to the imagination and excited the admiration and enthusiasm of the Roman people, who thought they recognized in him an heir to the imperial purple who would do honor to his teacher and counselor, the philosopher Seneca. He ascended the throne at seventeen, and died a suicide at thirty-one, after having gratified, during the last ten years of his reign, almost every conceivable form of lust and lavishness. His expenditures for gorgeous theatrical spectacles and architectural extravagances, of which his famous golden house (*aurea domus*) was a specimen, exhausted the resources of Italy. It would be difficult to find in human annals a more striking example of the demoralizing and deranging effects of absolute and irresponsible power upon a more than usually bril-

liant but highly imaginative and immature intellect.

Making due allowance for difference in time and place, and for eighteen centuries of progress in civilization and the science of government, it was under somewhat analogous circumstances that Ludwig II. came to the Bavarian throne. In the first place, there was a double taint of insanity in his blood, derived collaterally both from the Hohenzollern and the Wittelsbach stock. A sister of his father, was a mild lunatic, and his mother was first cousin to the crazy Frederick William IV. of Prussia. Then his early education was bad for him. His father was a sort of pedagogical doctrinaire, who applied with extreme and injudicious rigor certain theories of education, which are always of doubtful correctness, and were certainly wrong and decidedly hurtful in this case. In order to make him earnest and manly, he was deprived of his playthings at an age when children take most delight in them and receive the greatest benefit from them. For a long time after the confiscation of his toys, there was nothing left for him to love and fondle but a little mud-turtle, a rather reticent and unreciprocating pet, of retiring habits, and not especially adapted to awaken and develop the affections. Even this sluggish and unsympathetic playmate was finally set aside as "too dissipating" for the youthful mind. This harsh and wholly absurd discipline, which was intended to produce strength of character and self-reliance, rendered the child surly and selfish and unnaturally prone to solitude. No wonder, too, that he hated the memory of his father; it would be hardly possible for him to entertain any other feelings towards such a parent.

Again, King Maximilian thought to inculcate the virtue of economy by putting his children, Ludwig and Otto, on very short allowances financially. The pocket-money of each prince amounted

to about twenty-five cents a week. It is said that Otto, having heard that a sound tooth was worth ten florins, tried to increase his funds by requesting a dentist to pull out one of his best bicuspids and sell it. But this attempt to raise the wind only brought a domestic hurricane upon his head. The queen, however, pondered this thing in her heart, and the *Taschengeld* of the boys was soon afterwards slightly increased. The heir to the Bavarian throne very rarely enjoyed in his youth the pleasure of attending the theatre and the opera, which in Germany the poorest classes of the people are not obliged to deny themselves. Harmless and healthful diversions of this kind seem to have been quite excluded from the royal plan of education.

Had Maximilian lived to the allotted age of threescore years and ten, his severe system of instruction and discipline might have been beneficial, or at least less baneful in its results; unfortunately, he died at fifty-one, and his son was called to the throne at eighteen, just as he was about to enter the University of Würzburg for the study of politics, in the scientific sense of that much-abused and sadly-degraded term.

It is not the purpose of this paper to give a history of the reign of Ludwig II.; suffice it to say that he was a young man of fair abilities and noble aspirations, liberal-minded and animated by pure and generous motives. As he stated, on taking the oath of fidelity to the constitution, he aimed honestly to promote "Bavaria's welfare and Germany's greatness." In the *Culturkampf* he sided with culture against clericalism, and one of his chief merits as a ruler was the wholesome check which he put upon ultramontane arrogance and aggressions. The firm attitude he maintained on these questions was due in a great measure to the influence of Schiller's poetry, the legendary heroism of William Tell, and the

fiery eloquence of Marquis von Posa. These ideal conceptions, as

"the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes,"

and breathes into them the breath of dramatic life, remained, after all, the truest and weightiest privy councilors of the crowned and sceptred idealist. That he should ever have been regarded as a person of great intellectual power or exceedingly brilliant talents must be ascribed to the glamour which blurs the eyes of those who look up with admiration to royalty, especially when embodied in the form of youthful beauty and an uncommonly imposing presence. Even now, after so many dreadful and disgusting facts have come to light, one cannot but marvel at

"The great love the general gender bear him ;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to
stone,
Convert his gyves to graces."

The excessive adulation paid to Ludwig on his accession to the throne was enough to turn the steadiest head, much more than that of a romantic youth, who had led hitherto a lonely life under strict tutelage, and knew nothing of the hollow fawning of courtiers and the shameless flattery of sycophants. The local press indulged in raptures and rhapsodies and sentimental drivel, such as only the German Jenkins is capable of ; and poets fell into ecstatic fits, and vied with each other in bepraising him as "a heavenly vision," "a godlike form," "an avatar of beauty." Even the octogenarian Ludwig I. bestrode again and for the last time his stiff and spavined Pegasus, — whose wonted pace is shown in the halting hexameters which adorn the arcades of the Hofgarten in Munich, — and indited a sonnet to his grandson's eyes, comparing them to the rapt eyes of the Pompeian Adonis as he lies wounded in the arms of Venus. The occasion of this effusion was the young king's betrothal to the Duchess

Sophie Charlotte, in 1867. An up-turned movement and slight rolling of the eyes, which, according to the grandfatherly Muse, seemed

"With mystic, unpresentient light to shine,
And earthly with the heavenly to combine,"

was a marked and much-admired peculiarity of Ludwig II., supposed to indicate sublimity of thought and elevation of character. This expression, which gave him the appearance of "a saint in ecstasy," was caused partly by a habit of throwing his head back and resting it on the nape of his neck, as he walked ; and this tendency to carry his head high, in a literal as well as in a figurative sense, grew upon him from year to year. "A high look" does not necessarily imply "a proud heart," as the Hebrew proverbial philosopher suggests, but more frequently betokens a diseased brain. It is a phenomenon often observable in horses which are thus affected, and therefore known to jockeys and farriers as "sky-gazers." It may well be doubted whether, in the case of a common citizen, a characteristic so strongly symptomatic of incipient mental aberration would have been so long regarded as a sign of spiritual loftiness and regal majesty.

Ludwig II. showed at an early age a decided love for the fine arts, especially for music, and considerable taste and critical penetration in his appreciation of them. Lohengrin greatly excited his enthusiasm, while he was yet Crown-Prince ; partly on account of the legendary-romantic character of the story, and partly because the swan-knight was associated with the Castle of Hohenschwangau, or Schwanstein, as it was formerly called, where he had passed much of his childhood. Through his munificent patronage of Richard Wagner, he is intimately and inseparably connected with a great epoch in the history of modern music. No competent and unprejudiced person will deny the eminently original and creative genius of

Wagner as a composer and a dramatic poet; at the same time, no one not blinded by prepossession and partisanship will fail to perceive and admit the inordinate egotism and utter selfishness and essential meanness of the man. He lived in princely style at the expense of his royal Mæcenæ, whom he also persuaded to build a splendid theatre in Munich for the special representation of his "musical dramas." This project failed, owing to the violent and almost universal opposition it encountered. A fierce wrath, which even beer could not assuage, fired the hearts of the proverbially dull and phlegmatic Munichers, who fought this "new Wagnerian extravagance" with tooth and nail; and now that the proposed theatre has been established at Bayreuth, and attracts throngs of strangers with long purses, they are ready to rend their garments and tear their hair at their own short-sightedness and stupidity. They scoffed at the "music of the future," and had not the slightest presentiment of the nearness and brilliancy of that future. It is a common saying in Germany that Bavaria will be the best place to emigrate to at the approaching end of the world, since that event, like everything else, will be sure to come off there fifty years later than in any other country. The Bavarians will be behind the times even as to the point when time shall be no more, and will enter as laggards upon the eternal life.

It is no wonder that, under such circumstances, King Ludwig's premature and yet remarkably prescient attempt to further the magnificent but costly schemes of his favorite,

"And plant the great Hereafter in the Now," should have proved abortive; no wonder, too, that he felt intensely disgusted at the constant hindering and final thwarting of plans for which his sympathies had been warmly enlisted, and which he regarded as promoting the highest interests of art and the future

welfare and growth of his capital as an art-city. At the same time, one can hardly be surprised that the citizens of Munich, proud of possessing already the largest opera-house in Germany, should have regarded this scheme as a work of supererogation and sinful extravagance. Never, however, since Samson overthrew the temple at Gaza did self-complacent and coutumelious Philistinism bring down swifter punishment upon its blockish head.

The strong tide of popular feeling which set in swelled to high flood, and did not ebb until it had swept away the project of the theatre and borne Wagner into exile. Could the young monarch have had his will in this matter, there is no doubt that the ultimate result would have added immensely to the material prosperity as well as to the architectural beauty and general attractiveness of Munich. A new quarter of the city would have grown up on the bluffs of the Isar, and the building mania of the king, extravagant as it afterwards became, would not have led him, demon-like, up into mountain wilds and out into desert places, but would have served, at least, to enlarge and adorn the Bavarian metropolis. Naturally enough, this unfortunate episode embittered Wagner, whose influence did not cease with his banishment, but tended to estrange the youthful sovereign from his people, and to foster in him an exorbitant sense of his royal might and majesty, which in the course of a few years assumed the form of an imperious and incurable *Grössenwahn*.

Ludwig's early training was not adapted to teach him the proper value and use of money, but merely to excite in him a feverish desire to have it and to spend it. The stinting method, which was intended to inculcate the virtue of thrift, could hardly fail to make him a reckless spendthrift. "Frugality," says Burke, "is founded on the principle that all riches have limits;" and this lesson

can be learned only from experience. Ludwig II. does not seem to have had the slightest conception of the existence of such limitations either on the side of poverty or of wealth. A thousand marks or a million marks were expressions which conveyed to his mind merely a vague idea of "much money;" just as a lake and the ocean appeal with equal force to the rude imagination of the savage as "big water." He once inquired of an attendant what his yearly income was. "Three thousand marks" (\$750), replied the man, in expectation of an increase of salary. "How in the world do you manage to spend so large a sum?" exclaimed the king, with unfeigned astonishment. And yet he would give a *pourboire* of a thousand marks for the most trivial service that pleased his fancy, and looked upon twenty million marks for building purposes as a mere bagatelle.

In the financial straits to which his prodigality reduced him, Ludwig made frantic efforts to borrow money from various sovereigns and sundry other persons, such as the emperors of Germany and Brazil, the kings of Belgium and Sweden, the Archduke of Este, and the Count of Paris. The rumor that, in his negotiations with the house of Orleans, he agreed to guarantee the neutrality of Bavaria in case of war between France and Germany, in return for a loan of forty million marks, is false. As his madness increased, he became more and more incapable of moderating his desires and enduring any check upon his will. The restraints of constitutional government grew exceedingly irksome to him, and he commissioned a Munich professor to find some autocratic state which he could get in exchange for Bavaria.

At times he was very violent, and, being a man of great physical strength, often put his attendants in peril of life and limb. About thirty persons were more or less seriously injured by him,

and one was killed, not to mention the unfortunate Dr. von Gudden. For slight offenses he condemned his servants to be confined in the donjon of his castle Neuschwanstein, or to be banished to America, where they were to be placed under the supervision of the police. One lackey, whom he accused of looking at him in an unseemly manner, was obliged to wear a black mask in the royal presence for a whole year; another had a seal set on his forehead, on account of his supposed stupidity. He cherished a particularly strong antipathy to the Crown-Prince of Prussia, and busied himself from time to time with the organization of a band of braves, who were to seize Frederick William, but by no means to kill him, as the king wished to keep him in close custody, and see him "pine away with grief and longing for his family."

His majesty was also the victim of many comparatively harmless hallucinations. Thus he never failed to pay homage to a certain tree, and to give his benediction to a certain hedge, as he passed them. On returning to Linderhof, after a long absence, he always embraced a column, which stands at the entrance of this lonely, and therefore favorite, country-seat. He was wont to dine with the bust of Louis XIV., treating it as if it were Le Grand Monarque himself, and frequently stood in reverential attitude for hours before a statue of Marie Antoinette, at the feet of which the court *fourrier* was obliged to kneel, with outstretched, supplicating hands, although probably in anything but a prayerful frame of mind. When the king withdrew, he did so by walking slowly backwards, and then turned away, as though the parting from the image of the person, whom he evidently worshiped as a martyred and sainted queen, were extremely painful. He was a Louis Quatorze fanatic, and endeavored to surround himself with the objects and live in the style of that epoch.

Toward the end of his life, however, he developed a passion for Chinese ceremonial.

There has been no lack of mad monarchs in the world, — not only “mad in craft,” but also “essentially in madness.” Students of English history will think first of George III., and it is evident that the brutal Frederick William I. of Prussia was not quite perfect in his mind. But the most remarkable parallel to the late King Ludwig’s case is that of the German Emperor Rudolf II., who reigned and raged from 1576 to 1612. He, too, spent immense sums in fitting up palaces, especially on the Hradschin, in Prague, where he could live in comparative seclusion, in gorgeously furnished apartments filled with costly works of art. An inordinate jealousy of his imperial dignity and sovereign rights led him to throw many innocent persons into prison, or put them to death and confiscate their property. In his love of science and appreciation of scientific men he was far in advance of his age: he protected Tycho de Brahe and John Kepler against priestly intolerance and persecution, as the Bavarian king showed marked favor to Dr. Döllinger when under the ban of the papal see. Both sovereigns were betrothed to cousins, but had an insuperable aversion to marriage, and lapsed at length into inveterate misogyny. In fact, there is hardly a characteristic in the one that does not find its counterpart in the other; unfortunately, the German emperor was not restrained in his actions by any parliamentary authority, but presented the fearful spectacle of a madman invested with absolute power. It is also significant of the age in which each lived that Rudolf was thought to be possessed of the devil, and that the church made repeated attempts to exorcise the evil spirit; while the foul fiend which tormented Ludwig was recognized at once as paranoia, a demon more dire than Beelzebub or

Baalberith, not to be cast out by the conjuring arts of the priest, but to be controlled and cured, if possible, by the scientific methods of the psychiatrist.

The traditions which cling to royal personages and become current among the lower classes are often interesting as illustrating the origin of popular legends and the growth of mythology. The chronicles of the house of Wittelsbach furnish abundant material of this kind. Duke Christopher, who flourished in the fifteenth century, and whose adventures have been so quaintly and charmingly related by Franz Trautmann, is now almost as mythical as Samson, whom he equaled in feats of strength, and surpassed in generous acts of gallantry. Even the big black stone, weighing four hundred pounds, which lies riveted to the pavement in a court of the royal palace at Munich, the iron spikes in the adjacent wall, and the old lines of doggerel, which attest the genuineness of his muscular exploits, hardly suffice to convince us that he was a real historical character, and not a mere solar hero.

At the time of King Maximilian’s sudden death in 1864, an Austrian archduke was present in Munich on a special mission from Vienna, and a report was circulated that this ambassador extraordinary had brought a poisoned brooch as a gift from the Emperor Franz Joseph, and in pinning it on the bosom of the Bavarian king had purposely pricked him in the breast, so that he died in a few hours. Now that the hegemony of Austria has come to an end, and Prussia has succeeded to the leadership in Germany, and become an object of hatred to the particularistic, or self-styled “patriotic,” or what might be called the “state’s rights,” element in Bavaria, the king of Prussia has superseded the emperor of Austria, in the legend, as the bestower of the fatal brooch. The fact is that Maximilian died of erysipelas, which began at a

point on his breast. The little red spot had troubled him for some time, but he paid no attention to it, and consulted a physician only when it was too late.

Another striking example of myth-making is the strange story told of King Ludwig's maiden aunt, the Princess Alexandra. This kind-hearted lady, whose head was a little touched, is said to have labored under the delusion that she had a sofa in her stomach. It is not true, however, that she cherished such an hallucination, but it is easy to trace the origin of the popular belief. *Canapé* is the common word for sofa, and also the name of a farinaceous food or sort of pudding, of which the princess was very fond. The favorite dish seems to have been more palatable than digestible, for on several occasions she complained that the canapé lay heavy in her stomach. It is in verbal ambiguities of this kind, in the use of terms of which one of the meanings is comparatively obscure, that we discover the genesis and germination of myths.

The seclusive habits and romantic eccentricities of the late King Ludwig rendered him, even during his lifetime, the central figure of much curious folklore. Marvelous tales were told of him, many of them, however, mere inventions, like that recently published in English journals of "a circus in the royal palace at Munich." The reality is strange enough without calling in the aid of fiction. In his castles, especially at Linderhof, he surrounded himself with scenes of the sagas and of fairyland; and as he dashed through the forests on winter nights, in a sleigh gorgeous with red and gold and blue and silver, and surmounted by two crowns glowing with electric light, no wonder the belated peasant turned aside with

superstitious fear, and crossed himself, thinking the prince of mountain sprites was passing by. The mythopoetic vein in the minds of the Bavarian people is constantly nurtured by the very nature of their religion, so that this faculty is by far the most vigorous and fruitful of their intellectual powers. It is easy to foresee what legends will grow up and cluster around the name and person of the monarch, whose tragic death was a fitting close to such an unnatural and phantasmal life.

It is also a curious coincidence that the manner of his death should have been foretold by one Simon Speer, a monk of Benediktbeuern, who, towards the end of the sixteenth century, wrote a poem in which he prophesied concerning the house of Wittelsbach. In one passage he speaks of a woman as a pest to the land, a serpent that creeps in and causes the abdication of the king:—

"Inferet heu tristem patriæ tunc fœmina pestem,
Fœmina serpentis tabe jam contacta recentis."

After this description, which calls to mind the episode of Lola Montes, he mentions another monarch, who, after turning everything topsy-turvy, perishes in the waves:—

"Et perit in undis, dum miscet summa profundis."

But not even the old Benedictine's extraordinary power as a seer enabled him to predict that a crazy king would succeed a crazy king on the Bavarian throne. Never before in the history of states has a confessedly and incurably insane person, like Prince Otto, been proclaimed king. Such a procedure, although strictly in accordance with the constitution of Bavaria, can hardly fail to strike intelligent and unprejudiced minds as the *reductio ad absurdum* of monarchism.

E. P. Evans.

A LITERARY ATHLETE.

HOWEVER it may fare with his works as a literary survival, the personality of John Wilson will always have a certain piquancy of interest. Men of his urgent vitality of make-up and fullness of sensation are rare in life, and still more rare in literature. They impress us not so much as creators of literature as breezy embodiments of that sunny intellectual clime which all men like to inhabit. In the double *rôle* of Wilson, the eloquent Edinburgh professor, and Christopher North, presiding genius of Blackwood's, and irrepressible poet, wrestler, and humorist, the subject of this sketch seemed set apart to the office of clearing the mental atmosphere, and restoring to life that evanescent quality of sparkle which belongs to things newly opened. The contagion of happy animalism is always immanent; and men of jaded sensibilities, safely housed and placidly reminiscent of their youthful exploits in this direction, were glad to come under the spell of Wilson's unconquerable health and spirits. It brought back the glow and color of life in its earlier inspirations, and renewed for the moment the fascination of things remote and untamed. With George Borrow he shares the credit of giving roadside life and character a place in letters, and the world is not likely to forget their delight in gypsies, boxers, innkeepers, and cotters.

Some one has said of Wilson, "Had he lived in the classic ages, they would have made a god of him; not because he wrote good verses, or had the gift of eloquence, but because his presence was godlike." Beauty of person came to him as a family inheritance. His mother and her ten sons and daughters were all of striking and distinguished appearance; although probably none equaled Wilson himself in that perfect poise and

dynamic intensity wherein he so nearly resembled the best Greek types. De Quincey, in alluding to a division of voices upon this point of beauty, falls back upon the terms "massy" and "dignified" to describe the countenance of his friend, lingering particularly on the Ciceronian elegance of the mouth, chin, and lower portion of the face. But current testimony, added to many scattered bits of portraiture, certainly warrant the conclusion that Wilson must have been handsome and imposing beyond the wont of men.

The full-length figure of "Christopher in his sporting jacket," which stands at the beginning of the *Recreations*, indicates a person of no ordinary frame and fibre. The often-quoted features are all there: the "eagle beak and lion-like mane,"—long yellow locks, flowing over a Byronic collar, well opened at the throat, or from beneath the flapping brim of the familiar white hat,—the ample front and defiant attitude. Doubtless, even this gives but a faint idea of the elemental graces, the shaggy strength, and pard-like agility of the original. We miss the gigantic stride, the eager, wide-eyed vision, the world-embracing motion of mind and body, with which this modern Berserker traversed a region of experience which was already becoming staid and insipid. Stalwart Allan Cunningham alone matched him in statuesque proportions and strenuousness of temperament; although in his case these had to be toned down to the requirements of Chantrey's stone-yard, instead of enjoying Wilson's background of the hills and heather.

"The aspect and character of Wilson," says his daughter and biographer, Mrs. Gordon, "have sometimes suggested to the imagination those blue-eyed and long-haired Norsemen, who made their

songs amid the smiting of swords, who were as swift of foot and strong of arm as they were skilled in lore and ready in council, fierce to their enemies, tender and true to their friends." As a whole, the picture reminds one of Walt Whitman; although there is even closer resemblance to the literary habit and constitution of the French. With all his Gallic impetuosity and want of reserve, Wilson seems little of an Englishman, and still less of the typical Borderer. He was foreign alike to the formalism and to the physical attenuation of our average writer, and would have been most likely to affiliate with that race of poets on the other side of the Channel, who celebrate a reunion by falling into each other's embraces, and stalking arm in arm across the country with the noisy abandon of boys. To understand the tumultuous energy of the elder Dumas, Hugo, Gautier, and the Daudet and Mistral of to-day, one must remember that they have all been men of large, powerful physique. Indeed, their robustness might seem at times too great and their heat of temper a trifle overdone, were it not that their poetry — and these have been poets even in their prose — is a revolt from artificiality, and a loud, lusty recall to the delights of nature.

Wordsworth is perhaps our best example of this literary reaction, but how seldom even he loses his head! Interminable walker and unquestioned lover of freedom as he was, there was nothing spontaneous and unstudied in his motion through the fields. Every step bespeaks the professional exercise of one whose observation and communion are expected to yield a preconceived result. His is, after all, a very mild form of rebellion, meditative rather than dominant, and more inclined to look down than up and on.

Wilson reveled in the outward world, not as literary capital, but for its own sake; tramping, or, more properly speak-

ing, bounding, up and down the country roads with a supreme indifference to ordinary considerations of fatigue which is truly astonishing. This he began at Oxford, where he was the envy alike of the scholar, the pugilist, and the society man. We are in a measure prepared for the assurance that his athleticism was the marvel of his day, but hardly for his examiner's pride in showing him off in the class-room, and the terms "splendid" and "glorious" as used in official reference to his manner of taking the degree. The remark of Sotheby, who happened to be present on this occasion, shows how largely temperament had already begun to affect Wilson's success in life, when he declared that it was worth coming from London to hear the young man translate a Greek chorus. We next learn of his leaving a dinner party in Grosvenor Square at nine o'clock, and appearing on foot and in full dress next morning, in time for the opening of the college gate at Oxford, sixty miles away. Later, he loved to fish his way across the Border and up among the Highland lochs; carrying a whole world of zest and cheer among the remote cottagers, who learned to look forward to the coming of their visitor with an almost superstitious feeling of wonder at his good-humored daring and endurance.

Nor were they alone in their suspicion of the man's vivacity and unconventionalism. Staid Scotchmen, as a rule, were inclined to cry "hallucination" when a college professor of morals could not pass a band of wandering tinkers, leaping and wrestling by the roadside, without stripping to the encounter. Even Border love of frolic was to have its limits, although it would be safe to say that Wilson never found them.

A walk of seventy miles and a wet skin to boot were nothing to him, so he only came back well weighted with the catch. Most fishermen are prepared to yield pursuit at the water's edge, but

Wilson waded to the waistband, or even chin; sometimes disappearing entirely, to emerge later on, swimming with one hand, and still angling with the other, so as not to lose a moment of the cloudy day. At the age of sixty-five the veteran sportsman would stand in the water up to the loins for the sake of his favorite pastime, apparently not in the least troubled by the thought of consequences. Perhaps when, later, dependence upon a crutch had actually come, the remembrance of a hundred and thirty trout taken from Loch Awe in one day may have made the price he was paying seem small. No dreamy, contemplative Walton here, who fished with texts and caught sermons, but a roistering, big-hearted lover of the brooks and streams, who was content to accept them at their face value.

+ Of all Lake writers, Wilson best kept the wild native flavor of the region. His rovers and sluggers are veritable flesh and blood, and, whether equally entertaining or not, convey a far more accurate impression of North Country life and character than the vanishing outlines and lay figures of Wordsworth's verse. At least they were human, and have afforded many individuals of elderly and conservative tendency a taste of social reaction without any necessity of apologizing for the company they kept. "Wordsworth was a dear old granny," remarks Theodore Parker, "with a most hearty love of mankind, especially of the least attractive portions of it,—*beggars* and *fools*." But Wilson did not repeat the experiment of the musing, self-conscious rustic of the Excursion, rather striking the key-note of the life about him in its large-limbed and Olympic features of sport.

"It is impossible," he writes, "to conceive the intense and passionate interest taken by the whole northern population in this most rural and muscular amusement, wrestling. For weeks before the great Carlisle annual contest nothing

else is talked of on road, field, flood, foot, or horseback; we fear it is thought of even in church, which we regret and condemn; and in every little comfortable 'public' within a circle of thirty miles' diameter, the home-brewed quivers in the glasses on the oaken tables to knuckles smiting the board, in corroboration of the claims to the championship of a Grahame, a Cass, a Laugtklin, Solid Yaik, a Wilson, or a Wightman." Although, with unusual good fortune in these cases, Wilson himself managed to keep out of the ring, he was yet sufficiently well known among old wrestlers to enjoy the reputation of being a "varra hard un to lick," and to be glowingly spoken of throughout the countryside for his liberal encouragement to these annual festivities. Such belts and prizes as he contributed to the Ambleside games had never been striven for before. He had the name of being the best English far leaper of his day; and so familiar were his feats as a pugilist that a professional, whom he had once undertaken to punish for his insolence, turned upon him with the exclamation that he must be either "Jack Wilson or the devil." According to De Quincey, "there was no one who had any talent, real or fancied, for thumping or being thumped, but he had experienced some *preeing* of his merits from Mr. Wilson."

Wilson never ceased to thank God for his bringing up in a moorland parish. Reverse of fortune finally transferred him to the city, and even at last cramped him into the traditional limits of a professor's chair; but the impulse of that earlier experience never left him. He could still make frequent excursions—*incursions*, those who watched him often felt inclined to call them—into the old haunts. Then at his desk he could live over the out-door scenes and pleasures which came to constitute so large a part of his literary material. There was the festival of the First Day

of the Rooks, when with the lads and lasses he again walked "mute among the wild flowers on the moor," or danced to the harper's music in the ample country kitchen, or raided distant farm-houses on loaded wains of hay. Later, too, there were lonely rambles among the glens and waterfalls of the Trossachs; and many passages in the *Recreations*, such as the description of a Highland snow-storm, have wonderfully caught the atmosphere of mountain life and scenery.

But the *Recreations*, as a whole, strikes one now as a moderately available strain played on a lax string. The reader's responsiveness is marred by a too long sustained attempt at exhilaration, and for the most part he questions why the artist does not tighten up the instrument and bring the impression to a climax. This rampant joyousness of life and limb, this sense of the blessedness of mere existence, is very diverting up to a point; but the happy effect is threatened the moment Christopher in his sporting jacket begins to get overheated and out of breath, as if somehow it were plainly more sport for him than for us. Enthusiasm has at most but a tenuous applicability in a work of art, and Wilson did not always know how to tone down his vehemence to the best requirements of the situation. Feeling was everything with him; and he comes to us with a great rush of emotion so sane and wholesome as to warrant the regret that it was not given a more economical expression.

This, too, undoubtedly accounted for his failure as a poet. The man himself was poetic, — which is perhaps more than can safely be said of nine tenths of those who succeed in verse, — but the storm and stress of his nature seem to have paralyzed rather than liberated his touch. It was as if, by another instance of arrested development, the urgent fancy and idealism were able to get no further than the finger tips. There was

too much motion in the air. The pointer was never quite steady to any one quarter of the heavens, and the fine frenzy was not fine enough to regulate without disturbing its own phrasing and formulation. Only to have withheld the actual attempt might have been to force the world to acknowledge in him the possibilities of a poet. As it was, the creative spark, brief and compact, and capable on that very account of a kindling expansiveness, was in him a flame and glow, consuming rather than illuminating the thought. The heat, which men of smaller make and fewer resources would have husbanded for some single concentration of aim, Wilson squandered in turbulent and continual play.

Wilson was the centre of a group of men — mostly contributors to the periodicals, like himself — who admired him immensely, and did not hesitate to tell him so. Hogg, in particular, although independent enough at times in his reproach, was also unblushing in his praise. He is represented as asserting to his patron's face that he is the wisest and wittiest of men; at the same time adding, "Dinna turn awa' your face, or you'll get a crick in your neck." Maga, he informed its presiding genius, would not survive his loss a single day; and "before you and her cam' out this wasna the same world it has been sin' syne."

This singular and in many ways remarkable man owed much to Wilson, although, as in the case of another benefactor, Scott, there seems to have been a family feeling of resentment at the free use which had been made of the Shepherd's name and peculiarities. But Wilson painted his friend with general correctness, in spite of some elements of burlesque introduced to heighten the effect of the picture. The latter himself forgave the offense before his death, and not without good reason. The caricature will very likely outlive the character; and after men have ceased read-

ing the poet, they may still laugh over the eccentric Shepherd of the Noctes, and remember that he once wrote Donald McDonald, When the Kye comes Hame, and Auld Ettrick John. The man who gloried in his descent from the "weird, wiry old hill folk," but who had known only six months' schooling in his life, and for literary precedent but a stray copy of Burns, might well have felt himself honored by even borrowed immortality at the hands of so assured a master of flight.

Wilson struck a true note in the Noctes, although, like most that he did, it was too long drawn out. Skelton's abridgment in one volume, however, a selection based upon the characteristic feature of comedy, gives what must always be regarded as a standard compilation of national humor. Seldom, if ever, has the Scotch dialect been handled so satisfactorily to lay understanding, while in point of "copiousness, flexibility, and splendor" a competent judge declares that Wilson's use of it has never been surpassed, even by Scott and Burns. *Noctes Ambrosianæ* has been called the "last specimen on a large scale of the national language of Scotland which the world is ever likely to see." It is a rollicking bit of biography, an offhand sort of confessions in various moods of undress, whose many serious asides have been so well worked in as not to interfere with the general effect of frolic and fun.

Nor could literature well spare the two accessory figures of Tickler and the Shepherd, both drawn from the life, and yet idealized to suit the author's purpose of amusement: the one, that "noble and genuine old Tory," whose features the writer copied from his uncle, Mr. Robert Sym, a large-hearted lover of animals and children, and as much more good-natured as he was taller in stature than the rest of mankind; the other truculent, boisterous, and at times even abusive, a nature as mingled and uncer-

tain as that Scotch climate he had braved so long. The Shepherd of the Noctes may not appear a "creature of perfections," but he at least suggests one of his own aphorisms, "God's blessings are aye God's blessings, though they come in sma's and driblets." Sometimes he is testy, sometimes mellow, and sometimes, it must be confessed, a trifle maudlin; but always he is himself, and true to the choleric type of Borderer he represents.

Never did happier triumvirate than this get together for the delectation of themselves and the reading public; nor is there a finer instance on record of what we may call the mature hilarities of elderly men. Youth is apt to be unsubdued and more or less oppressive in its jollity, as if the contrasts of shade were needed to add restfulness to the light. But here a subtle element of pathos, like the tear in much of our truest laughter, tells that the quality of mirth is unstrained and not inconsistent with experience. Basking in its gentle luminousness, one is tempted, with Timothy Tickler, to wish that the world might stand still some dozen years, — at least till we are all at rest together, — and that the blessed interval might become just such another long ambrosial night of harmless good-fellowship.

Then, too, the humors of the editorial room. How well one is made to see the "Balaam Box," evidently not wholly given over to the asinine and stupid, as it is being hoisted on to the table, and to share in the feeling of horror at the cremation which hangs over ill-fated contributors! Blackwood's was living and personal to these men. It was "Old Ebony" who presided at their board, and to him they referred all the honor of their deliberations. It was he who had gathered all this host of spoiling talent, this pent-up volcano of Tory fling and sentiment in the arid wastes of Whiggism. No more should Jeffrey and the Edinburgh Review have matters all

their own way. It should henceforth be Maga against the "Blue and Yellow," tooth and nail. And what an array of fresh young lances it was, with Lockhart, Wilson, and Hogg well to the front, and including, as the fight went on, the "Great Unknown," the "Man of Feeling," Sir David Brewster, De Quincey, Sir William Hamilton, and his brother of Cyril Thornton fame, to bring up the rear! Scapegoats and victims they found in plenty, and the public was kept agog with curiosity and agape with laughter. The reflection of all this is admirably caught in the history of those wonderful evenings in Mr. Ambrose's Blue Parlor in Picardy Place. The universality of the materials in use and the sustained, unflagging temper of the whole thing give the piece a resisting power which time is not likely to overcome.

It will remain a fact, however, that Wilson wrote too much. His was the vice of a journalistic age. He made Blackwood's, and then Blackwood's unmade him. Like Thackeray, he did most of his writing after he had lost his fortune; but the difference between the two was world-wide. The former found his field, and worked it under a constant hesitation and restraint, but to undoubted artistic results. Wilson, on the other hand, worked his vein long after the ore had given out. Exuberance of spirits and a turn for homely philosophizing hardly constitute an inexhaustible equipment for the sort of performance which outlasts the day. There was, however, enough of the man to float the tradition of a once timely and popular accomplishment. Least of all can this repressive nineteenth century afford to ignore his eager and uncompromising presence. "He threw himself," says his daughter, "into the very heart of existence;" and what else in turn could existence do but accept his hail and challenge? He was one of the vanishing race of "grand old boys," whom the world may less

willingly forget the older it grows. More than that, he seems a part of Scotia's hills and highways, and likely to live in the delight of those who wander up and down that land of pleasant memories.

Probably, after all, it was the students who loved him best. How they cheered and stood by him, even while one cannot help suspecting that they half knew the professorship belonged by right of merit to his rival, Sir William Hamilton! The absurdity of filling university chairs upon the basis of party politics was never better illustrated than here. But, teacher and taught, from all accounts they must have given the humdrum lectureship some uproarious days in philosophy; and whether or not either one ever got far into that despair of science called "morals," they each evidently imagined they were doing something, and undoubtedly had a good time of it.

One hazards this, however, not without a recollection of the tomes with which, on the settlement of the bitter contest, the new-fledged professor surrounded himself. "I am perfectly appalled," writes his wife, "when I go into the dining-room and see all the folios, quartos, and duodecimos with which it is literally filled, and the poor culprit himself sitting in the midst, with a beard as long and red as an adult carrot, for he has not shaved for a fortnight." But giants in specialty are not made in a day, nor created in the flush of freshly gained elections; and however the fervid poet may have eased his conscience by stated draughts at his appointed profundity, one seems to see the sacrifice to duty in it all, and to feel the relief which must have come to him from those Nights at the Snuggery with Tickler, the Shepherd, and good Mrs. Gentle. One need not hold him either a great poet or philosopher, and yet reject the libel which his brother editor, the "Scorpion," indited in his honor as president of a certain club in Edinburgh:—

"They're pleased to call themselves *The Dilettanti*,

The President's the first I chanced to show 'em:
He writes more malagruously than Dante, —

The City of the Plague 's a shocking poem;
But yet he is a spirit light and jaunty,

And jocular enough to those who know him.
To tell the truth, I think John Wilson shines
More o'er a bowl of punch than in his lines."

Even better was the retort of the injured party upon the sharp-tongued offender: —

"Then touched I off friend Lockhart (Gibson John),

So fond of jabbering about Tieck and Schlegel,
Klopstock and Wieland, Kant and Mendelssohn,
All high Dutch quacks like Spurzheim and Feinagle;

Him the Chaldee yclept the Scorpion:

The claws but not the pinions of the eagle
Are Jack's; but though I do not mean to flatter,
Undoubtedly he has strong powers of satire."

Perhaps we cannot better take leave
of one who will always remain so much

more interesting than his best achievement than by quoting the words which Jeffrey wrote to him in 1815, while Wilson was yet on the threshold of his literary life: "It is impossible, I think, to read your writings without feeling affection for the writer; and under the influence of such a feeling, I doubt if it is *possible* to deal with them with the same impartiality with which works of equal merit, but without that attraction, might probably be treated. Nor do I think that this is desirable or would even be fair; for part, and not the least part, of the merit of poetry consists in its moral effects, and the power of exciting kind and generous affections seems as much entitled to admiration as that of presenting pleasing images to the fancy."

Edward F. Hayward.

A BOUTONNIÈRE.

A DEWY fragrance drifts at times
Across my willing senses,
And leads the rillet of my rhymes
From city gutters, gusts, and grimes
To lowland fields and fences.

I seem to see, as I inhale
This perfume faint and fleeting,
Green hillsides sloping to a vale,
Whose leafy shadows screen the pale
Wood-flowers from noonday's greeting.

I hear the song — the sweet heartache —
Of just a pair of thrushes;
And hear, half dreaming, half awake,
The ripple of a streamlet break
Their momentary hushes.

And why, dear heart, do I to-day,
Hemmed in by court and alley,
Seem lost in haunts of faun and fay?
Look! — on my coat I've pinned your spray
Of lilies-of-the-valley.

Charles Henry Lüders.

THE WITCHES OF VENICE.

OF all the books in Signor Bernoni's valuable collection of the folk-lore, popular beliefs, and songs of the Venetian people, perhaps the most interesting is *Le Strighe*, — *The Witches*, — which contains the traditions of witchcraft and legends of witches which are still current in Venice. It is strange that in these days of students of folk-lore and comparative culture it should have escaped notice. The fact that it is written in dialect is not a sufficient explanation, for Venetian can be mastered without much difficulty by any one who has some small knowledge of Italian. However, no English writer has as yet given Signor Bernoni's little book the attention which it deserves. Therefore a short analysis of its contents may not be amiss.

Since the chief interest in the study of modern superstitions depends not so much upon their intrinsic qualities as upon their relation to earlier faiths, it will be better to begin here with a few general words about the European doctrine of witchcraft and a more careful examination of its Venetian development, of which these old women's tales and gossipings are the survivals.

There were two principal causes for the startling progress of the witch belief throughout Europe during the fourteenth century, and its supremacy during the next two hundred years. One was the weariness of the people of a temporal slavery, which they were not yet strong enough to defy openly, and which in consequence drove them to rebel in secret. By an occasional wild outburst, during which they broke all social and religious bonds, they hoped to relieve their pent-up feelings. The other and more important cause was the spiritual reign of terror inaugurated about the same period, when Satan, or

the chief power of evil, was made the central figure of religious thought, heretical as well as orthodox. As the stern, sorrowing Christ, instead of the gentle, merciful Good Shepherd, became the Christian's ideal of a divine Saviour, so a well-nigh omnipotent Satan, forever sowing seeds of temptation and reaping rich harvests of souls, succeeded the earlier weaker devil, who had been easily repelled with a few drops of holy water or the sign of the cross. It is true he could still be conquered by the use of proper weapons, but his defeats were now more than outbalanced by his victories. This change was brought about in a great measure by the increase of heresy, which led the church to look upon the independence and so-called blasphemies of heretics as the work of the devil, while heretics in their turn referred the corrupt doctrines and practices of the church to the same source. The new creed of fear was, moreover, strengthened by the physical misfortunes — greatest of which was the black death — which desolated Europe during the Middle Ages. When everything was ascribed to spiritual causes, it was but natural that plagues and pestilences were supposed to emanate either from God, in his indignation at man's new allegiance to Satan, or else from the arch-enemy himself.

Now both these causes of the evil were to be found in Venice, though the black art, with its attendant horrors, is not readily associated with the city whose very name, like that of her great painters, has come to be suggestive of color and sensuousness. Just as, when the sun or the moon shines on her palaces and waters, even the possibility of gray days or of black nights in Venice is forgotten, so the records of her feastings and follies make it seem as if the

stories of the tyranny of the Council of Ten must be as baseless as Byron's sentimentalizing on the Bridge of Sighs. But to her history there is a dark side, which, black and bitter as it is in itself, appears doubly so when contrasted with its opposite of rich joyousness and frivolous gayety. The shadows in the picture are but the deeper because of the brilliancy of the light. The victories of the republic were mighty, but so also was the price paid for them. People clamoring against taxation which made bread a luxury beyond their means; tumults without the palace; the Doge retreating; a wild mob let loose upon the city, laying siege to and pillaging her fairest buildings, — such were but too often the fruits of success. Even while men from every part of Europe flocked to Venice as to a university of pleasure and luxury, hearts were broken and lives taken by unrelenting tyrants. Beneath the gay mask was the stern reality of righteous indignation of honest citizens silenced by the dishonest, and of grievous sorrow of wives and daughters robbed of husbands and fathers by their pitiless seducers, — a sorrow which is still reëchoed in the songs the people sing to-day. Need indeed had Venetians, in the era of their glory, for year-long festivals and Carnival madness, for gorgeous pageants and much guitar-twanging and many sweet love songs. For there was in their midst a power "that never slumbered, never pardoned," and that it was well for them to forget while they could. The tyranny of the Council of Ten, with its mysterious, hidden trials and executions, was no less hard to bear than the brutal, open violence of feudal lords in France. Venice's cup of pleasure was full to overflowing, but in it were the dregs of despair.

Nor was the religious reason for the growth of witchcraft wanting among Venetians. There was, it must be admitted, no power calling itself Catholic which was as independent of the Pope

as their republic. But at the same time there were few other nations so firm in their Catholicism or more truly devout. Rebels to Rome Venetians indeed were, and that long before the days of Paolo Sarpi, but never heretics or men of lukewarm faith. So many were their conflicts with the Pope that, in reading their history, it seems as if, when they were not calmly bearing excommunications, anathemas, and interdicts rather than submit to his temporal interference, they were hurling his demands back in his face, as it were, by chasing his nuncio with sticks and stones from their midst. Now cut off from all spiritual comfort, which, despite their insubordination, they held so dear, and now hindered in their equally precious commerce, intercourse with them being forbidden to the rest of Europe, a great part of the time Venice and her ships were like moral plague spots on the sea. But then, on the other hand, there were as many proofs of the strength of the national religious sentiment. It showed itself in the great number of churches and shrines, in the wonderful beauty and wealth of St. Mark's, in the prayers of the people, before the election of a Doge and their psalm-singing after it, in the delight of the painter in recording religious ceremonies or miracles of the olden time, when he painted the houses and canals and churches of his beloved city. It was the same with all classes, — with the rulers as with the people. "The habit of assigning to religion a direct influence over all *his own* actions and all the affairs of *his own* daily life is remarkable in every great Venetian during the times of the prosperity of the state," Mr. Ruskin writes in his *Stones of Venice*. The piety of the Doges was continually manifesting itself: at one time, in their preparation for war by solemn service in St. Mark's; at another, in their commemoration of triumphs by setting up, not their own stat-

ues, but those of saints, on the pillars carried home as trophies. It was a Doge who cared to chronicle the fact that, in the days when Venice still had her fields where sheep could graze and vines where birds could sing, Christ and his mother and angels and saints came to tell the bishop where to erect temples in their honor. The curious contrast between this piety and the Venetian spiritual independence was never more strikingly demonstrated than during the Fourth Crusade, when the Doge, Henry Dandolo, in direct opposition to papal decrees, made the capture and surrender to him of a Christian town the condition of his transporting the impecunious Crusaders across the sea to the Holy Land; and then, after having thus forced them to defy the Pope, inaugurated his expedition by elaborate ceremonial in St. Mark's. It was truly with the Venetians as they themselves said: "*Siamo Veneziane, poi Christiani,*" — We are first Venetians, and then Christians. But though they gave it this secondary rank, their religious belief was sound enough to keep them from heresy, even in ages when men were beginning to make public profession of infidelity and skepticism. Satan had not yet shaken their faith. But if they looked beyond their own territory, they saw him almost everywhere triumphant. The wolf had robbed near shepherds of their folds; was there not, therefore, daily danger of his coming down upon theirs? His success abroad made them doubly watchful at home, and thus, though they were firm in their resistance to him, the sense of his presence became greater, the fear of his power increased. The physical cause for this fear was as strong here as elsewhere: Venice lost three fourths of her inhabitants by the black death, and, probably because of her constant communication with the East, was ravaged by the plague again and again. This, be it remembered, was the evil leveled by modern students of

witchcraft to have given the chief impetus to its rapid progress in the fourteenth century.

The knowledge of these facts in the history of Venice, together with some small understanding of the *raison d'être* of the witch belief in Europe during the period already mentioned, would make the existence of so-called witches in the Venetian dominions in the past a certainty, were there no records to prove it. But there are such records. Even before the Ecclesiastical Inquisition was introduced in Venice, and long before there was mention of heresy as a crime, the Doge Tiepolo, in 1232, in a proclamation providing punishment for various offenses, included sorcery in the number. This shows that already in the thirteenth century, when hitherto free Venetians were slowly realizing their new position as ciphers in the state, an outlet was needed for silenced discontent. More definite laws were passed when the Inquisition was finally set up in Venice, and a special clause set forth the power of the religious tribunal over sorcerers and witches. There were executions, too, in the days when Inquisitors were so afraid lest the devil should lay waste the whole earth that in Germany and Italy alone thirty thousand men and women, whom he had seduced to sorcery, were burnt, thus purifying the world. One of the liveliest battlegrounds between the followers of Satan and the clergy was not very far from Venice. When the witch mania was at its height in Northern Italy, about the beginning of the sixteenth century, it was against Verona especially that the Pope found it necessary to direct his spiritual thunderbolts. The fever, raging on every side, made its way to the Venetian dominions; and about the same time, in 1518, the renewed zeal of the judges of the Holy Office was rewarded by the discovery of such a formidable number of witches that the people who were not yet accused,

but who did not know when their hour might come, rebelled and appealed to the supreme power of State. Indeed, so indignant were they that the Council could scarcely pacify them with a decree forbidding the sentences of the Inquisitors to be carried out. They could not forget that they were Venetians first, and then Christians; and this was the reason there were never any Torquemadas or Boguets in Venice. Though the Inquisition obtained a foothold in the republic, its power there from the first was weakened by the Venetian doctrine of state and church. Side by side with its own judges sat the secular judges appointed by the Council. It could try prisoners before its tribunal for heresy, but for nothing else. Not even the richest or the lowest Jew from the Ghetto could be claimed as its prey. The witch who had abused the sacraments and holy things of the church could be brought before it; but for her other evil deeds — for the murder and illness and madness wrought by her cursed charms — she was responsible only to the secular powers. Even when she was found guilty of the one crime it was allowed to condemn, the sacred court, in passing sentence upon her, could not touch her worldly possessions. According to the treaty made with the Pope, the wealth or property of the condemned fell to lawful temporal heirs. Venetians concluded, not unreasonably, that the latter ran no more risk from the taint of witchcraft attached to their inheritance than did the clergy or the church. There was consequently less fear of unprincipled Inquisitors in the republic than there was in France or Spain. When their profits were all spiritual, their ardor cooled. Thus it happened, as the inevitable result of the people's attitude in religious matters, that while in Venice there were representatives of the vast sisterhood which extended from the Blockula of Sweden to the walnut-tree of Benevento, sorcery there never

became the terrible scourge that it was in other lands, where its victims at times threatened to outnumber those of the black death.

That popular outcry in 1518 was the last heard. Not because Venetians now grew submissive, but because even the limited power of the Inquisitors was gradually lessening. The reaction that was to result in removing witchcraft from the sphere of philosophy to that of old women's gossip set in here a little earlier than in other parts of Europe; indeed, long before the fever reached its crisis in England. This change in the Christian world, as has been explained by Mr. Lecky, was due, not to laxity on the part of the church, or to powerful proofs of the innocence of the accused, but to the development of the spirit of rationalism, which made the wisdom of one generation seem folly to the next. If in France, where witchcraft attained its strongest ascendancy, the denunciations of a Boguet and the arguments of a Bodin could be succeeded by the skepticism of a Montaigne, it does not appear strange that in the more liberal Venetian republic belief in sorcery, after having been held by grave dignitaries of state, should have speedily degenerated into a mere superstition of the people. A few traditions and legends are the only traces of the old witch-faith of Venice, just as her crumbling palaces, with their dishonored halls and faded tapestries, and the catalogued and ticketed curiosities in museums are all that remain of her glory.

This is why these stories collected by Signor Bernoni are of great interest. Childish as they are, they can still show what were the essential elements of Venetian witchcraft in the days when the power of a witch seemed no less a reality than that of the Ten. In all important characteristics it does not appear to have differed from the witchcraft of other Christian lands. There is more than a little truth in the Italian say-

ing, *Tutto il mondo e paese*, — all the world is one country. Uniform action must be the outcome of uniform causes. The same leading factors which had produced the witches of Lothian and Warboys in Great Britain, and those of Labourd in France, had been at work in Venice. Hence much the same results had ensued. The Venetian witch would have been quite at home in the little church of North Berwick or in the old ruined castle of Saint Pré, just as Mephistopheles was at the classical Walpurgis night. For, like Agnes Sampson and her honest women, and Grattiana and her followers, she had sold herself to the devil, body and soul, and in return had received certain favors. Like them, and indeed like all her sisters from north to south, it was, and if these legends are to be believed still is, her habit to fly by night to uncanny revels, to brew magic potions and work subtle spells, to send storms and rule the winds, to strike men and beasts with noxious diseases and with death. She too had her Hecate or dame, the mistress of her charms, and her bad days and her seasons set apart for evil.

“Pióva e sol
Le Strighe va in amor,
Pióva e vento
Le Strighe va in spavento,”

is a little rhyme which means, according to Signor Bernoni's informers, that when it rains and the sun shines witches are friendly; but when it rains and the wind blows, then are they in a great fright and very violent, and to be avoided. While all the year round Wednesdays and Fridays are most propitious for their evil purposes, there is one month, October, in which every day is of equal value to them, so that it is called *el mese de le strighe*, — the month of witches. But Christmas Eve is the night for general meetings, when, by those three magic words known only to the sisterhood, new witches are made, just as the four principal festivals of the

year were for the witches of Labourd. By consecrating the sacred days of the church to their witchcraft, almost all witches have shown their contempt for the Lord. On the whole, there has not been more originality in the wickedness of the worshipers of Satan than in the holiness of the saints.

But though this similarity exists in general characteristics, in minor details there is contrast enough between the witches of different countries. A creed which is radically the same in two places will in each be influenced in its form or expression by immediate surroundings. Mephistopheles, be it remembered, for a little while felt himself strange and disconcerted on the Pharsalian Fields. While these minor differences are less important in studying witchcraft as a whole, they are the most noteworthy in considering its manifestations in any one province or among any one people. Therefore the most interesting of the Venetian witch stories are those which have received so much local color that they are recognized at once to belong necessarily to Venice. The very source of witch-life may be said to have been the Sabbat. It was in attending it that witches always paid allegiance to their master, held their unholy rites, and derived power for future mischiefs. As participation in its ceremonies was their chief duty, or, in the eyes of Inquisitors, crime, so accounts of it were made the leading theme in witch records, until the places where it was held and the manner of traveling to it became as generally known as the shrines of the church and the mode of pilgrimage to them. Indeed, to-day the Brocken and the walnut-tree of Benevento are as famous as the house of Loretto or the tomb of St. Thomas; the broomstick and the sieve, as the pilgrim's cockle, hat, and shoon. Fortunately, it is upon this very point that the Venetian stories manifest decided individuality. The witches of Venice have a Brocken of

their own. They have always celebrated their Sabbat in Alexandria. Belonging to a seafaring people, it was natural that their search for a place where they might meet without being discovered by their fellow-citizens led them over seas. Perhaps Alexandria was chosen for their secret orgies because, when Venetians carried the body of St. Mark to their capital, the Egyptian city may have seemed to have fallen into the devil's clutches. As a rule, the witches of history have made their midnight expeditions on broomsticks or goats, only occasionally, like the women of North Berwick, going by sea; while those of poetry have been licensed to ride on green cocks and wooden horses and in egg-shells. But in Venice, most likely on account of their familiarity with water as the principal highway for temporal concerns, they have usually gone to their meetings in boats. The very first story in Signor Bernoni's book describes one of these midnight journeys. It is the tale of seven witches who, between midnight and morning, go to and return from Alexandria.

"Once upon a time," it begins, "there were seven witches, and every night they led their wicked life; every night they went to sleep, but at the stroke of midnight they all got up and met together on the Fondamente Nove, where, jumping into a boat by the shore, they went off in it to work their witchcraft through the world. One morning the master of this boat saw that the knot in the rope by which it was fastened was not that which he had made himself. 'How is this?' he cried. 'Some one must have been in my boat last night. I never made this knot. To-night I will be on the look-out, and shall see who comes!' In fact, that evening, instead of staying at home, he went to his boat and hid in the stern. At the stroke of midnight he heard footsteps and the voices of women, and he said to himself, 'Ah ha! We'll see what

these women are up to!' The women who, you must know, were witches, unfastened the rope and stepped into his boat. Their chief came first, and as the others joined her she counted: 'Up with one! up with two, mount! up with three, mount! up with four, mount! up with five, mount! up with six, mount! up with seven, mount!' When she had counted the seventh, and the boat never moved, she exclaimed, 'How is this? Why doesn't the boat start?' The man in the stern then knew they were witches, and he thought to himself, 'Oh, poor me! what will become of me if they find me? They'll kill me, for sure.' Badly frightened, he held his breath and waited. The chief looked here and looked there, counted them again, and made sure they were alone. 'One of you must be with child,' she said. 'So then, up with eight!' As soon as she said these words, away went the boat like the wind, and in a minute they were all at Alexandria. Arrived there, they went ashore, and hurried off to attend to their sorceries. Once they had gone, the man in the stern was curious to know where he was; so he got up and crept very softly on shore after them, and then taking courage, he said, 'Cio! Come, now, when they go back again, so will I!' It was so dark, he could not see anything, but he found a large tree, and he broke off a branch which was covered with fresh leaves; and then he ran and hid it in the stern, and then hid himself, for frightened enough he was by this time, poor fellow! After a while he heard the party coming back, dancing, singing, and laughing; and when they were on board again the chief called out as before, 'Up with one! up with two! up with three!' And when she had counted seven, she added, 'Up with eight, for one of you must be with child!' Hardly had she said, 'Up with eight!' when off went the boat, and in a minute they were at the Fondamente Nove, from which they

had started. There the witches got out, saluted each other, and went home, and all before cock-crow. The owner of the boat, when he was sure they had gone, jumped out and picked up the branch he had brought back. '*Corpo di Diana,*' he cried, 'if it is n't a branch of a date-palm! If I'm not mistaken, we've been to Alexandria, for date-palms don't grow here.' So he took the branch and went to his own house, and when everybody was up and stirring he hurried to find some of his friends, to tell them how he had been that night to Alexandria. Of course his friends would n't believe him, so he showed them the branch with its fresh leaves; and then they knew he spoke the truth, because in those days there were many witches who did these evil things almost every night."

The counting of witches by the chief suggests the "calling over" by the Dame in Ben Jonson's *Masque of Queens*. But the few local allusions in the story are of greater interest. The choice of the *Fondamente Nove* as the landing-place of the witches is a strange reminder of the fallen fortunes of Venice: for of old, in this part of the city, were the summer palaces and myrtle gardens of rich Venetians. The cemetery of San Michele, with its long red wall and tall cypresses, was not as yet, and in the soft evening hour, when gay parties in their gondolas floated towards Murano, there was no reminder of the dead to mar their delight in the loveliness of the island-dotted lagoon and the snow-shrouded, shadowy mountains beyond. But the plash of their oars, the music of their songs, was gradually silenced as the glory of the republic grew less and less, and now their pleasure-ground is the home of the dead; where they once stepped lightly and gayly into their gondolas, witches now stealthily embark for their shameless feasts, and restless spirits haunt at least one of the old palaces, — the well-known white house, with its

wonderful outlook to far Cadore, which no living man to-day dares enter. That the boatman brought away with him green branches as a proof of his midnight travels is a very characteristic touch, which makes the legend seem wholly Venetian. To old women, who hardly ever leave their own little court, and still more seldom go beyond their own parish, the fresh leaves would be almost as sure a proof of *land* as was the dove's olive branch to Noah. Although the above story shows Alexandria to have been the scene of the witches' midnight gatherings, it tells nothing of the nature of these meetings. That they were gay is implied by the dancing, singing, and laughing of the seven, as they returned to the boat. But whether this gayety was stimulated by the presence of the demon, and by rites solemnized in his honor, remains a matter of conjecture. There is nothing to show that the Alexandrian orgies were as profane as those which dishonored the little church of North Berwick and the wilds of Les Vosges. Fortunately, however, there is another story, the fourth in the collection, which supplies the necessary evidence. Scanty as the details are, they suffice to demonstrate that in the palmy days of witchcraft the Venetian Sabbat was, like all others, a form of devil-worship. The legend is interesting enough to quote without abridgment. It runs as follows: —

Of a young man who, when he was with two witches, by saying, "Body, here; spirit, go!" was carried to a great feast and ball of witches and demons.

"Not many years ago there was a young man, and he was in love with a young girl. When he went to court her on Wednesdays and Fridays, her mother always wanted him to go home earlier than on other nights. He thought a good deal about this, but he could n't imagine what it meant. One day he met a friend on the street, and,

while talking to him, happened to tell him the whole story about the girl and his courtship, and how he could not understand why the mother always wanted to send him off sooner on Wednesdays and Fridays. Then his friend said to him, 'Next time she wants you to go, don't do it. Just stay where you are, and don't move for anything.' When Wednesday came, he went to the house, as was his custom. At the usual hour the mother of his sweetheart told him that he must be off; she was sleepy, and wanted to go to bed. But he told her to go to bed; that he was n't ready to leave just yet; that he was there, and there he would stay. 'Very well,' said the old woman, 'stay on.' At midnight, as he was sitting on a chair by the chimney-place, she said to him, 'Since you've insisted on staying, you must now repeat the words you hear us say.' Then she and the girl cried, 'Body, here, and spirit, go!' and he said the same thing as fast as he could, and in a moment they were at a great ball, where there was music and lights and many men and women dancing. There they stayed all night, but before it was day the host of the ball, who was no other than the devil, called the young man, and bade him pledge himself to his service. But the youth said no, to wait till he came back the next time. Then everybody cried, 'Spirit, go where you belong!' and the three were at once back on their chairs by the chimney-place. The young man without delay hurried off to his confessor, and related to him the adventures of the night. 'These two women are witches,' said the priest, 'and you are damned if you return to them.' But he answered, 'I must go once again, because I promised I would.' 'Well,' said his confessor, 'return this once. But when you are at the feast, and are about to put pen to paper to sign your pledge, say to yourself, "Jesus of Nazareth, save me!"' When, the next Wednesday, he went to

see the two witches, the same thing happened at the same hour, and again he was carried to the ball and into the midst of the dancers. By and by the host called him to sign his pledge. But when he took the pen in his hand he said to himself, 'Jesus of Nazareth, save me!' Even while he was saying the words the pen slipped from his hand, and lo! he was in the shallows of Santa Marta. Night as it was, he saw far off the bark of a fisherman; he called loudly, and the man came and drew him out of the mud. Then, full of dread and fear, he ran to tell the tale to his confessor, who said to him, 'If you had not come to me you would have been lost. You should thank God that all has gone well with you.' The priest then related the facts in a court of justice, and as the two women were foreigners they were banished from the city, and nothing more was ever heard of them."

There was no question of torture or of burning here, though the crime, according to the ordinary standard of witchcraft, was great enough to warrant punishment by fire. The sentence of banishment is in keeping with the Venetian character. The legend is shaped in accordance with the spirit of those old laws which had narrowed the sphere of Inquisitors. It is almost unnecessary to add that the immediate and magical effect of the name of Jesus recalls innumerable French, English, Danish, and German stories, in which the holy name puts an end to unholy revels, the man who utters it finding himself the next morning in forest or mountain wilds, in open fields on stone heaps, or in some other lonely and remote place. There is one Danish tale in particular, in which a man, by anointing a piece of fruit peel and repeating his wife's words, follows her to the Sabbat, there to be asked by the devil to sign his name in a book, — which is in very nearly all respects the same as the Venetian.

One of the points on which the opinion of authorities on witchcraft differed most often was whether the sorcerer or witch was carried *bodily* through the air to the place of meeting, whether merely the spirit went, or whether the journey was purely imaginary, a dream or illusion caused by the Evil One. Sprenger and the other authorities of the *Malleus Maleficarum* decided at once in favor of bodily transmission. But then, on the other hand, Bodin believed in spiritual attendance. That the Venetians agreed with the latter is shown not only in this witch cry of "Body, here; spirit, go!" but also in other stories, describing the doings of a witch whose spirit was turned into a mouse; of another whose body was in bed when her spirit was in the kitchen, on the hearth, making little pots; of a third whose husband at night turned her with her face on the pillow, that her spirit might not escape. The incidents recorded in this last are based upon a most unpardonable belief, which was evolved almost everywhere when the witch mania was at its height. This was the doctrine, encouraged by Inquisitors, that children could become witches and sorcerers. In those terrible trials, presided over by Pierre de Laucre, it was asserted that hundreds of girls and boys flocked to the indescribable Sabbats of Labourd, though, be it said to the credit of their elders, they were not admitted to the final, nameless rites. It was the same in Sweden, where children were counted among the revelers at the Blockula. There is a story told by Sprenger of a farmer in Switzerland, whose little daughter startled him by saying she could bring rain, and immediately raised a storm. In answer to his questions, she said it was her mother who had taught her to do this. The

same story is told in Venice, with such slight variations that it seems as if it at first must have been borrowed from the *Malleus Maleficarum*, and then gradually have become identified with the traditions of the republic. The following is the Venetian version:—

Of a little girl of nine years, who raised a great tempest, and who, like her mother, was a witch.

"Not many years ago there was a man and his wife and a little girl nine years old, who, you know, was their daughter. One morning her father said to her, 'Come, let's take a walk.' So they went out, and as they were walking he said to her, 'See, my child, what a beautiful day it is, and how bright the sun is!' 'Yes,' she said, 'but in a minute I can make thee see a very great storm.' 'What dost thou say?' her father exclaimed. 'Yes,' she repeated, 'I can make thee this very minute see a great storm.' Her father was speechless with surprise. He stared at her, and at last he asked, 'How canst thou do it? Show me.' 'Wait, I'll show thee how,' was her only answer. Then she went close to a ditch near by, and beating the water seven times with her hand made the ditch dry; and immediately heavy black clouds covered the sun, and there came a great darkness and the wildest storm that was ever seen. Her father was lost in wonder. 'Tell me, tell me,' he exclaimed, 'who taught you to do these things!' 'I learned them from my mother,' she answered. Now this put him in a great passion, and he started in a violent hurry for home. On the way he met his *compare*,¹ who greeted him; but he was in such a state, it was all he could do to return the greeting. When his *compare* saw what a rage he was in, he said

¹ This word cannot well be translated into English. A *compare de San Zuane* is not only best man for his friend, helping him through the wedding ceremony and making handsome presents to

the bride, but he must also be the godfather for the first child. He and his friend thus contract a spiritual relationship.

to him, 'Why, what's the matter? It seems to me you're angry at something.' He did n't want to stop, or even to tell what was the matter, but his compare gave him no peace until he had told the whole story. 'Oh ho!' said the compare, 'I see with what we have to deal, and I think the best thing for you to do is to go to a priest and tell him all about it.' The man, when he heard this, ran off at once to the priest and repeated the story. The priest listened to it all, and then said, 'Good! Now hear what you must do. Go home, and don't say a word. But to-night, a little before midnight, turn your wife with her mouth on the pillow, and watch what she does: if she is a witch she will struggle, but if she is guiltless she will not move.' So then the man went home to his wife, and held his peace. A little before midnight, he took hold of her, and very softly, so as not to waken her, turned her with her mouth on the pillow. At the stroke of midnight, which was the hour when she usually went off to work her spells, her spirit could not get out, and she began to jump and struggle and turn; but her husband held her head down with his hand. At last she woke up and exclaimed, 'Oh, help me! What is the matter?' Then she turned and saw her husband. 'You dog,' he said, 'now I know what you are! Tell me who taught you to do this.' When she heard his reproaches, she fell to weeping and asking his pardon, and told him that it was her aunt, who could n't die without teaching her witchcraft to some one, and who had begged her to learn, so hard, she had n't been able to resist. Her husband did n't want to have anything more to do with her, because of her evil deeds. But she implored him to forgive her, and at last he did, because after all, as soon as he found out the truth about her and his daughter, he freed them both from their compact with the devil, and they could n't be witches any longer."

However this story may have been introduced into Venice, its ending is unmistakably of Venetian origin. The husband in the Swiss tale, instead of becoming reconciled to his wife, has her burnt, and dispatches the child to a nunnery, the latter being saved from her mother's fate only because of her extreme youth. A German, Spaniard, or Scotchman, had he borrowed the story, would have retained its tragic *dénouement*. But there is throughout the Venetian traditions on this subject a mildness in striking contrast to the grimness of other witch legends, but which is a natural outcome of the justice with which Venetians of old conducted their witch trials. Almost all the stories in this little book end by declaring the witch forgiven and allowed to go her ways in peace. It is the exception when she is handed over to the mercies of the civil law. Judging from this fact, the present popular belief seems to be that as a witch, once her calling is discovered, loses all power, and is therefore no longer dangerous to her fellow-citizens, there is no necessity to punish her. Thus the law here is wholly practical, interfering in order to insure the future peace of the community, and not to punish past crimes. Perhaps the strangest part of this belief is that very often a woman becomes a witch against her inclination, and consequently rejoices at her deliverance, as is shown in the above story. The way this happens is very carefully explained. A witch cannot voluntarily make herself known to any one unless she is at the point of death. But if she does not then find a confidant, her death is terrible, for the devil comes and strangles her.

That he is by no means a tender executioner is demonstrated in the following story, which is, moreover, interesting as the only one in the collection manifesting the least ferocity. It is the legend

Of a Witch strangled by the Devil.

"Once upon a time there was a great witch, and she had wrought her evil deeds all her life, but had never been discovered.

"She lived with some honest people, who knew nothing about her wickedness. One day she became very ill, and quickly grew worse and worse. The people of the house, not seeing her about, went to find out what was the matter, and when they came to her door they heard a terrible groaning and moaning. They knocked, but there was no answer; they tried the door, but it would n't open; then they pushed and shook it so hard that they forced it open. They went in, and up to the bed, where the woman lay dying. She was raving mad, and turned and leaped on the bed, and would n't say a word to anybody. What were they to do? At last one ran for the priest, and another for the doctor. The priest came first. 'For charity's sake,' they said to him, 'go to this woman, who has rented one of our rooms, and is now dying!' 'Very well,' he answered, 'take me to her room.' They showed him the way, but no sooner had he come to the door than he knew she was a witch possessed by the devil, and so he said to them, 'I can't go in.' 'Why not?' they asked. 'Don't you hear her screams and sighs?' he asked. 'If one of you will turn all those pictures on the wall, then I can go in.' So they turned the pictures, and then they heard another great scream and sigh, and they hurried to the bed. But the woman was dead. Her eyes and tongue had started out of her head, and she was black as coals. 'She is dead!' they cried. And the priest told them, 'The devil strangled her because she was a witch, and it was while he was doing it that she gave those screams and sighs. Now look under the bed and see what is there.' They looked, and found *scaldini*, little pots, hairs, needles from Da-

maus, and all sorts of other things used by witches for their charms and spells. Then they took them all, and made a great fire, and threw them and her bed into it. And at once they heard a tremendous noise, a puffing and rumbling that seemed to come from hell. So they were certain she was a real witch.

"And this witch died thus, in a state of raving madness, because she could find no one in whom to confide."

The reason of the priest's order about the pictures is that it is generally supposed that no witch can die in a room where there are pictures of Christ, the Madonna, or the saints, unless these be turned towards the wall. There is not space here to give the other stories, all of which, however, are well worth reading. Several, like so many northern witch tales, illustrate the doings of witches when their spirits assume animal shapes, and the danger of discovery which they then run. For, if the disembodied spirit receive a wound, the body likewise is wounded; or, if any one who suspects what is going on close the mouth of the witch, her spirit, having escaped through it, cannot return, and consequently her body remains cold and lifeless. Two or three stories describe the methods by which witch charms can be dispelled, the information on this point being very explicit. The inevitable broomstick, laid across the threshold, comes into play. As was the case with the witch Jane Brooks, told of in Glanville's account of the Demon of Tedworth, the drawing of blood from Venetian witches renders their charms ineffectual. And since they are *eye-biting*, it is well to remember the Italian protection against the evil eye, and in case of emergency to point towards a suspected witch the first and little finger of the hand, the other two with the thumb being closed upon the palm. Another good measure is to burn or to cut into small pieces the clothes of the

person bewitched. It is not unwise to remember these instructions, as witches work their spells in many ways. They can bewitch with the eye or with a kiss. They ensnare children with fruit and flowers and sweets, and men and women with bread and wine, and indeed with anything and everything. The holier their materials, the deadlier are their spells. The Venetians' knowledge of the mysteries of the black art extends even to the genesis of witches and witchcraft. Once, they say, Satan was furious with the Lord, because paradise contained more souls than hell, and he determined, by fair promises, to seduce human beings to his worship, and thus fill his kingdom. But he decided always to tempt women, in preference to men, because, through ambition or a desire for revenge, they yield more easily.

Popular belief thus accounts for the beginning of an evil which once filled the Christian world with untold misery, cruelty, and crime. These traditions and legends, which still linger among the lower classes, throw some light upon its character in the past, when belief in it was universal in Venice, and show what it has there become in the present era of rationalism. To foresee its future is not difficult. There is little doubt that witchcraft, with so many other superstitions, will in the end be abandoned even by the people. That the memory of its doctrines and practices, according to Venetian definition and observance, will not perish with the few old women who still believe in witches is due to Signor Bernoni. He has been as earnest in collecting the folk-lore of Venice as Ruskin has in studying her stones.

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

THE GOLDEN JUSTICE.

XI.

MRS. VAREMBERG IS RELEASED.

MRS. VAREMBERG's first explanation to herself of Barclay's visit was that he had been moved by the exciting events described to abandon the peculiar reserve he had manifested of late, and had come back to her somewhat in the old way.

She had sat down at once and written him a note of sympathy, and had learned by public hearsay something of the circumstances of the case.

"It is fortunate you were so well insured," she said; "the fire will not prove an unmixed calamity, after all. You can now rebuild, and incorporate in the new factory all your favorite ideas."

"I do not think of rebuilding," he

replied, in a grave way, in which she already found something ominous.

"Not rebuild? You are surely not going to give up your plans, and allow a business of such importance to lapse entirely?"

"The partnership had been dissolved before the fire took place. Maxwell was obliged to withdraw, by the condition of his health, and I could not go on alone. I had already prepared to wind the business up, or transfer it to other hands. I have no longer any pretext for staying. I am going away from Keewaydin for good."

His companion gave him a startled, pathetic glance that seemed to search his very soul. Then she affected to receive the news of his departure, as Barclay had tried to convey it, with an entirely decorous calmness.

"And your army of hands," she said,

"thus thrown out of employment, — it will be a severe blow to them; but of course you could not be expected to stay on their account alone."

"I have done what I could for them. I trust they will not suffer till they can obtain places in other shops."

"Well, we shall all be sorry you are going; you will be much missed. Yes, this has been an unfortunate fire indeed."

Her lips trembled, and her eyes fell uneasily to the floor instead of meeting his. The conversation seemed already to languish; there appeared to be little more to say.

Barclay had come in with his hat and stick, and sat on the edge of a sofa, with a sort of temporary air, as if momentarily about to move. Mrs. Varemberg sat near him in a high-backed, carved-oak chair. She leaned back presently, and found a support for her head against it, as with a patient languor of suffering. Her lover involuntarily noted this pose, as he had so often studied before every other varied phase of her aspect. Was it really some transcendent charm in her, that was visible to all others as well, or was it only the glamour of his affection? — for she was always beautiful to him. In every attitude, whether sitting, standing, reclining, whether moving or at rest, he could have called to her with delight to stay and be pictured. There was nothing *bizarre* or operatic in her type; she was full of a gentle repose. In her weakness she had seemed to him like a flower that the dew and sunshine might yet wholly revive; bent on its stalk, but not broken.

"Must I leave thee Paradise, — leave these happy walks and shades?" Barclay half quoted to himself, as he wistfully gazed. He knew well that it would have been far better not to have come to pay his respects in person. He ought to have followed his first intention, and only written to her: he could have pretended that some sudden busi-

ness exigency had prevented him from doing anything else.

They talked in the wretched, perfunctory way that people do who have, on every ground of prudence, to avoid the one topic on which their thoughts are burningly alive. But when it appeared that all Barclay's preparations were complete and he was to leave town the very next day, Mrs. Varemberg started with an agitation she could not overcome. She said to herself that she had counted upon more time. Not that a little time more or less, or a few more meetings, should have made any great difference, it is true; but she thought that, with a proper interval, while he was still in the place, she might somehow have better reconciled herself to the idea.

"Men are fortunate," she commented, in a dreary tone: "they can go; life is full of distractions for them. It is always women who must remain."

"Come, why need we take a serious tone?" rejoined Paul Barclay, assuming a brisk cordiality, to cover the critical moment of the good-by. "There!" taking both her hands into his, and giving them a hearty pressure, "we shall meet again, of course; people always do, you know. It will probably not be long till then."

Mrs. Varemberg had arisen, and stood by a scroll-fashioned end of the sofa, and she now leaned against it for support.

"See what a little sympathy and companionship can do," she said. "It seems as if I could not bear to have you go." She affected a plaintive smile, but her look was pitifully wistful and forlorn.

This was fatuous conduct, if there were any real intention to adhere to the proprieties, to part without explanation, but it was involuntary. A tide of feeling was rising beyond the power of either to control. Barclay had nerved up all his fortitude for himself, but he

had not expected to have to contend against her weakness as well.

"I have been a little distraction to you ; is not that all, dear Virginia ?" he said, taking affectionately the name they had used in their familiar correspondence. He spoke coaxingly, soothingly, like some strong elder brother. "You will find others who will answer the purpose just as well. We know how it is in these cases ; it is not so much the particular person, as some one, any one, to fill a sort of weary, aching void. Am I not right ?"

"I wonder if it be so ? Yes, perhaps it is so," she answered in a dreamy way, and there were tones in her voice that suggested the sighing of the wind through lonesome pines.

This partial agreement with him, even though he had sought it, gave him an acute pang. A violent struggle was going on within him. It was not what he had wished to hear.

"So, then, good-by !" he resumed. "I expect soon to hear that you have got rid of all your troubles, and are the gayest of the gay."

"We were such good friends," she said in a retrospective way, disregarding this at first. "We seemed to have so many things in common. Do you know, it has often been a pleasure to me to know that you were in the place, even when I never saw you. And I am such a poor creature of habit ; the few things that are agreeable in my life take such a hold on me now. What shall I do without you ? I shall die ; that is the way I shall come to the end of my troubles."

Tears, or almost tears, for him, from such a source ? It was incredible, bewildering. The final stage was reached. Overcome by his emotions, Paul Barclay found no further obstacles potent enough to resist the extremes to which he was led. He threw aside all his austere resolutions, or rather he fell upon them, feeling their sharp reproof,

as a defeated Roman general might have fallen upon his sword.

"Can it be, dear child, that you love me ?" he demanded passionately. "Can it be that, after all this time, I have won the priceless treasure of your affection ?"

"Love you ? Yes, it must be that I do, — I love you dearly. Why should I not tell you, since my heart is so full of it ? And you, — you have cared for me, too ?"

"Oh, I adore you, I worship you. Why do I not find words to tell you all that I feel ? You are all that is loveliest and best in womankind."

Forgetful of all else but this moment of rapture, he called her "precious" and "darling" and "sweet one." He caressed with soft touches of infinite tenderness the fine hair growing upon her temples, and mingled half-murmured words and kisses indistinguishably.

"Ah, why could not this have been years before ?" she asked him presently. "You said to me once you wondered that all others did not love me in those times : why, then, did not you ?"

"Did you not know that I did ? Ah, no, I have been but too plainly assured by your conduct since that you did not, — fool and novice that I was. I knew little how to gain the favor of women. You were my only thought. To have won you would have been the paradise of my wildest dreams, and to lose you has been the shaping power of my whole existence."

"And I thought you were only my friend. How unobservant I too must have been ! Shall I tell you that I used to wish it were otherwise ? Shall I even confess that it was to try you I first made a pretense of encouraging Varemberg ? But then there came a time when you seemed to grow utterly indifferent towards me, and I let myself be drawn, without any proper consideration, into this match that many things conspired to foster."

"That must have been in my period of pique and moping. After I had gone, in my turmoil of mind, to ask your father's consent and aid to make you a formal proposal of marriage, and been refused by him, I cared little, and perhaps hardly knew, what I did."

"You made my father a proposal for my hand," exclaimed his listener, in extreme astonishment, "and I was never told of it? Oh, when, when, was this?"

Barclay recalled the date, and, by a comparison of times and seasons, they found that it must have been much before the Varemberg affair was at all advanced.

"And all these wicked, wasted years might have been spared!" commented Mrs. Varemberg, in stupefaction and dismay. Oh, what ruin, — what ruin!

"And it is true, dearest, that you might have loved me even then?" Barclay soon recommenced.

"I am sure that I might, that I did. I feel so towards you now that I cannot conceive of ever having felt any differently. And yet perhaps I was wayward in those times, and you were a little over-reserved with me. I think I was a trifle afraid of you, as if you were looking down at me from a superior height. But your fine qualities had impressed me, your consideration for me had touched me, even then. Others — my father — should have been wise for me. Oh, Paul, why were we so baffled and misled? Why was I not guided aright? I can never forgive him."

Barclay essayed to reassure her. "He would never have deliberately planned his own daughter's unhappiness," he said. "He too must have been deceived. It is easily supposable that he may have thought there were many more desirable suitors for your hand than myself," said Barclay.

Did he need any amends to a wounded self-love for the past, surely he must have felt that he had them now. He found himself advanced to the post of

honor, not only at present, but beyond all competitors from the first. He was not merely a solace and refuge in the troubles of her life, — though, in his unselfish devotion to her, he was prepared to be content with even that, — but the first choice of her heart, in all its freshness.

What was now to be done? The inexorable pressure of the situation returned upon them.

"Must you go?" asked Mrs. Varemberg, in persuasive tones, soft as the cooing of a ring-dove. "*Why* must you go? Ah, yes, you have no pretext for staying. You need a pretext for staying; I alone am not sufficient — Do not mind me!" she broke off; "it is only my weakness that talks in this way."

"Listen to me, dearest Florence," said the lover gravely. "After what has happened I must surely go, even if there had not existed the most imperative of reasons before; we both know it. As to me, when I leave here, I cannot say what I shall do or where I shall go. I must not see you, nor scarcely communicate with you. But this one thing is certain beyond change: you have become a vital part of my life, and I can never hereafter separate you from it. Let us do this: let us agree to be true to each other, to wait for each other. Perhaps Heaven, in its mercy, will yet be propitious to us."

"You must not make such a promise," protested Florence, in a kind of horror. "You must not tie yourself to one with so hopeless a future as mine. It is folly; it is wickedness. I beg of you not to do it; I beg of you to go and forget me."

"Do not fancy it will be hard," went on Barclay, disregarding her in his turn. "To be true to you, though you should never be mine, will be far easier than to replace you, or seek any other consolation whatever. I have loved you once and forever; if I may never have you,

I will die as I have lived, but I will not lower the sweet ideal I have so long entertained."

"Paul, dear Paul, you must not wait for me," she insisted. "The world is so wide; I am not vain enough to think it does not contain a great many attractive women. You are calculated to inspire, as you are to give, affection. You will meet some one who is far more worthy of you than I. I shall cease to be the baneful influence I have been in your life, I shall fade into a mere phantom, and you will be happy, as you deserve."

"What you ask me to do would not be in my power, even if I wished it. Do I not know myself? Have I not been tried by too many tests, already?"

"But *why* must you go?" she pleaded weakly. "Why can we not be only friends, and all go on as before?"

"The tongues of calumny have already begun to wag. In staying, on the old basis, even if it were possible, I should soon do you great harm in the public repute. No, there is nothing else but for me to go. You and I are clear-headed; we are not of that weak class who allow themselves to be blinded by passion, entangled by wretched sophistries."

"What if I were to say I do not care? I do not care, — I do not care. What spell has this feeling cast over me? I cannot see my way any longer as to what is right and what is wrong. Why are we made so? Must the deepest and truest affection be forever balked?"

"It is said," answered Barclay ruefully, "that an honorable man ought to protect a woman even against herself."

"Perhaps that is what he does when he does not love her," she rejoined, with a reckless skepticism.

"That is what he does, darling, when he loves her in the purest and holiest way — as I love you."

"And you *will* go? Oh, you are still

here — we are talking together — I cannot realize it. But to-morrow! to wake and find you gone, and to know that I shall never see you again! And then, all the to-morrows, to-morrows, to-morrows!"

"Our fate is hard!" cried Barclay in response. He was stirred beyond measure by this pathetic lament for him. He was but human; he abandoned his self-control, so hardly maintained, and began to rage, in his turn, at the toils in which they found themselves taken. "I must run away with you or from you," he said. He proposed that she should fly with him. He beset her again on the subject of divorce. He broke out into violent expressions against David Lane and against Varemberg. "He will die, — he must die!" he exclaimed excitably, in reference to this latter. "It is not just. Why does such vileness cumber the earth?"

His companion recoiled. The vehemence of Barclay restored to her in a certain degree her own calmer and better judgment. In a brief flash of intuition perhaps both had a glimpse, as it were, into the crimes to which weak and struggling souls are driven by the pressure of circumstances not unlike their own.

"He is still young," said Mrs. Varemberg. "Perhaps he will yet live to reform and become a useful and honorable member of society. And, dear Paul, life is too short for us both not to be in the right."

"Give me, then, what words of comfort you can," said Barclay, gloomily resigned, "for my exile; for I am going."

"Dear Paul" — she began, hesitatingly.

"I have asked you for a promise," he broke in again. "Let us agree that we will be true to each other as long as we live, and that you will be mine if it ever be possible."

"How can I resist your entrancing words? How can I really refuse any-

thing you ask me? Yes, I *will* promise; I will be yours, — with what joy and happiness! — if I am ever free, if Heaven ever permits it to be so.”

Barclay held her for a brief instant more in his arms, as if he would, somehow, by this last embrace, have protected her from the hardship of her destiny. Then he went quickly out at the door, looking neither to the right nor the left. In the hall was David Lane, who had just come down the stairs, and who cast at him a glance of keen and singular suspicion.

Barclay hurried away, without a word, to his own abode in the grassy square under the ægis of the Golden Justice. He had already said his farewells to the good Thornbrooks, who expressed a genuine sorrow at having him leave the place. By daylight of next morning he was on board the train, and had ostensibly taken his last look on Keewaydin. He was to pay a brief visit to the colony established on his lands in Marathon County; he would go round the city, on his return, and proceed to the East by another way.

David Lane seemed either to have witnessed or divined something of the manner of parting just described. He entered the drawing-room, with a sternly resentful air, and stood above the form of his daughter, who had thrown herself down, in grief, in a corner of the sofa. Her eyes were red with weeping, but when she caught the gaze of her father she showed no trace of embarrassment; her look was even more stern and resentful than his own.

“Is this man your lover?” demanded David Lane.

“Yes,” she answered simply.

“You tell me this in your sober senses, and you suffer him to embrace you almost publicly?”

“Yes.”

“Do you mean to drag our name in the mire of disgrace?”

The irony of the question smote upon

him even as he asked it. Well indeed did it become him to frame reproaches on the subject of the family honor, — he who had done so much to preserve it!

“We love each other,” she answered, smiling proudly, “but do not fear that I shall disgrace our name. It is only now for the first time that he has spoken to me, and he is going away; I shall probably never see him again. I do not know why I should hold to any scruples for your sake, since you have had so few where my happiness was concerned,” she went on; “but do not be alarmed, for I repeat, I shall do our name no discredit.”

“What am I to understand from these words?” David Lane queried, trembling. It was evident that the exalted principles of his daughter had to some extent failed in the ordeal; that an explanation — always to have been dreaded — had at last taken place between these two. But to what extent had it gone? What had it involved?

“It was you who wrecked my life, — you who ought to have been strong and wise for me. Why did you do it? Why did you conceal from me the offer of marriage this man had made?”

“Would it have made a difference?” he demanded eagerly. “Would you have married him?”

“I am sure I loved him even then. If you had told me, we should both have been happy.”

Her father could give her no valid reasons for his conduct; he could by no means allege the real one, so he took refuge in tergiversation. “Much that happened in those times is now vague to me,” he said. “I was full of anxieties and cares in other ways. I suppose I could not have attached the real importance to it. I had long thought of you as one who knew your own mind; and if Barclay had not made his feelings clear to you, it did not seem as if any formal statement by me could have

much effect. Surely I was mistaken. I meant to act for the best."

He followed his strenuous disclaimers of wrong intent with warm protestations of fatherly affection which came from a full and agonized heart. Like Jephthah, he had sacrificed his daughter. Like Jephthah, he might have said, "Alas, my daughter! thou hast deceived me and art thyself deceived."

Mrs. Varemberg now gave way to convulsive weeping, in which her resentment disappeared. Only an overburdening sense of the sadness of her lot remained. She went broken from the room, her father conducting her to the door, and pressing a cold kiss on her forehead.

David Lane was prepared for a renewal of her petition for divorce. He did not know now how he could resist it. With some wretched design, perhaps, of being beforehand with her in it, when he next saw her, he introduced the subject himself. He was all but completely broken at this time, and ready to accede to anything she might propose. But, curiously enough, it was now she herself who stood firm.

"No," she said, in opposition, "what is not justified by natural right and justice cannot be justified by my poor human weakness."

Her father was proud of her spirit and high standard of conduct, which made him but the more remorseful and compassionate of her pains. But would she always remain as firm on this point? A radical change in her situation almost immediately occurred, and put this question forever aside. Barclay had been gone but a single day, when the mail brought Mrs. Varemberg a letter in a familiar handwriting. She found it beside her plate at the breakfast table. It was post-marked San Francisco. She turned pale at sight of it, and did not dare to open it in person, but passed it on to her father, and listened to hear what he should tell her of its contents.

"My poor child!" he said, glancing sympathetically across at her, and began to read. The letter was substantially as follows:—

"I find myself rather unexpectedly in your part of the world. It is not so near, it is true, and yet not so far away, either. I have lately arrived here from the Sandwich Islands. The climate there did not suit me, and there were various disagreeable adventures — But all that is a long story, like a good deal more that is behind me, and of which you will, no doubt, be glad to hear in due time. Finding myself thus favored in my whereabouts, the idea occurs to me of dropping down upon you, by way of a little surprise. It will interest me to see the pleasant retirement to which you betook yourself from Belgium, — without the formality of asking my permission, be it remembered. This note is by way of announcement that I shall set out immediately by the train, and I trust that you will be ready, on my arrival, with some pleasant proposition for settling our late small differences, and again establishing for ourselves the customary domestic hearth. Naturally, you are still my wife; I have not relinquished any claim to you. I tire of living this Bohemian life; it has many discomforts; and I have no doubt that you will be glad to join with me in the plan of making of ourselves once more a comfortable pair of *bons bourgeois*. I am sure these domestic tastes will commend themselves to your most respectable father, — to whom the assurance of my high consideration, — and he will lend us a trifle of pecuniary aid to carry them into effect."

The letter was signed by Varemberg.

"It is infamous!" said the reader of it, in hot indignation. "He dares to threaten us? He will come this way? But do not fear him, Florence. He shall rue the day; he shall have a warm reception awaiting him."

But his words fell upon unconscious

ears; she who should have heard them had fallen into a pitiable swoon, and Mrs. Clinton and the maids were actively applying restoratives.

Nor was this the last of the malign intruder from a past life. On the contrary, it was but the beginning of a speedy end. The same night, a loud ringing aroused the house some time after it had retired to slumber. A telegraphic dispatch was brought in and handed up to David Lane, who came to the top of the stairs to receive it. The servants felt sure that the master of the house had received bad news. He read his dispatch with but a sombre visage, turned towards Mrs. Varemberg's apartments, turned away again, then turned back once more, and went heavily and knocked at his daughter's door.

A friend and neighbor, from Keewaydin, informed him that he, the friend, was the survivor of a fatal railroad accident, already briefly mentioned in the afternoon papers. An Eastern-bound overland train had been precipitated down a lofty embankment near Omaha, through the snapping of a rail in the severe cold, and several lives had been lost. Among the dead the sender of the dispatch had recognized the son-in-law of David Lane, having known him slightly abroad, and had fully identified him by means of papers found on the body.

Thus the tragic incubus was removed. Varemberg was no more, and his widow was free, to live, to marry, as she pleased.

Saved as she was from the very spring of the tiger, Mrs. Varemberg was yet afflicted by a certain remorse, as if she were somehow responsible for this dreadful taking-off of the ill-fated partner who had been her nightmare and her bane. She had allowed her thoughts to dwell, though never so remotely, on this consummation, and it was as if her wish had been forged into a weapon with which the deed was done. Broken by so many shocks, she succumbed to an

acute illness. During its continuance she was by no means in a condition to communicate with Barclay, even had she so desired. Added to this, it would have been extremely difficult for any one to say, in this his first impetuous plunge away from all the interests by which he had so long been bound, where he was.

XII.

THE "PEOPLE'S CANDIDATE."

Paul Barclay had formed no definite programme for his flight or his future. In seeking first the remote colony on his wild lands in the upper part of the State, he but obeyed the common instinct that so often drives the unhappy to the refuge of solitude and nature.

His colony now presented to view a number of log houses and a considerable space of cleared land. The shriek of a portable saw-mill rose upon the ear, together with the dull thud of the woodman's axe; and the stumps of the felled pine-trees, scattered numerously in and about the new settlement, showed through the snow — which still lay deep on the ground in this northerly latitude — like a species of envious fangs, snarling at the growth of this humble little Carthage.

Barclay remained at this lonely spot nearly a fortnight. In his fierce need of action and change, he took the axe into his own hands, and smote ringing strokes upon the great trees. Again, with his gun, he followed large wild game through the forest long days together, till, at night, he was ready to drop with fatigue, and was incapable of thought.

The sociable agent of the colony tried his best to entertain him, but his resources were few. He brought home some newspapers, from long rides he took to the nearest hamlet, and read out bits of these in the evening. Politics

were beginning to be interesting. The municipal caldron at Keewaydin was bubbling actively, and nominations for mayor were in order. Barclay had little concern with all these things. But, among the rest, as they sat around the stove one evening, in the rude main cabin, just before their usual primitive hour for bed, the agent hit upon a bit about the railway accident and the fate of Varemberg.

"Tough times for travelers, these days," said he, "the cold spells snappin' the rails so. I see that foreign son-in-law of David Lane's is dead; killed out Omaha way."

Then, indeed, his listener paid attention. He bounded to his feet, and seized the paper with his own hands. Yes, it was so. Varemberg was dead! She was free! But the date of the paper was almost ten days back. Why had he not heard from her? Why had she not sent to him in all this time? How could she? Had he not purposely buried himself in these inaccessible wilds?

Night though it was, the best horse of the camp was got out, and he had himself driven off on the instant. He made a railway connection at daybreak, and by night of the next day was again in Keewaydin.

The dress of Mrs. Varemberg confirmed the truth of the news he had heard, the moment he set eyes upon her. She was in mourning of the lighter sort, following in a purely formal way the conventional customs made and provided. She had recovered from her illness, but was still weighed upon by the effects of it and the experiences she had passed through. She was grave, undemonstrative, not like her former self. She gave the full details of the catastrophe. She said her father had been in person to Omaha, found the remains of her husband, given them decent burial, forwarded the papers found about him to his surviving relatives in Europe, and offered, by cable, to hold himself at their

disposition for any further orders. All was absolutely over well-nigh a week before.

"And now! now! now!" exclaimed Barclay joyously, when he thought he had listened to sufficient on this subject.

His reference to their last meeting and all that it implied was unmistakable, but Mrs. Varemberg did not yet respond to his ardor. She had fallen, in fact, into a pensive and morbid condition, in which she thought the planning of any attractive manner of life for herself henceforth all but criminal.

"You did not send for me? You did not wish to have me with you at once?" said her lover, in reproachful questioning.

"I did not know where you were. I knew that you would hear."

"You have changed. What is this? I do not understand you."

"I cannot pretend to feel any sorrow for him, — that would be too much, — but his dreadful fate shocked me so that it seemed to leave no place for other and softer feelings. It seems as if I had done it. Oh," she broke out, "after all that has happened, with such memories behind us, is it not too late? Can there be any happy future possible to one so wretched as I have been? No, no, let us abandon the thought of it."

Barclay hastened to combat these gloomy views with all his might. "The future is wholly ours; with it we will redeem the past," he protested, vigorously. "Oh, think of all we may yet do!"

"Think of all we must both remember!"

"In the olden times," he argued, "beautiful temples were thrown down, and their fragments incorporated into other buildings. We have a record of one mediæval cathedral built upon a foundation entirely of lovely broken statues. From such a seed, as it were, could hardly fail to spring perfections of a new order. Let us try to regard

our lives hereafter as something like that, but the more valuable and the sweeter for the weird hopes, the lost illusions, that underlie them."

The warmth of his convictions gradually impressed itself upon her, and kindled her own anew.

"Our union must not be delayed beyond the earliest feasible moment," he urged. "We must concede only the most imperative delays. We have so little time now in which to be happy, and we must not lose a moment of it."

The two arrived at a complete understanding, and then they wished to have the consent of David Lane to their formal engagement. It was not necessarily to be made public till a decorous period of mourning had passed. Mrs. Varemberg was willing to make this concession to what popular opinion was assumed to be, though she had in very truth been widowed several years; but on all other accounts, the peace of mind of both, the comfort of Barclay in his footing in the house, it was desirable that in the eyes of David Lane they should be known to be finally and once for all betrothed. As soon as was convenient and seemly, therefore, they presented themselves before him for that purpose.

That unhappy man had expected such a visit from the first moment of the arrival of the telegram acquainting him with Varemberg's fate; he was alive to its importance, and in a measure prepared to meet it. Though driven so near to the wall, he proposed to resist his perverse fate to the last. Even now, could he see this couple united? Nothing had changed in the main situation, — his motive power for so many years. Was it not for their own sakes he had opposed and must still oppose them? His horror of their union rested upon the dread that his confession must one day come down from the Golden Justice, and ruin them all. Could any one have assured him of the folly of this

foreboding, they might have married and welcome, the sooner the better, — for it had often wrung his heart to see them suffer. But who could assure him of this? The thought was his constant companion, the source of his never-ending mental turmoil. He met the applicants, therefore, with a grave front of firm denial.

"Do you think I will let my daughter go?" he said, in the course of talk, turning directly towards Barclay. "Do you ask me to give up my only real companion, the mainstay of my declining years?"

"But we need not go, papa," appealed his daughter, answering in person. "We will both stay with you, if you desire it. You will only have two children instead of one."

The pair were astonished, discomfited, at a refusal they had had no reason to expect. The discussion grew almost acrimonious. Barclay withdrew. He felt that, for his own part, he could no longer continue in it with dignity. Mrs. Varemberg remained, and prosecuted the argument further. David Lane was quibbling, evasive, and morose. Driven from one position to another, he began to take on a much-badgered, hunted sort of manner. He called the proposition to which they had desired to obtain his consent one showing unseemly, almost indecent, haste.

His daughter, looking at him, wondering, with her large, grave eyes, demanded, —

"Tell me your *real* reasons for opposing us!"

But he was still elusive. "I am not convinced that you really love him," he said. "Most likely it is only a matter of passing association and habit. You have injudiciously allowed him to come here too much; you have seen no one else. But now that you are going out into the world again, you will meet with others; you will find some one" —

His listener stopped him short, indig-

nant, and keenly hurt that the sincerity of her love could be questioned.

"I love him devotedly," she said; "he has every quality to win the admiration and esteem of a woman. After all that I have told you, do not still try to treat me like a child. If I do not marry him, I shall never marry at all."

"Well, then, I see my way clearly. I cannot consent," he answered doggedly, as if returning his ultimatum. "All this is for your own good, if you did but know it."

"Then we must act without your consent. We are of an age to regulate our own affairs."

"Florence!" he appealed, pathetically.

"Give me some reasons for this most extraordinary conduct. I am willing to hear and overcome them all."

"Let me think. Give me time to think," he rejoined. "We will return to this subject again."

He dashed his hand across his forehead in a distracted way, and left the house.

No sooner was he without than he directed his steps in search of Ives Wilson, and found the editor at the latter's office in the building of the Morning Index.

"I wish to be mayor," said Lane, entering abruptly, and broaching the subject with hardly more ado.

The editor of the Index was proof against many surprises, but this was beyond him. A proposition so considerably outside of his usual category took away his breath.

"The place has already been promised to DeBow; he is as good as elected," he urged, deprecatingly, in order to gain time to collect his scattered ideas.

"I wish to be mayor," repeated his patron and benefactor. "Let us understand that positively, — that is settled; let us talk only of how it is to be done."

"We might sow discord in the nomi-

nating conventions, I suppose, and organize a bolt," said the editor, with the air of bending his whole mind to the problem, since to dismiss it was impossible. "I have it," he added, presently. "What do you say to a People's Candidate?"

"A 'People's Candidate'?"

"Yes; we can thunder against the 'rings' about corruption in municipal affairs, and the like. We can call for a cleaning out of the Augean stables, and the uniting of all good citizens, without distinction of party, upon a reform nominee, a citizen of high character, like yourself. We might make it appear that the movement had been a long time maturing under the surface."

"Good!" assented David Lane. "Let it be that or whatever else you like, so that the object is surely accomplished."

He attended but little to the vein of cynical humor in which the other outlined his plan.

"Expenses, no doubt, will be heavier than usual, but you shall have an ample margin. Do not hold back from anything that may be necessary, on that account."

"It is gratifying to see you again in the political field," said Ives Wilson, "but I confess I don't quite understand it on the instant. At one time, we used to beg and implore you to take much more important offices than this, and you would not do it; and now, after all the high honors you have held; you seek a smaller one of your own accord."

"I am tired of rusting out in idleness. I want occupation."

This was all the explanation ever vouchsafed; and it really mattered very little to this adviser what the true reason was, since it was made to his advantage. But had he guessed for a thousand years he would never have hit upon it. He would never have divined the wild, extraordinary resource that remained to David Lane, in taking the office of mayor, — a resource which he

was at last driven to use by the sight of his daughter's distress and the sound of her reproaches in his ears.

There had always been a bare possibility that the confession might be removed by design from the *Golden Justice*, and David Lane had sometimes revolved it dimly, with other vagrant thoughts on the subject. But by what agency, if it ever needed doing, could it be done? It was a mission too delicate to entrust to the most confidential employee in the world. To so entrust it would be but to subject one's self to blackmail, with the certainty of the ultimate disclosure of the secret besides. No, none but himself must touch the paper. If he could pass a night in the building, he might, under cover of darkness, climb to the dome, and, with good fortune, effect an opening into the statue and possess himself of the confession. Now, he could not conceal himself in the edifice, nor could he ask permission to remain. He must have the right to stay unquestioned. But who had the right to stay? In the first place, the janitor, an honest German, Anton Klopp, who had long held this post. Next, the city officers, — mayor, comptroller, city clerk, and the like. The only one of these positions he could allow himself to seek and fill without too strong eccentricity and suspicion was that of mayor.

We have seen that he had taken steps to be made once more mayor of Kee-waydin. Would he, then, with his honors, his years, and infirmities upon him, attempt in person so wild and hazardous an undertaking as that hinted at? With his hands by his sides he had felt the muscles of his legs, as he came along to the interview with the editor, tested them again by long strides, and nerved himself for the feat with Spartan determination.

There was no time to lose. Ives Wilson, a Machiavelian wire-puller of great vigor, initiated the campaign forth-

with. The Index began at once to contain letters, — written in the office, — signed "Many Tax-Payers," "Many Citizens," "Veritas," and "Justitia," demanding that the Augean stables be cleaned out and the era of corruption be brought to its close; that the party slates be broken, and a man of conspicuous probity be placed in the field. A People's Candidate was called for, and the name of David Lane suggested. The editor affected to think it no more than fair to give these manifestoes of a popular ferment the courtesy of print.

The clamor — in the office of the Index — increased, till it seemed impossible to resist. Then the paper took the air of putting itself formally at the head. Ives Wilson now privately convened a little knot of skillful persons, with whom he had been much in the habit of working in matters of this description; these communicated the impetus to a larger coterie, and this to others in turn, so that presently the ward primaries were feeling the influence profoundly. The "slate" was not broken, in the convention of the principal party, as had been proposed; the new movement had begun too late to be able to capture the nomination from DeBow; but David Lane's followers organized a bolt. They went to the weaker political faction, which, being already prepared, and naturally expecting defeat any way, was found only too glad to strike hands with the bolters, and make Lane the nominee of both, on a fusion ticket.

Some of his old associates came to him regretfully, and urged him not to allow himself to be used as an instrument of disruption in the party with which they had all so long been identified. But they little knew how slight a matter party fealty had now become to him they addressed, under the stimulus of his new motives.

"I have put myself in the hands of my friends," he responded, with artful dissimulation. "I should not now con-

sider it fair to them to withdraw, without their express command."

When all this was settled, he returned to the momentous subject which had come up between him and his daughter.

"I am tired of rusting in idleness," he said. "If there is a possibility of losing you, I must have new occupations. I am going to run for mayor. Let the matter of which you have spoken to me stand till that is over."

"But I cannot see the slightest connection between the two."

"Leave it to me. You will find me reasonable. Success brings good temper," he rejoined; and when she still urged her point, he added, positively, "I will not decide till the election is over."

Still, this was something tangible to tell. The period of delay would not be long. Mrs. Varemberg reported it to her impatient lover, and they were fain to wait, possessing their souls in comparative patience.

A large store that happened to be vacant in Telson's Block, on the principal thoroughfare, was taken for David Lane's headquarters, and a canvas banner, with the usual atrocious portrait of the candidate, was hung across the street, in front of it. From this nucleus a great activity was organized. Printed circulars and free editions of the Index were mailed in profusion. There were kept in stock the flaming yellow and pink sheet posters for the fences and dead-walls. A great wagon, papered with these same sheet posters, and containing a deep-toned bell, patrolled the streets by day, distributing documents, and made the campaign headquarters its rendezvous. From there, also, torchlight processions were sent forth at night. The managers, with hats tilted very much backward or very much forward, as the case might be, sat around a long table covered with an untidy litter of papers, — as was the floor, with cigar stumps add-

ed, — or anon received visitors confidentially in small boxes, temporarily partitioned off with pine boards, at the rear.

Here maps were spread open, and the sectional interests of the town studied, district by district. What motives might be best appealed to? What springs of tradition, habit, self-interest, local pride or prejudice, caste or nationality, might be played upon — as the musician plays upon his instrument — to catch votes?

One ward was well to do and "aristocratic," and another composed largely of small mechanics; one was German, another Polish; one had a large free-thinking element clustered around the turner-halls, another was Lutheran, another Irish Catholic.

"Shall we stir up the religious question again?" demanded Ives Wilson, with a cheerful nonchalance, in these consultations. On the whole, it was decided to do so. "We have more to gain than lose by it," he said.

Some old "Know Nothing" record, as it was called, of Jim DeBow's was unearthed. He was asserted to have been hostile to immigration at an early day, and to have said in public that he wished an ocean of fire rolled between us and all Europe, that foreigners might be kept out. He was said to have made remarks — *à propos* of a request for a subscription to a church fair — insulting to the religious opinions of a large and worthy section of voters.

In every ingenious way, in short, Ives Wilson exemplified, in the Index, what he had meant by his principle of hitting hard. DeBow's party, on the other hand, were no novices in tactics of this kind, and they returned the onslaught with interest. It was made a reproach to David Lane, at one and the same time, that he was a drunkard, because he had wine on his table, and a "temperance fanatic," inasmuch as he had at one time signed a request for some sort of limited restriction of the number of saloons and the demoralizing sale of

liquor. For his injury with the proletariat, he was shown to be a monopolist; was charged, since his residence abroad, with foreign ideas, and with entertaining aggrandizing designs against the liberties of the place which could scarcely have been carried out by any other than a Russian despot, at the head of all his legions.

In this campaign, too, the early marriage of James DeBow below his station was, oddly enough, sought to be turned to account. It was suggested in some artful, demagogical way that this marriage had been deliberately contracted with the express desire of allying himself the more thoroughly with the great, warm democratic heart of the people.

So the fray raged; sophistries, criminations, and recriminations filled the air, and the preliminary papers in numerous libel suits were served.

The managers no doubt laughed in their sleeves, like the augurs of old, at the credulity they utilized, the passions they fomented; while the masses, poor souls, wrangled, fought, and vituperated, sowing seeds of bitterness that would not be extirpated till a better education should show their descendants the flimsiness of the means by which they had been duped. The *Golden Justice* — for she was at the bottom of all this, like Bellona, the goddess of discord, instead of the symbol of rectitude and peace — became once more the cause of a violent municipal upheaval. The stir extended afar, to the august Senate at Washington, and might even alter the destinies of the nation; for it so happened that if Rossmore — whose election depended upon that of James DeBow — were not returned, the balance of power in the Senate would be changed, and the complexion of several measures of leading importance altered.

Paul Barclay, having such a vital issue depending upon it, was naturally very keenly alive to Lane's success in the

contest. He now confronted political life, for the first time, in a personal way and at close quarters. As a student of republican institutions, he saw much to shock the fastidious and make the judicious grieve. During the campaign he continued to see Mrs. Varemberg more or less frequently, but always under the shadow of the restraint and opposition that hampered them. His visits galled David Lane. Perhaps they even goaded him on, with the view of insuring absolute success in his project, to measures to which he might not otherwise have been driven. Ives Wilson aimed to lose no point for him that indefatigable effort could secure; but perhaps it is only fair to suppose that the candidate did not know all that was done in his name.

David Lane's name headed a call to the Hon. Franz Hofnagel, of Minnesota, to fix a day when he would deliver his famous address on the German Fatherland, and another asking the eloquent Father Finnegan for his oration on Hibernian Saints and Heroes. Subscriptions were made to worthy objects, goods not at all needed were bought of deserving tradesmen, and small sums of money were loaned, or otherwise judiciously placed, where they would do the most good.

Barclay had set the considerable force of men remaining under his orders, by way of keeping them in occupation, to clearing up the *débris* at Barclay's Island, and otherwise putting it to rights. It began to look as though the burned factory might yet be replaced by a new and more imposing one. Ives Wilson took occasion to apprise him, one day, that a number of these men, unless especially prevented, were going to vote for Jim DeBow, with whose party all their affiliations lay.

"What are you going to do about it?" Wilson asked.

"I had not thought of doing anything. What do you advise?"

"I would find out just who they are, and then have a special extra run of work on election day for that particular class of men. I would ask them to stay home from voting and help me out. They could do that much, any way; it's a mighty poor hand that won't help his employer over a tight pinch of work now and then. If there were any that did n't want to do it, I'd let it get gently insinuated into their minds, somehow, that their services would be dispensed with altogether at the earliest opportunity."

There was an element of the amusing in this, as in most else that Ives Wilson did. He passed in such a light, airy, birdlike way over all things, both good and evil, that it was difficult to attribute personal iniquity to him, even when most perverse; it was almost as if he belonged to some different and less responsible order of beings.

"But see here, Wilson," said Barclay, "there's an original bent of mental and moral obliquity about you that I have often noticed, and I won't say is not at times quite entertaining; but, once for all, leave me out of your crooked propositions. I've had enough of them. You've favored me with a good deal too much of them, in fact."

"Oh!" said Wilson, slightly sobered.

"Do you want to know what my individual opinion about these matters is?"

"Certainly, my dear fellow, — certainly."

"Well, it is this: considering that the suffrage is the only safeguard of the state of society in which we live, and that without it no redress of the most heinous evils and grievances that might arise would be possible, those who tamper with it are the greatest rascals in the entire category, and their offense ought to be visited with the severest penalties known to the law, — which ought, indeed, to enact penalties of new severity for their especial benefit."

"But, see here," said the editor, in his turn, "I thought you were on David Lane's side in this matter."

"I am," and he half muttered to himself, thinking of the white arms that awaited to be thrown around him, as the prize of victory, "You would hardly doubt it if you knew what I had at stake." He went on, "But my men are going to vote as they please, for all that."

"My dear boy," Wilson concluded, preserving his imperturbable good-nature, — "my dear boy, of course one would not undertake anything off-color, to aid what he positively knew to be wrong; but where the cause is a good one, like this, where it's a cause that ought to prevail any way, why, that makes it a very different thing, don't you see? 'Use all the weapons at your hand! Fight the devil with fire!' say I. Besides, voters, like readers, ought to be influenced: they expect it; they require it; they don't understand anything else."

Ives Wilson thought so well of this anecdote that he took occasion to report it to his principal, David Lane, setting it forth as the fantastic notions of a novice in politics, and "one of the humors of the campaign."

The voters referred to were saved to David Lane, however, though by a different means. All at once a committee, very rough and ready in appearance, comprising the sardonic Hoolan among its numbers, waited upon Barclay, and tendered him a nomination for alderman. The regular nominee for the district had been discovered, at the last moment, to be ineligible, by reason of having neglected to take out his full naturalization papers. A semi-official meeting had been held, largely influenced, it afterwards appeared, by Barclay's own workingmen; his name had been broached in this meeting, and acclaimed with enthusiasm, and a duly appointed committee came to offer him

the candidacy. Barclay was astonished at the unexpected honor. He wavered, deliberated, took time for his answer. He found himself brought face to face with the first step in what might be the enlightened political career of which he had once thought. A position as alderman must certainly give him experience of an intimate, practical sort that would prove useful as he went farther on. There could be little doubt, too, that he could find measures enough of a useful sort with which to occupy himself during his actual term of service, if he should stay; and if he should not stay, — why, one can always resign. It gave him a sort of modest thrill that the office — still an honorable one in a community not yet greatly corrupted — had sought him without the slightest intimation on his part that he had desired political preferment. On the expiration of the hour he had reserved to make his decision, he returned his acknowledgments to the honest committee, declared himself greatly flattered at this manifestation of their favor, and accepted their nomination. Once “the young boss,” as they called him, was in the field, his men identified themselves warmly with his whole campaign, and no solicitation was needed to obtain their support for any interests he was known to favor.

As soon as he was put in nomination, he began to be besieged, in the usual way, by that horde of good-for-nothings, political “strikers” of one sort and another, who seek their profit from aspirants for office. Keepers of small saloons desired funds, as they said, to distribute among their respective clienteles. A foreign-looking man, calling himself a professor of music, declared himself possessed of such potent influence among his fellow-countrymen that he had but to hand them a certain ticket to have it voted without question. He was willing, for a consideration, to hand them the tickets of Barclay. Some members of the Twilight Social Club asserted

that the club meant to vote “the right ticket” in any event, but were certain it could not be brought out to anything like a full strength without funds. Two separate individuals, each on his own account, offered to dicker for the entire vote of a populous mechanics’ boarding-house. A hand-to-hand conflict well-nigh arose between the two men, who had inadvertently happened in at the same time. The right to dispose of their pretended merchandise was first claimed by a small, puny man, whose name, it appeared, was *Thomas Madigan*, and who was the keeper in person of the boarding-house. But this claim was fiercely contested by a burly, unshaven Dennis Tully, who was, or had been, an assistant of his.

“It’s me as the place belongs to. Who else but me cud put them boys to work?” protested Madigan, plaintively. “Who else but me wud have the influence?”

“He’s a greenhorn, so he is,” explained Tully contemptuously. “It was me learned him the boardin’-house business. Nobody can put them boys to work but me.”

But Barclay sent all these to the right-about, and they departed, breathing threatenings and slaughter. They were to use the influence he had refused to his total ruin, but, after all, they did him no great harm. Some repaired with their grumbling to campaign headquarters, where perhaps they met with a certain solace from Ives Wilson, who was universally affable at this time.

The final act of the campaign was a “grand central rally” at the Exposition Building. At this meeting, Barclay was given a seat among the important guests on the platform, and he found his name entered as one among the long list of vice-presidents.

An orator, introduced as “a business man,” first demanded, “What is leather worth? What is lumber worth? What are any commodities worth, in

times like these? The rascals," he said, "have stolen us poor. The mills and workshops must be reopened, the wheels of industry must once more go round."

Next an ex-postmaster, who had a certain ready-made trick of enthusiasm in his oratory, declared that he had just risen from a sick-bed, to be present at this meeting. "My heart was in the cause," he said, "and no mortal power could have kept me away. Hot words of burning indignation rise unbidden to my lips, as I think of the issues of this hour. This is no ordinary crisis, no small or mean occasion. We are here, in our might, to grapple the entrenched forces of corruption in a last, desperate, life-and-death struggle. Nor are we alone in this contest: other eyes are turned to us from afar; other hearts will take courage from us to shake off the chains of their bondage, or, should we be so recreant to ourselves as to fail, will sink down with our failure into the night of Plutonian darkness."

The speaker indulged in gurglings, whisperings, bellowings, and lachrymose breakings of the voice, in prodigious risings on the toes and heels and bendings of the knees, and in poundings of an emphatic fist. The audience cheered, howled, and cut into him, at times, with random interruptions.

He was followed by Ives Wilson, who "reviewed the situation" and "pictured the wants of the hour," — phrases from the press report in his paper. "Why does the reckless faction of our opponents spend money like water?" he demanded.

"O tempora! O mores!" murmured Paul Barclay to himself, in his seat among the honorary vice-presidents of the meeting.

"Why are they making this desperate fight to retain their grip upon the public treasury?" Wilson went on.

It happened that, when he was asking why the enemy had not, during their tenure of office, done certain very rose-

colored things, which he represented as desirable, an interrupting voice cried out, "Because they have n't got the brains, begod!"

"My friend says, because they have not the brains," he went on, proposing to turn the distraction to his oratorical account in the usual way; "but I will show my good friend that he is wrong. I deny that it is brains they lack; it is the common honesty to apply them."

"Always deny a fact!" shouted the disturber, who now elbowed his way hastily to the front.

The audience, at sight of him, recognized a familiar figure, a Tony Scoville, one of those harmless imbeciles or lunatics — once a man of prominence in the place — of which almost every locality has its own specimen, who was, as it were, the municipal jester in ordinary to Keewaydin. His specialty of late was meetings of all kinds. He was repulsed from the front, but with a good deal of kindness, after all, and genially expelled from the building. Wilson, crestfallen at having condescended to argue with this kind of opponent, presently sat down.

David Lane was naturally the central figure of the rally. He sat for a considerable time, with an abstracted air, listening to the glowing panegyrics which were pronounced upon him by Wilson and others.

When some fervid speaker had demanded, "Why are we here? Why do I see this vast concourse of my fellow-citizens, this assemblage representing all that is best and grandest in Keewaydin, drawn together before me?" the answer, "Why, indeed?" had echoed pathetically in the dark depths of his inner consciousness. His thoughts had lingered incessantly upon his real purpose. When introduced to the audience he seemed rather dazed by the crowd and hubbub. His address was but brief.

"I am not a man of many words," said he. "I should greatly prefer to be

known to you as a man of action. Nor am I a stranger among you. As an earnest of what I will try to do in the future, I can only refer you to my record in the past. [This record, as we know, was of the most unexceptionable.] I cannot expect to have wholly escaped some enemies, some calumniators, in my long residence here of forty years, but I shall make no attempt to refute their aspersions now. I am content to be judged by my friends and neighbors; I leave myself with confidence in your hands."

Finally, great rounds of applause went up that made the roof-tree ring. The assemblage poured out into the streets, carrying their enthusiasm with them. The campaign was over, and the Index characterized it next day, in the more florid head-lines, as having ended in "A Blaze of Glory," as having been "A Magnificent Reform Demonstration for David Lane, the People's Candidate."

XIII.

THE ELECTION OF A MAYOR.

Election day, when it at last arrived, was gray, overcast, raw, and cold. The ice in the bay, after having once gone out, apparently for good, had returned again, locked vessels in its embrace, and given an aspect of almost Arctic desolation. The ticket-peddlers of either side stood about the booths, stamping their chilly feet for warmth. To guard against dreaded imitations, they had not been served with their ballots — which had been carefully bunched and ready, at headquarters, the night before — till daybreak; but even this precaution, in the sequel, did not prove wholly effectual.

The opening hours of the fight were like those combats of picket and skirmish lines of armies that precede a general engagement. A few honest la-

borers, who did not propose to utilize the occasion as a holiday, were the first to deposit their votes, which they did *en route* to their regular day's work. Then came a lull, and then, soon after the comfortable breakfast-time of the well-to-do classes, the action began in earnest.

In the course of the morning, rumors of defections, betrayals, treasons, stratagems, and spoils, affecting both sides, grew rife. Split tickets, scratched tickets, and pure counterfeits — rudely executed, it is true, but calculated to deceive the unwary — made their appearance in the field. Discarded ballots strewed the ground around the polling places as thick as leaves at Valombrosa. Cripples and octogenarians were ferreted out, and brought to the polls in hacks. Mr. Welby Goff, local on the Index, proved an excellent hand at this kind of service. He triumphantly secured the whole boarding-house of Madigan from both rival claimants to its control, and next aided to save the votes of a large omnibus-load of Bohemians, brought, in charge of their foreman, from the Eagle File Works. Some of DeBow's agents endeavored to snatch away from these last, as they alighted, the Lane ballots with which they were already supplied, and substitute their own in place of them, crying, —

"You are free men. You need n't vote any ticket only the one you please."

This attempt was strenuously resisted; the Bohemian foreman shouted to his men various strong adjurations, of which conflicting accounts were afterwards given. There was a spirited contest, which almost came to an exchange of blows, but the victory remained with the Lane party, as aforesaid.

This was a halcyon day for the floating population of nondescript characters who waited on street corners and the like for odd jobs. The most obscure figure in the community now took

on a real importance, through his possession of the proud gift of the suffrage. Blithe agents went about with more funds in their pockets than they needed for their own wants, and showed themselves most amiably disposed to make all things merry wherever they moved. Like band-masters, they raised their batons for a peculiar music, and all the idle and conscienceless might dance. There were pocket-money and refreshments galore, with but very slight service to render in return.

It leaked out that Ludwig Trapschuh, who had been extremely noisy in the meeting for the nomination, was among the backsliders from the Lane party. What? Not that Ludwig Trapschuh of the Chippewa Street bridge, who owed his very place to David Lane, and whose niece had been so long the recipient of the magnate's bounty? It was not possible! Yes, — tell it not in Gath nor dwell upon it too long in Askelon, — so it was. The bridge-tender, in his usual financial straits, and lured by a liberal gratuity in ready money from the DeBowites, had proved recreant. Early in the day, he had entered upon a course of dissimulation. His treachery was intended at first to be only wily and fox-like, but, by little and little, as the heat of the day drew on, the trammels of prudence were more and more thrown off, and it resembled open rebellion and defiance. He was found to have distributed with his own hands, and to be a centre of supply for, bogus Lane ballots. These counterfeited a peculiar design, of an axe in a bundle of fascies, — adopted as a bordering for the express purpose of protecting the ticket from imitation, — and also put up at the head the name of James DeBow as the People's Reform Candidate, instead of that of David Lane. It was a rude affair, it is true, but still sufficient to impose upon the unwary. He was proved, among other things, to have accosted a group of Mecklenburg wood-sawyers in Mar-

ket Square, and reproached them, with affected surprise, for hanging about there and waiting for jobs, instead of availing themselves of the high privilege of citizenship on a day like this.

"How we can vote?" their spokesman inquired of him in reply. "We bin not long enough in that country."

"Oh, that's all right; I make it all right, all right," he had answered cheerfully.

With the aid of his hopeful son Barney and some other henchmen appointed to do his bidding, he had made them pass their time agreeably, and seen, in the course of the day, that they voted in one precinct or another. They were sworn in, under the forms of law, by fraudulent affidavits.

He led the half-grown boy, Nicodem Kraska, to deposit a ballot, as though of full age. He endeavored to induce one of the more active ticket-peddlers for David Lane (it was through this man's fidelity that his treason was first disclosed) to go away home and "lie down into bed," — so his expression was framed, — offering for this service the sum of twenty dollars.

For the making of voters by affidavit, notaries-public were stationed at most of the voting precincts, in the interest of both sides. This was done for the benefit of all those who had not been able to register properly on the days appointed by law, and who could give a valid excuse for their absence. Little Notary-Public Kroeger, one of the gossips of the Johannisberger House, was also a renegade to Lane's cause. It had been arranged that he should play into Ludwig Trapschuh's hands in all this important part of the proceedings. The voters who were made by him, in his ostensible work for David Lane, were supplied, to a man, with DeBow tickets.

In this process, the would-be voter was required to make oath that he was a lawful elector and a resident of the

ward and precinct to which he purported to belong, and he must show sufficient cause for not having presented himself before. This paper must then be further guaranteed under oath by some person being a householder in the same ward and precinct.

Trapschuh and his son Barney stretched their wide acquaintance to the utmost. The obscurity of the field with which they dealt, the uncouth names and speech and peculiar manners and customs of the Polish and lower German element, which was their chief constituency, promoted the success of their plans, and no doubt also added an element of recklessness in carrying them out. Most of the electors thus made were of so rude a character as only to be able to affix a rude cross-mark to their affidavits, instead of their names.

The *modus operandi* was afterwards shown, in evidence, to be somewhat as follows. A group would be brought in by their purveyor, for instance, to the back room of Chezefski's saloon, at the Railroad Avenue precinct, in which back room Notary Kroeger was at his work. The front room of the same establishment was occupied as the polling place.

"Well, why did n't you register?" asked the notary, when this part was reached in its order, pausing a moment, with pen raised in air, for the reply.

The applicant was often too stupid to allege even the simplest excuse.

"Was you sick?" prompted the notary, in a cut-and-dried way.

"Yes, I was sick," returned the man, full of wonder at the brilliant invention that could suggest so deft a plea.

One of the Trapschuhs, or their assistants, certified to this, as a householder and a resident of this, that, or the other ward and precinct, as the case might be. When there came an apparent hitch, and a knot of unidentified persons stood irresolutely about the room, needing a sponsor, at a nod from Ludwig Trapschuh one Wenzel Haller, a

teamster from the House of Correction, stepped forward, and cried in a hearty way, —

"Hello! I know all these men. They want to vote for DeBow. Why don't you swear 'em in?"

"You are a householder?" asked Kroeger, proceeding expeditiously to do so.

"Yes, of course I'm a householder. That's just what I am, — a householder, every time."

A new batch was brought in by Joe Skinsky, a Polish butcher, but the teamster, Haller, possibly with some remote fear of consequences, now objected to being utilized any further. "Let somebody else know these," he said doggedly. "I done enough."

"You know me, any way, Haller," said one of the men confidently, pushing his way to the front, prompted by Trapschuh.

"Where I seen you before?" inquired the teamster, blinking at him in far more than doubt.

"Oh, down by the city limits," was the answer, in a large way, generously covering a sufficient field.

"Well, I sign this one," consented Haller, grumbling; "but, by jinks! that's all."

He sat down, and began once more to affix his signature, laboriously thrusting out his tongue in the process.

"Ah — a — a! sign 'em up, sign 'em up! Don't wait till next Christmas!" cried Barney Trapschuh, in his rowdy way.

"Sign 'em yourselluf!" exclaimed Haller, jumping up in dudgeon, upon this, and refusing to have anything more to do with his task.

This was gleefully taken, however, as a genuine permit; and on no better authorization, in fact, as was shown in court, a dozen more affidavits were framed and signed by the notary and others, as Haller's agents, all certifying that the persons respectively named

within were qualified electors, residents of the proper ward and precinct, and had been totally incapacitated by illness from registering.

Paul Barclay was at general headquarters several times during the day. Once as he came out, in the afternoon, he met with Mrs. Varemberg. Her presence there seemed like a breath of some rare fragrance that had wafted from a higher region into the rude turmoil of this exclusive strife of men. She had just pulled up at the curbstone, in her phaeton, and George Woodburn — a young lawyer, who was having his first practice to-day in active politics — had gone to her, to give her what scanty news might as yet be had of the fortunes of the day. Young Woodburn resigned his place to Barclay, as one calculated to speak with greater authority than himself, and left him with her.

"I was so impatient and nervous," said the fair driver, "that I could not stay in the house. I had to come out and try to get some idea of how things are going. My father has kept himself closely shut up in his room, and has not given me a scrap of information."

She had not, of late, had the common feminine attitude of scorn towards politics, and it was a pleasure to talk to her on that subject as on others. She insisted on Barclay's getting into the phaeton beside her, and desired an intelligent opinion on the causes making for or against success.

"It is too early for anything of value," returned Barclay. "There is a rumor of trouble for us in the Polish quarter, which was supposed to be sound for your father, without question, on account of its natural party affiliations. What the extent of it will be it is impossible to say. The DeBowites have been working there under the surface. It is even said that a sermon was preached in DeBow's favor in the church. It is a district where a great

deal of crookedness can be covered up."

They drove some little while together, looking on, from a distance, at characteristic sights of the election. Mrs. Varemberg's anxiety indicated the extent of the interest she felt to be depending, for them, upon the result. Since her father was so set upon the post of mayor, she thought nothing ought to be neglected that could take away the pretext for opposing them further on that score. Barclay alighted near the Railroad Avenue precinct. He stood a moment to murmur blessings after her dear figure, as she drove away, and then, in accordance with a promise he had made to her, plunged into the thick of the fray, to see what mischief he could discover and frustrate in person. It was he who, acting upon information conveyed to him, finally unmasked the Trapschuhs. The counterfeit Lane ballots, made as heretofore described, were traced from son to father. When confronted with his part in this knavery, the latter indignantly denied it. He held that Barney had been imposed upon, through not being, as he said, "a good-educated" person. He showed how he had nothing but Lane ballots, and all marked with a peculiar Polish mark of his own, so that ignorant voters who received them from him might be sure they were voting the right ticket, even though they could not read it. Johnny Maguire and another stalwart hand of Barclay's, however, dexterously sprang upon him, at the risk of a breach of the peace, and "in the twinkling of a bed-post," as the former expressed it, had searched his pockets, and found them full of the bogus Lane ballots, all marked in precisely the same manner.

This particular precinct was found given over, well-nigh wholly, to the hands of the enemy. As it transpired, the DeBowites had secured, at the beginning, two of the three inspectors,

and these had finally induced their colleague, of the Lane persuasion, to go home on plea of illness, and leave them to fill the vacancy and retain the unquestioned control of affairs. This defection, though important, was but a small portion of the Polish quarter, the bulk of which held to David Lane.

As the lines of voters lengthened before the polling places towards evening, the DeBow managers might have sighed, like Wellington at Waterloo, "for night or Blücher." Anything in the nature of delay or obstruction of the vote would, all day long, have been advantageous to them. Their inspectors at the Railroad Avenue precinct adopted the Fabian policy with all their art. One of them put his head out of the window at noon, and cried, "Hear ye! hear ye! the polls are closed for half an hour;" and they took this time for a comfortable luncheon, while the electors waited. On two separate occasions, later, a head was put out, a voice called, "Hear ye! hear ye!" and the polls were closed a considerable time, while they listened to confused wrangling of the friends of some men unable to show their full citizen papers, whom they admitted by a back door. Once, Skinsky, the butcher, came out rubbing his hands, and gleefully announced, —

"They are turning the house the top-side on the bottom, in there."

The delayed voters, suspecting artifice, but unable to prevent it, fumed without. They jostled and pushed, jeered the inspectors, shouted that they were free men, and that they would not be kept there all day. All at once a cry went up: —

"Them men from down Muckwona-go Road has got the small-pox among 'em!"

A mob, in affected horror, hustled the persons thus indicated — who indeed had no small-pox, but were simply good DeBow voters, for all the trickery was not confined to one side, as has been said

— out of the line, and promptly filled their places, which had been near the front.

This manœuvre came too late, however, to have any political effect. The day was well on towards its close at the time, and it presently expired as if with a tangible noise. Boom! came the sound of a distant signal gun, — the piece regularly fired on the grounds of the fine Soldiers' Home, on the outskirts, to mark the exact time of sunset. Its report had not fully died away before the polling-window shut with a bang. The election was over, and the waiting voters without sent up yells of rage and discomfiture at their lot.

Long past the customary time, that evening, the returns of the election were not yet in. Even those who waited in hope till a very late hour of the night were forced at last to go to bed without them. Nor did the papers of the next day, nor even of the next, contain them. The result as to some of the minor officers was known, it is true. Paul Barclay, for instance, was elected alderman of Keewaydin, and Christian Idak, landlord of the Johannisberger House, was defeated. But a deal of close scrutiny was needed before it should be known who was to be the next mayor.

During these days, the rain fell almost continuously, beating in a sodden way the political banners, possibly forgotten in the excitement, — as if it said, "A plague o' both your houses!" — and adding to the depression of those spirits that had already sufficient to make them gloomy. After noon, on the fourth day, Mrs. Varemberg was with her father, when a messenger arrived with all speed, bringing him an announcement.

"Is it good news, papa? Tell me quickly," demanded Mrs. Varemberg, scanning his features, — upon which no ray of elation appeared, — and unable to await his slow words.

"I am elected," he answered impassively.

"You are elected? You are successful, and yet—you show no pleasure in it?" she said, uneasy and alarmed.

"My majority is of but nine votes. They will not let me rest easy with it. So slender a margin offers too great a premium for contest. It will be disputed."

William Henry Bishop.

MY REAL ESTATE.

EVERY autumn the town of W— sends me a tax-bill, a kindly remembrance for which I never fail of feeling grateful. It is pleasant to know that after all these years there still remains one man in the old town who cherishes my memory,—though it be only "this publican." Besides, to speak frankly, there is a measure of satisfaction in being reminded now and then of my dignity as a landed proprietor. One may be never so rich in stocks and bonds, government consols and what not, but, acceptable as such "securities" are, they are after all not quite the same as a section of the solid globe itself. True, this species of what we may call astromonic or planetary property will sometimes prove comparatively unremunerative. Here in New England (I know not what may be true elsewhere) there is a class of people whom it is common to hear gossiped about compassionately as "land poor." But, however scanty the income to be derived from it, a landed investment is at least substantial. It will never fail its possessor entirely. If it starve him, it will offer him a grave. It has the prime quality of permanence. At the very worst, it will last as long as it is needed. Railroads may be "wrecked," banks be broken, governments become bankrupt, and we be left to mourn; but when the earth departs we shall go with it. Yes, the ancient form of speech is correct,—land is *real*; and though we can scarcely reckon it among the necessities of life, since so

many do without it, we may surely esteem it one of the least dispensable of luxuries.

But I was beginning to speak of my tax-bill, and must not omit to mention a further advantage of real estate over other forms of property. It is certain not to be overlooked by the town assessors. Its proprietor is never shut up to the necessity of either advertising his own good fortune, or else submitting to pay less than his rightful share of the public expenses,—a merciful deliverance, for in such a strait, where either modesty or integrity must go to the wall, it is hard for human nature to be sure of itself.

To my thinking there is no call upon a man's purse which should be responded to with greater alacrity than this of the tax-gatherer. In what cause ought we to spend freely, if not in that of home and country? And which of all our disbursements is likely to yield larger returns than that which goes for the general welfare? I have heard, indeed, of some who do not agree with me in this feeling. Possibly tax-rates are now and then exorbitant. Possibly, too, my own view of the subject might be different were my quota of the public levy more considerable. This year, for instance, I am called upon for seventy-three cents; were the demand for as many dollars, who knows whether I might not welcome it with less enthusiasm? On such a point it would be unbecoming for me to speak. Enough

that even with my fraction of a dollar I am able to rejoice that I have a share in all the town's multifarious outlay. If an additional fire-engine is bought, or a new school-house built, or the public library replenished, it is done in part out of my pocket.

Here, however, let me make a single exception. I seldom go home (such language still escapes me involuntarily) without finding that one or another of the old roads has been newly repaired. I hope that no mill of my annual seventy or eighty cents goes into work of that sort. The roads — such as I have in mind — are out of the way and little traveled, and, in my opinion, were better left to take care of themselves. There is no artist but will testify that a crooked road is more picturesque than a straight one; while a natural border of alder bushes, grape-vines, Roxbury wax-work, Virginia creeper, wild cherry, and such like is an inexpensive decoration of the very best sort, such as the Village Improvement Society ought never to allow any highway surveyor to lay his hands on, unless in some downright exigency. What a short-sighted policy it is which provides for the comfort of the feet, but makes no account of those more intellectual and spiritual pleasures which enter through the eye! It may be answered, I know, that in matters of general concern it is necessary to consult the greatest good of the greatest number; and that, while all the inhabitants of the town are supplied with feet, comparatively few of them have eyes. There is force in this, it must be admitted. Possibly the highway surveyor (the highwayman, I was near to writing) is not so altogether wrong in his "improvements." At all events, it is not worth while for me to make the question one of conscience, and go to jail rather than pay my taxes, as Thoreau did. Let it suffice to enter my protest. Whatever others may desire, for myself, as often as I revisit W——, I wish to

be able to repeat with unction the words of W——'s only poet, —

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood!"

And how am I to do that, if the "scenes" have been modernized past recognition?

My own landed possessions are happily remote from roads. Not till long after my day will the "tide of progress" bring them "into the market," as the real-estate brokers are fond of saying. I have never yet been troubled with the importunities of would-be purchasers. Indeed, it is a principal recommendation of woodland property that one's sense of proprietorship is so little liable to be disturbed. I often reflect how altered the case would be were my fraction of an acre in some peculiarly desirable location near the centre of the village. Then I could hardly avoid knowing that the neighbors were given to speculating among themselves about my probable selling price; once in a while I should be confronted with a downright offer; and what assurance could I feel that somebody would not finally tempt me beyond my strength, and actually buy me out? As it is, my land is mine; and, unless extreme poverty overtakes me, mine it is reasonably certain to remain, till death shall separate us.

Whatever contributes to render life interesting and enjoyable goes so far toward making difficult its final inevitable surrender; and it must be confessed that the thought of my wood-lot increases my otherwise natural regret at being already so well along on my journey. In a sense I feel my own existence to be bound up with that of my pine-trees; or, to speak more exactly, that their existence is bound up with mine. For it is a sort of unwritten but inexorable law in W——, as in fact it appears to be throughout New England, that no pine must ever be allowed to reach more than half its normal growth; so that my trees are certain to fall un-

der the axe as soon as their present owner is out of the way. I am not much given to superstition. There are no longer any dryads, it is to be presumed; and if there were, it is not clear that they would be likely to take up with pines; but for all that, I do cherish an almost affectionate regard for any trees with which I have become familiar. I have mourned the untimely fate of many; and now, seeing that I have been entrusted with the guardianship of these few, I hold myself under a kind of sacred obligation to live as long as possible, for their sakes.

It is now a little less than a fortnight since I paid them a visit. The path runs through the wood for perhaps half a mile; and, as I sauntered along, I heard every few rods the thump of falling acorns, though there was barely wind enough to sway the tree-tops. "Mother Earth has begun her harvesting in good earnest," I thought. The present is what the squirrels call a good year. They will laugh and grow fat. Their oak orchards have seldom done better; the chestnut oaks in particular, the handsome, rosy-tipped acorns of which are noticeably abundant.

This interesting species, so like the chestnut itself in both bark and leaf, is unfortunately not to be found in my own lot; at any rate, I have never discovered it there, although it grows freely only a short distance away. But I have not explored the ground with anything like thoroughness, and, to tell the truth, am not at all certain that I know just where the boundaries run. In this respect my real estate is not unlike my intellectual possessions; concerning which latter I often find it impossible to determine what is actually mine and what another's. I have written an essay before now, and at the end been more or less in doubt where to set the quotation marks. For that matter, indeed, I incline to believe that the whole tract of woods in the midst of which my little

spot is situated belongs to me quite as really as to the various persons who claim the legal ownership. Not many of these latter, I am confident, get a better annual income from the property than I do; and even in law possession is said to be nine points out of the ten. They are never to be found at home when I call, and I feel no scruple about carrying away whatever I please. My treasures, be it said, however, are chiefly of an impalpable sort, — mostly thoughts and feelings, though with a few flowers and ferns now and then; the one set about as valuable as the other, the proprietors of the land would probably think.

In one aspect of the case, the lot which is more strictly my own is just now in a very interesting condition, though one that, unhappily, is far from being uncommon. Except the pines already mentioned (only six or eight in number), the wood was entirely cut off a few years before I came into possession, and at present the place is covered with a thicket of vines, bushes, and young trees, all engaged in an almost desperate struggle for existence. When the ground was cleared, every seed in it bestirred itself and came up; others made haste to enter from without; and ever since then the battle has been going on. It is curious to consider how changed the appearance of things will be at the end of fifty years, should nature be left till then to take its course. By that time the contest will for the most part be over. At least nineteen twentieths of all the plants that enlisted in the fight will have been killed, and where now is a dense mass of shrubbery will be a grove of lordly trees, with the ground underneath broad-spaced and clear. A noble result; but achieved at what a cost! If one were likely himself to live so long, it would be worth while to catalogue the species at present in the field, for the sake of comparing it with a similar list of half a century

later. The contrast would be an impressive sermon on the mutability of mundane things. But we shall be past the need of preaching, most of us, before that day arrives, and not unlikely shall have been ourselves preached about in enforcement of the same trite theme.

Thoughts of this kind came to me the other afternoon, as I stood in the path (what is known as the town path cuts the lot in two) and looked about. So much was going on in this bit of earth, itself the very centre of the universe to multitudes of living things. The city out of which I had come was not more densely populous. Here at my elbow stood a group of sassafras saplings, remnants of a race that has held the ground for nobody knows how long. One of my earliest recollections of the place is of coming hither to dig for fragrant roots. Then it had never dawned upon me that the owner of the land would some day die, and leave it to me, his heir. How hard and rocky the ground was! And how hard we worked for a very little bark! Yet few of my pleasures have lasted better. The spicy taste is in my mouth still. Even in those days I remarked the glossy green twigs of this elegant species, as well as the unique and beautiful variety of its leaves, — some entire and oval, others mitten-shaped, and others yet three-lobed; an extremely pretty bit of originality, suiting admirably with the general comely habit of this tree. There are some trees, as some men, that seem born to dress well.

Along with the sassafras I was delighted to find one or two small specimens of the flowering dogwood (*Cornus florida*), — another original genius, and one which I now for the first time became acquainted with as a tenant of my own. Its deeply veined leaves are not in any way remarkable (unless it be for their varied autumnal tints), and are all fashioned after one pattern. Its blossoms, too, are small and inconspicuous;

but these latter it sets round with large white bracts (universally mistaken for petals by the uninitiated), and in flowering time it is beyond comparison the showiest tree in the woods, while its fruit is the brightest of coral red. I hope these saplings of mine may hold their own in the struggle for life, and be flourishing in all their beauty when my successor goes to look at them fifty years hence.

Having spoken of the originality of the sassafras and the dogwood, I must not fail to mention their more abundant neighbor, the witch-hazel, or hamamelis. In comparison with its wild freak of singularity, the modest idiosyncrasies of the other two seem almost conventional. Why, if not for sheer oddity's sake, should any bush in this latitude hold back its blossoms till near the edge of winter? As I looked at the half-grown buds, clustered in the axils of the yellow leaves, they appeared to be waiting for the latter to fall, that they might have the sunlight all to themselves. They will need it, one would say, in our bleak November weather.

Overfull of life as my wild garden patch was, it would not have kept its (human) possessor very long from starvation. One or two barberry bushes made a brave show of fruitfulness; but the handsome clusters were not yet ripe, and even at their best they are more ornamental than nutritive, — though, after the frost has cooked them, one may go farther and fare worse. A few stunted maple-leaved viburnums (*this* plant's originality is imitative, — a not uncommon sort, by the bye) proffered scanty cymes of dark purplish drupes. Here and there was a spike of red berries, belonging to the false Solomon's-seal or false spikenard (what a pity this worthy herb should not have a less negative title!); but these it would have been a shame to steal from the grouse. Not far off a single black alder was reddening its fruit, which all the while it hugged

close to the stem, as if in dread lest some chance traveler should be attracted by the bright color. It need not have trembled, for this time at least. I had just dined, and was tempted by nothing save two belated blackberries, the very last of the year's crop, and a single saffras leaf, mucilaginous and savory, admirable as a relish. A few pigeon-berries might have been found, I dare say, had I searched for them, and possibly a few sporadic checkerberries; while right before my eyes was a vine loaded with large bunches of very small frost-grapes, such as for hardness would have served well enough for school-boys' marbles. Everything has its favorable side, however; and probably the birds counted it a blessing that the grapes *were* small and hard and sour; else greedy men would have come with baskets and carried them all away. Except some scattered rose-hips, I have enumerated everything which looked edible, I believe, though a hungry man's eyes might have lengthened the list materially. The cherry-trees, hickories, and oaks were not yet in bearing, as the horticultural phrase is; but I was glad to run upon a clump of bayberry bushes, which offer nothing good to eat, to be sure, but are excellent to smell of. The leaves always seem to invite crushing, and I never withhold my hand.

Among the crowd of young trees — scrub oaks, red oaks, white oaks, cedars, ashes, hickories, birches, maples, aspens, sumachs, and hornbeams — was a single tupelo. The distinguished name honors my catalogue, but I am half sorry to have it there. For, with all its sturdiness, the tupelo does not bear competition, and I foresee plainly that my unlucky adventurer will inevitably find itself overshadowed by more rapid growers, and be dwarfed and deformed, if not killed outright. Some of the very strongest natures (and the remark is of general application) require to be planted in the open, where they can be

free to develop in their own way and at leisure. But this representative of *Nyssa multiflora* took the only chance that offered, I presume, as the rest of us must do.

Happy the humble! who aspire not to lofty things, demanding the lapse of years for their fulfillment, but are content to set before themselves some lesser task, such as the brevity of a single season may suffice to accomplish. Here were the asters and golden-rods already finishing their course in glory, while the tupelo was still barely getting under way in a race which, however prolonged, was all but certain to terminate in failure. Of the golden-rods I noted four species, including the white — which might appropriately be called silvery-rod — and the blue-stemmed. The latter (*Solidago cæsia*) is to my eye the prettiest of all that grow with us, though it is nearly the least obtrusive. It is rarely, if ever, found outside of woods, and ought to bear some name (sylvan golden-rod, perhaps) indicative of the fact.

As a rule, fall flowers have little delicacy and fragrance. They are children of the summer; and, loving the sun, have had almost an excess of good fortune. With such pampering, it is no wonder they grow rank and coarse. They would be more than human, I was going to say, if they did not. It is left for stern winter's progeny, the blossoms of early spring-time, who struggle upward through the snow and are blown upon by chilly winds, — it is left for these gentle creatures, at once so hardy and so frail, to illustrate the sweet uses of adversity.

All in all, it was a motley company which I beheld thus huddled together in my speck of forest clearing. Even the lands beyond the sea were represented, for here stood mullein and yarrow, contesting the ground with oaks and hickories. The smaller wood flowers were not wanting, of course, though none of them were now in bloom. Py-

rola and winter-green, violets (the common blue sort and the leafy-stemmed yellow), strawberry and five-finger, saxifrage and columbine, rock-rose and bed-straw, self-heal and wood-sorrel, — these, and no doubt many more, were there, filling the chinks otherwise unoccupied.

My assortment of ferns is small, but I noted seven species: the brake, the polypody, the hay-scented, and four species of shield-ferns, — *Aspidium Noveboracense*, *Aspidium spinulosum*, variety *intermedium*, *Aspidium marginale*, and the Christmas fern, *Aspidium acrostichoides*. The last named is the one of which I am proudest. For years I have been in the habit of coming hither at Christmas time to gather the fronds, which are then as bright and fresh as in June. Two of the others, the polypody and *Aspidium marginale*, are evergreen also, but they are coarser in texture and of a less lively color. Writing of these flowerless beauties, I am tempted to exclaim again, "Happy the humble!" The brake is much the largest and stoutest of the seven, but it is by a long time the first to be cut down before the frost.

Should I ever meet with reverses, as the wealthiest and most prudent are liable to do, and be compelled to part with my woodland inheritance, I shall count it expedient to seek a purchaser in the spring. At that season its charms are greatly enhanced by a lively brook. This comes tumbling down the hill-side, dashing against the bowlders (of which the land has plenty), and altogether acting like a thing not born to die; but alas, the early summer sees it make an end, to wait the melting of next winter's snow. Many a happy hour did I, as a youngster, pass upon its banks, watching with wonder the swarms of tiny insects which darkened the foam and the snow, and even filmed the surface of the brook itself. I marveled then, as I do now, why such creatures should be out so early. Possibly our very prompt

March friend, the phoebe, could suggest an explanation.

A break in the forest is of interest not only to such plants as I have been remarking upon, but also to various species of birds. No doubt the towhee, the brown thrush, and the cat-bird found out this spot years ago, and have been using it ever since for summer quarters. Indeed, a cat-bird snarled at me for an intruder this very September afternoon, though he himself was most likely nothing more than a chance pilgrim going South. This member of the noble wren family and near cousin of the mockingbird would be better esteemed if he were to drop that favorite feline call of his. But this is his bit of originality (imitative, like the maple-leaved viburnums), and perhaps, if justice were done, it would be put down to his credit rather than made an occasion of ill-will.

Once during the afternoon a company of chickadees happened in upon me; and, taking my cue from the newspaper folk, I immediately essayed an interview. My imitation of their conversational notes was hardly begun before one of the birds flew toward me, and, alighting near by, proceeded to answer my calls with a mimicry so exact as fairly to be startling. To all appearance the quick-witted fellow had taken the game into his own hands. Instead of my deceiving him, he would probably go back and entertain his associates with amusing accounts of how cleverly he had fooled a stranger, out yonder in the bushes.

It would have seemed a graceful and appropriate acknowledgment of my rightful ownership of the land on which the cat-bird and the titmice were foraging, had they greeted me with songs. But it would hardly have been courteous for me to propose the matter, and evidently it did not occur to them. At all events, I heard no music except the hoarse and solemn asseverations of the

katydids, the gentler message of the crickets, and in the distance an occasional roll-call of the grouse. My dog — who is a much better sportsman than myself, but whose companionship, I am ashamed to see, has not till now been mentioned — was all the while making forays hither and thither into the surrounding woods; and once in a while I heard, what is the best of all music in his ears, the whirl of "partridge" wings.

Likely as not he thought it a queer freak on my part to spend the afternoon thus idly, when with a gun I might have been so much more profitably employed. He could not know that I was satiating myself with a miser's delights, feasting my eyes upon my own. In truth, I fancy he takes it for granted that the whole forest belongs to me — and to him. Perhaps it does. As I said just now, I sometimes think so myself.

Bradford Torrey.

FROM THE GARDEN OF A FRIEND.

CARL PETERSEN was one of the innumerable company of artists who paint pretty pictures for a living, and Mimi was his wife. They were Danes by parentage, but had lived so long in Rome that there was very little Dane left in them, except the honor and simplicity of character one so frequently finds in that people.

They were about as poor as they could comfortably be, this young couple. Carl painted from morning till night, and sold his pictures to Spilorchia, the dealer, who paid for them ten per cent. of the price they ultimately brought. Carl knew that he got only ten per cent., but it was better to be sure of so much than to wait for more from purchasers who might never come. What can a poor artist do when people *will* go to the dealers instead of the studios to buy? But Carl had a plan of escape from this servitude. He meant to lay by a little money, bit by bit, till he should be able to keep back one picture from Spilorchia, and place it instead in the window of a friendly bookseller. He might have to wait a good while; but then he would have ten times as much. And one step made in advance, the second must follow.

The Petersens lived in one of those

Roman paradises which you reach by passing through a Roman purgatory, if that can be called a purgatory which soils instead of cleansing. You cross to Trastevere, pass through several dingy streets, enter a dingier one, that is narrow and dark as well, pass a gloomy *portone* into a green and dripping court, go up a wide stair that smells of garlic and is sometimes infested by dirty children, — up and up to the top. There is an anteroom which has possibilities. Disgust gives place to doubt. There is an ineffably dingy kitchen, which nevertheless calls forth an exclamation of delight from an artist; for, going to the window, you see through wide coincident rifts of many a succeeding line of roofs an exquisite airy vista of mountain, villa, and grove.

Carl had advertised for a studio with two or three rooms attached, and on their first visit to the locality the young couple began as we have, leaving the studio for the last. They were anxious, for they had been house-hunting for a whole month, and were nearly worn out. Besides, time was money to them.

The last door opened. They caught their breath, stepped in, and gave one glance; then turned and rushed into each other's arms. Eureka!

The chamber was palatial in size, and beautifully proportioned; but the glory of it was what came in from outside. Three windows looking toward the northeast gave them the whole of Rome, the Alban and Sabine mountains, and a flood of light. They would have a full view of the sunrise, too; and up to ten o'clock three oblique lines of sunshine moved across their floor.

This room was both studio and salon. Mimi had her work-table at one window, the dining-table stood before another, and Carl's easel was set by the third. They did everything there but cook and sleep, and the place was charming, if bare. Little by little they were covering the rough walls with pictures of all sorts, cut from illustrated papers and magazines, and at intervals Carl painted a slender panel of deep blue, or dull gold, or soft green. His few artistic properties were scattered about. There was a screen or two, a carved chair, and a beautiful oaken chest, very old and carved in palm-leaves. A graceful wicker basket hung over this chest, against one of Carl's blue panels. Mimi cherished this basket, for it had been sent to her on her wedding-day, full of white camellias and blue violets.

Besides the apartment, they had also a garden, only one story below, against the hill-side. A little flight of stairs led to it from the studio. In this garden they had found a treasure,—a young mandarin orange-tree in the first year of its blooming. It was so white with blossoms that it seemed to be fainting under the weight of them. Mimi carefully pinched them all off but one.

"The tree is n't strong enough to bear," she said, "and these blossoms will perfume the studio." She carried them up in her apron, and poured the sweet white drift into her wicker basket on the wall.

The one blossom she had spared faded off in time, and left a green bullet. The

bullet grew, and became a ball two inches in diameter. How they watched that little one, having no child of their own! How they guarded it from every possible harm! It was shielded from the wind, covered from hail and heavy rain; and woe to the spider which should spin its web there, or the lizard led by curiosity to whisk up the large brown vase that held their treasure!

The tree grew in the light of their eyes as well as in the sunshine, and seemed to take pride in its own achievement, holding out the laden twig as who should say, "Do you see this child of mine? I also have produced an orange, O my sisters multitudinous of Sorrento and Seville!"

The mandarin turned yellow gradually. At Christmas there were only a tiny cloud and a thread of green. But Mimi was impatient. When Carl sat down to his Christmas dinner, there lay upon his napkin a fragrant golden ball, with a pointed green leaf standing out at either side, wing-like, as if the thing had flown there.

"If it turns out to be dry or sour, I shall feel betrayed," Mimi said. "I could n't wait any longer to know. Let's try it before we eat."

Carl gave the fruit a scientific pinch, as a cat takes her kittens up by the neck. "It will at least be juicy," he said. "The skin does n't come off too easily."

The orange was carefully divided, as an orange ought to be, according to the manner of its putting together, and Carl leaned across the table and put one section between the two rows of pearly teeth his wife opened to receive it. Then, while she waited with immovable jaws and lips drawn back, a second section disappeared under his blonde mustache. Looking anxiously into each other's faces, they closed their teeth at the same instant, like two small wine-presses; and at the same instant a sparkling satisfaction foamed up into the eyes of both. The mandarin was a success!

"U-u-m-m-m!" growled Mimi, inarticulately and low, like a cat over a mouse. "It is the king of mandarins!" she cried, when her tongue was free. "It is the Emperor of China himself. How can we wait a whole year for another crop!"

They had to wait, however; and when blossom-time came round again, they left thirty of the finest flowers, the tree having grown stout and matronly. At Christmas thirty globes of pure gold hung amid the dark green foliage.

"I have exchanged fifteen of them for a chicken," Mimi said to her husband on the morning of December 24th. "You know, Carl, we can afford neither to eat nor to give them away, after the extra expenses we have had."

These extra expenses were for a dress coat and a silk dress with a train, or, as Mimi called them for short, a *rondine* and a *strascico*. The young people had some fine friends, who did not choose that they should remain in obscurity, and they were invited out occasionally. Aside from the pleasure they found in society, they knew that it might help Carl in his art to meet such people; and therefore, with tremulous hearts, they had ventured not only to spend their little savings, but to incur a small debt, in order to make themselves presentable. Nor was this all. They had still further diminished their present means by keeping back one of Carl's pictures from the dealer, and setting it in the bookseller's window instead.

This adventurous picture was nothing less than a portrait of their mandarin orange-tree as it had been the year before. It was the same, yet not the same. It was the tree as love saw it.

There was the high, dark gray wall, with an undulating line of green Janiculum above it, and above that a band of pure azure. Below, on a jagged table of ancient masonry that had once been a wall, stood the large brown vase. The slender, supple tree leaned all one

way toward the single orange that hung heavily at the tip of its foremost twig, and all the leaves seemed to be twisting their stems about in order to see it. There were still a few faint green lines upon its yellow ripeness; and, studying, one might see that they hinted forth the picture's name, — Il Primogenito. In the wall above was set a torn umbrella, with bunches of long grass carefully stopping the holes. A blue cup full of water stood beside the vase, and a painter's brush, still tinged with blue, was stuck, handle down, where it had loosened the earth about the tree. Around the vase, making a half circle from the wall, was a rough protective barrier, composed of fragments of antique sculpture, heads, arms, hands, half-seen faces, a shoulder pushing out, a strip of egg-moulding as white as milk, a bit of stone-fluting, the curling tip of an acanthus leaf. Lastly, the picture was flooded with sunshine.

If Carl was ever to be famous, it would be for painting sunshine.

They had hopes of this picture, and of their new friends. Only the week before, at a musicale given by the Signora Cremona, they had made the acquaintance of the famous English poetess, Madama Landon, and the great lady had praised one of Carl's pictures which she had seen at the house of a friend. Who knew but she might wish to see others, to buy one, or at least to praise them to others?

The Primogenito unsold, then, Mimi had exchanged half of her oranges for their Christmas roast. "And I have been thinking, Carl," she said, "that we might send the other half to the Cremonas as an acknowledgment of their kindness to us. We have dined there twice, and there was the musicale. We could send them in my basket, and they will make a very pretty show."

They went to work at once. The basket was lined with moss, and over that Mimi laid a little open-wrought

napkin, laboriously made by her own fingers by drawing threads out of linen. Each mandarin was cut with a stem and a leaf or two, and artistically placed.

"How beautiful!" sighed Mimi. "And there are just enough. One more would be a bump, and one less a dent."

A note was written on their last sheet of fine paper; the basket was covered with white tissue-paper, and tied with blue ribbons preserved from their wedding presents.

When Carl went out with the basket, Mimi followed him to the stairs, and looked after him with tears in her eyes.

"It's like sending one's own children out into the world," she thought. "Dear little creatures! They have never had anything but love and praising here."

And so the basket of mandarins began its travels; its grand tour, in fact.

It reached the Signora Cremona in safety.

"How pretty!" said the lady. "But we have fruit for to-day, and to-morrow we dine out. I will send the basket to Mrs. James, with our regrets for her breakfast to-morrow."

A note was written. The Signora Cremona was so sorry that a previous engagement would prevent their breakfasting with Mrs. James the next day, and begged her to accept a basket of mandarin oranges, which she thought would be fine, as they were from a friend's garden.

Mrs. James and her sister were just having their after-breakfast coffee and cigarettes when the present was brought in.

"The Cremonas cannot come," Mrs. James said, reading the note. "And see what a lovely basket of mandarins! If we had not bought and settled everything for to-morrow, I would set this in the middle of the table, just as it is. Oh! I'll tell you what we can do,—send it with a note to Monsignore Ap-

petitoso. He might hear of our breakfast, you know, and feel slighted. Poor soul! I should n't want to offend him. He is very useful."

The note was written, the blue ribbons were tied for the third time, and the young tourists set out anew on their travels.

Monsignore Appetitoso was a *jubilato a mezza paga*; that is, having passed a certain age, he was dispensed from the duties of his office with a pension of half its salary. Besides this, the pay being small, the Pope had assigned him a free apartment in the canonicate of Santa Veronica del Fazzoletto, a palace that was nearly vacant, the canons preferring to reside outside. Here the old gentleman lived very comfortably, though without luxury; going out to dinner when he was invited, getting an afternoon cup of tea and slice of cake in some lady's drawing-room now and then, and dreaming over the happy days, long past, when he was *delegato*, and rounded his dinner off with ices, candies, and *vin santo*, instead of roasted chestnuts and a biscuit.

Monsignore dined at one o'clock, and was just eating a *biscottino* with his glass of Marsala, after the soup, boiled beef and greens, stewed pigeons and roasted chestnuts, which had formed the repast, when Mrs. James's present arrived.

(We make haste to add, lest scrupulous souls should be scandalized at a priest's eating meat on a vigil, that Monsignore was dispensed from both fasting and abstinence on account of his sixty-eight years and a disease of the stomach. Some of his laughing brethren averred that the disease was a constant voracious appetite; but that is not our affair.)

The basket was uncovered with eagerness, and, settling himself more comfortably in his chair, Monsignore prepared to devour its whole contents then and there. But as he smilingly lifted off

the topmost orange, a thought arrested him.

He had just heard — the news came in with the roasted chestnuts — that the rector of the College of Converted Zulus had been taken seriously ill that morning, and therefore could not have the honor of dining with Cardinal Inghilterra the next evening.

Now Monsignore had felt hurt at not receiving an invitation to this dinner. He loved the cardinal as only a poor gourmand can love a rich one, and had served him to the extent of his power. Who knows, he thought, but I may be asked to fill the rector's place? There was every probability of it, if only that pushing Monsignore Barili did not thrust himself in. Would not the cardinal be touched by the amiable piety of a man who should send him a basket of fruit after having been excluded from his dinner-table? He, Monsignore, was not expected to know anything about the rector of the Zulus' opportune seizure, or at least not so quickly.

He put the orange carefully back into its place, and, after ringing his bell, tied the blue ribbons again, — their fourth tying, as the creases in them began to hint.

"Giacomo," he said, when his man appeared, "run as fast as you can with this to Cardinal Inghilterra, and ask permission to see him. Make the proper compliments, and try to find out if Monsignore Barili has been there to-day."

Cardinal Inghilterra lunched when Monsignore dined, and he was still at table when Giacomo was graciously permitted to present himself. Poor Monsignore was useful to others beside Mrs. James, and the cardinal used him a good deal, and treated him with good-natured, condescending familiarity.

He sat in a room like a green tent, with a window full of sunshine and a garden behind him. Before him on the table was a cup of coffee, into which he was just dropping a lump of sugar from

the tips of his white dimpled fingers. At his right hand was a liquor stand, and a gilded glass rosily full of "Perfetto Amore," one of the new Turin liquors that are trying to oust French ones from the market. An open note, the agonized regrets of the rector of the Zulus, lay at his left hand.

As Giacomo entered, and received a nod of recognition and a sign to wait, the cardinal was listening to his majordomo, who, full of reverential anxiety, was communicating to his Eminence the possibility that fish might not be forthcoming for to-morrow's dinner. A storm had driven back the fishes of the west coast the night before, and the wind there was still contrary. There was not even a minnow in the market to-day; and the dealers had promised more than they expected to receive. The cook had prayed, bribed, and threatened, but the event still remained doubtful.

The cardinal listened with tranquillity, sipping his coffee. He did not believe in impossibilities — for himself.

"There is a telegraph in Rome," he remarked, as if communicating an item of news. "And there is" — he sipped his coffee — "a telegraph at Civita Vecchia" — another sip — "and at Porto d'Anzio" — sip — "and at Ancona" — sip — "and at various other sea, and therefore fish, ports around the coast of Italy;" and he finished his coffee, and set the cup aside.

"Certainly, Eminenza!" the man struck in. "But I could not incur the expense without a special permission. If I send three telegrams to make sure of one, I may have to pay for three baskets of fishes; and besides, the price" —

"You can discuss that with the cook," interrupted his master, and, waving him away, beckoned Giacomo to advance.

"Monsignore is very good," he said, after listening to the man's errand. "Tell him that I am infinitely obliged. And" — he hesitated, and glanced at

the letter beside him. He saw through Monsignore's little pious ruse perfectly; but, as we have said, he was good-natured. "Wait in the anteroom a moment," he added. "See if Antonio is there, and send him to me."

Giacomo bowed himself out backward, and Antonio bowed himself in forward. He was a man of such a villainous solemnity of aspect that, had one encountered him in heaven even, one would have recognized him as the confidential servant of a priest. Face cleanly shaven, eyes downcast, mouth firmly closed, neck advanced as if to lay its head on the block (for virtue's sake, *s' intende*), and what mocking young Italy calls an expression of *Gesù mio* made Antonio one of the cream of his kind.

"Cover these mandarins with the best roses that you can find in the garden," the cardinal said, "and take them, with my compliments, to the Signora Landon. Throw away the wraps; they are soiled. And you need not let Giacomo see you."

Exit Antonio in funereal silence.

About the same time two ladies were examining a picture set up frameless on a table in a little salon in Hotel Bristol.

"Is n't it charming?" said one of them. "I bought it this morning, and I am going to send it home to Tom. I can't keep it for myself, because the sunshine of it freckles me. Tom will be delighted with it, it is so Italian. I know the artist. He and his wife were at La Cremona's musicale last week. Such a nice little couple!—like two birds."

Enter Antonio.

"Oh! was it you, Antonio?" cried the lady, turning. "I thought it was my shoemaker. How is his Eminence?"

Antonio, with the air of taking his last leave of his dearest friend, delivered his message.

"How perfectly lovely!" was the re-

sponse. "Will you come and look at these mandarins, Lady Mary? See how well they are arranged! *Mandarini* smothered in roses! They need not blush before strawberries and cream. It is a poem. Eminenza's fruit is worthy to have grown on my painted orange-tree. Stay a moment, Antonio, while I write my thanks."

The quill went scrawling over a sheet of cream-colored paper, that had initials and a crest occupying all the left side; a prompt white hand slapped the blotting-book over those large characters, folded, inclosed, and directed the note, and sealed it with a ring worn on the writer's thumb.

Antonio received this missive as though it were his death-warrant, but with a sudden convulsion of face as he felt the generous breadth of a five-franc piece under it. He had nearly smiled.

"The cardinal has such good taste!" the poetess said, smilingly contemplating his gift, when Antonio had faded away. "But, unfortunately, I never eat oranges. They make me bilious. Oh! I know what I will do. I can send them to the artist who painted that picture. It will be a pleasant way of announcing to him that his picture is sold. The bookseller told me that he had already been in this morning to see if any one had looked at it, and seemed very sad. Jeannette can carry the basket over with a note to-morrow morning. There is no time this afternoon. Will you please touch the bell-knob at your elbow, Mary?"

A servant appeared.

"Bring me a vase with water for these roses," Mrs. Landon said. "And send my maid to me."

The next day Mimi and Carl had their dinner at noon. It was a poorer dinner than they had ever before eaten on a *festa* day, for there was nothing to follow their chicken but four *soldi* worth of cheese and their coffee. To

be sure, there is n't much sense in eating cheese when you have no fruit; but, as Mimi said, their hearts had been so full of the mandarins that may be their stomachs might have felt the influence. Besides, cheese gives a certain air.

Their cheerfulness was a little forced to-day. Carl had been painting since daybreak, and was tired, and his wife was not feeling well.

"Did you say that this was a chicken?" he asked, probing the fowl before him.

"Why, yes, dear, and a nice plump one, too," replied Mimi, trying to make the best of everything. "Did n't I pay fifteen golden mandarins fresh from the mint for it? Did you think that it was a goose?"

"No," said Carl, laboriously cutting, "I did n't think that it was a goose; but — err — seems to me that it has — err — a good deal of — err — character for a chicken."

"You don't mean to say that it's tough!" Mimi faltered, trying to keep back the tears that made a sudden rush for her eyes.

Carl's reply was checked by the sound of their door-bell, sharply rung.

"A beggar!" said Mimi, and started up hastily, glad to hide her face, and snatching a piece of bread as she went.

"I ought n't to have let her know that it is tough, poor Mimi!" thought Carl.

In two minutes she came back radiant.

"See! a present and a note from Madama Landon!" she cried, holding out a basket swathed in tissue-paper, and elaborately tied with a silken cord. "Her maid brought it. It is fruit, as sure as you live. God is good! How nice it is to be remembered, and have something come in, — just in the nick of time, too! That dear lady! I knew she had a good heart, she is so bright-eyed and has so much color. She blushes if she stirs. I always noticed —

Why, Carl, the handle of this basket is just like ours!"

"Of course there are plenty in the world like it," remarked Carl, watching with great interest the careful undoing of the blue, softly twisted cords.

"It is heavenly to get just such a one back," said Mimi, picking carefully, with an impatient tremor, at the knots. "It makes this seem a sort of second wedding-day, does n't it, dear?"

The last cover off, the two stared for one moment in silence at their gift, then at each other, then at their gift again. Their faces had grown very blank. Then Mimi, with a finger and thumb, lifted out by the stem one mandarin after another, setting them in a row on the table. There were fifteen.

"I did n't need this to prove it," she said in a hushed voice, picking the napkin out of the basket. "I know the looks of those mandarins as well as I know yours. I could go out now and set each one on its own twig on the tree."

Another blank silence; then Mimi burst into a laugh. "Don't you see, Carl? La Cremona must have sent them to her, they were so pretty; and she has sent them to us, without ever suspecting. Is n't it comical, and delightful? Oh, little prodigals, welcome home again!"

They bethought themselves to read the note. The lady had written: —

DEAR SIGNOR PETERSEN, — Allow me to offer you some mandarins which are worthy to have grown on your own tree, which, by the way, is now my tree. I have bought your Primogenito, and am so much pleased with it that I would like to have a companion picture, when you have time to favor me with one. With compliments to your charming wife, and a *buona festa* to both,

Yours sincerely, CLARE LANDON.

P. S. I send you the basket just as it was sent to me by a cardinal. C. L.

"A cardinal!"

No matter! Let the mystery go, since it had brought a miracle of joy. Mimi was weeping with delight.

"Give me the two very largest," she said, "and I will carry them down to those two children on the ground floor. How wicked I have been to hate them, even if they do dirty the stairs and throw stones at me! I will kiss them, Carl, since I cannot kiss God!"

"We must n't utter the word mandarins to La Cremona," Carl said.

But the very next time he met the Signora Cremona she thanked him with graceful cordiality for his present. "They were delicious," she said.

Carl bowed with perfect gravity.

And then he saw her blush slightly, as she hastened away from him to meet her friend, Mrs. James, who was coming across from the Spanish steps to speak to her.

"I want to thank you for that lovely fruit," Mrs. James said, with effusion. "It was the finest I have had this year; so fresh, and honey-sweet!"

The lady had excellent authority for her praises; for Monsignore Appetitoso had called on her that very morning to make his compliments on her gift. "Your mandarins arrived just in time for my dinner," he said, smacking his lips, as if he still had the taste of them in his mouth.

Mrs. James professed herself honored in having been allowed to contribute to Monsignore's Christmas dinner. "I thought the mandarins would be fine," she said. "They were sent me from the garden of a friend."

"Oh! it was the day before. I dined with his Eminence, Cardinal Inghilterra, last evening," Monsignore replied complacently. "And I thought that you might like to see the *menu*," drawing a carefully folded paper from his pocket, and a white satin ribbon from the paper.

With a simultaneous "Oh!" Mrs.

James and her sister seized the dainty gold-lettered trifle, and bumped their heads together in the eagerness with which they bent over it to see what a cardinal would give his friends for dinner.

"I hope that your Eminence enjoyed the little basket of fruit I took the liberty to send yesterday," Monsignore had said the evening before, in a momentary pause in the talk about the table. "It was from a friend's garden, and I thought it choice."

"It was most excellent!" was the gracious answer. "I have never eaten better."

And here the odor of truffles stole into Monsignore's nostrils from a dish waiting at his left elbow. Oh, how he loved that man sitting opposite him, glorious in scarlet and diamonds, and still more glorious as the dispenser of such bounties! His Eminence would have been proclaimed Pope on the instant, if Monsignore Appetitoso had had the power. Oh, how he loved him! What! Château Yquem? He would die for that man—that god! And then to have directly before his plate an exquisite dish of Spillman's best candies, and to know that what he did not eat then he could carry away in a *bonbonnière*!

Poor Monsignore had to wink hard more than once during dinner to keep from crying outright with rapture and gratitude. When they arrived at the liquors, tears were, in fact, running down his cheeks. But as all the reverend company were by this time in a more or less beaming condition, no one observed his emotion.

"Eminence," said Mrs. Landon, the first time he visited her after Christmas, "I knew, of course, that you are intimate with the saints; but I was not aware that the pagan divinities also serve you. You must be on the best of terms with the Hesperides. No-where but in their orchards could have

been mingled the fire and honey of your delicious mandarins."

His Eminence bowed smilingly.

"I am happy to know that you found

them to your taste," he said, in his superb, deliberate way. "They were, in fact, from — err — the garden of a friend."

Mary Agnes Tincker.

RACE PREJUDICES.

THE existence of innate race prejudices has been asserted or tacitly assumed by many writers who have had to deal with questions involving the relations of distinct branches of the human family to each other. Of late there has been a disposition among certain publicists to deny that there is any such thing as an instinctive hatred of one kind of man towards another. So far as I am aware, this question has never been submitted to a discussion. It is desirable that we should know whether this notion is true or false, for it has a very important bearing on the matter of the future relations of the African and European peoples on this continent. If race prejudice has to be reckoned with, as we reckon with illness or old age, then our problem is more complicated than it would otherwise be.

It is now clear that in the discussion of human motives we must begin our inquiry among the lower animals; there alone we can see how the foundations of the human mind were laid. It is not necessary to assume that man is the direct descendant of any of these existing animals: on the contrary, it is almost certain that none of the ancestors of man are any longer on the earth. But many of these lower forms are close kinsmen of our remoter progenitors: they show us something of our ancestral state; they enable us to picture the conditions of that low estate in which the intellect of man has spent by far the greater part of its existence. Draw a line a hundred paces long; measure on it the length of

a single pace. This pace will represent in a rude way the life of man as man; the remaining ninety-nine, the duration of his life in the lower stages of animal existence.

Although perhaps not the hundredth part of man's life has been spent in the conditions of man, we seem to see that the greater part of the human intelligence is that which belongs to the man, and not to his lower kindred. This is doubtless true of that element of the mental process in which distinct ideas are involved; but the fundamental motives, the blind impulses which drive men to actions in which reason takes little or no part, these are not, properly speaking, human qualities at all. They took their shape and attained their power before the human stage of our life began; they have been to a certain extent modified in their action by the development of the higher qualities of the mind, by the growth of the intellect and the expansion of the sympathies, but from their very antiquity they are far more firm-set and self-determined in their action than the higher acquisitions of the mind. They are also the strong members of that curious association of almost personally different elements. Sexual passion, hunger, rage, the wild impulses of flight and chase, are motives which in the mass of men differ from those which tend them to ratiocination or to sympathy as the whirlwind from the zephyr.

It is easily seen that these old and lower members of the composite man,

that copartnership of angels and devils, are not only stronger, but more quick to action, than the higher. They are the brutal gate-keepers of the castle, always ready to sally forth; while the more elevated motives may be compared to the women and the other non-combatants. Let us not despise them; to their strength we owe the support of the higher life. Let us reckon with them, and see that while they do their duty they stay where they belong.

Turning, then, to the lower mammals for evidence as to the history of antipathies, we find a wide field of inquiry lies before us. At the outset we have to notice that the only way in which we can determine the motives of a lower animal is by its acts; the only way in which we can trace a kinship between the dumb creatures' motives and those which move us is by the likeness of their actions. In the case of a fellow-man we are surer that his motives are like our own, because he can describe his state to us by means of speech. This difficulty in the interpretation of animal motives is clearly insurpassable; the only way in which we can approach their mental states is by the assumption that because their behavior is like our own, their state of mind which tends to the behavior is likewise closely related to our own. For my own part, after carefully examining the theory that animals are automatons, that in a word they have no sense of their own states of being, I have been driven to reject it altogether. The reader should know, however, that the same persons who advocate this theory believe that animals may act much as our eyes act when they close at a threat of a blow. Assuming that the lower animals feel their states, we may conclude that their emotions are closely comparable with our own.

Taking this view of the evidence, we find that among the lower animals instinctive hatreds are conspicuous in almost every part of the field where the

mental activity is great enough to give any distinct character to their actions. Next after the sexual passion, the instinct for food, and the parental instinct we must place the hatred of the neighbor, provided that neighbor in any way trespasses on their privileges. In the struggle for mates and in the combat for food, selfish impulses taking the shape of rage against the neighbor are seen in almost all the higher animals. Most commonly this hatred is exhibited against the individuals of the same species, because they are the most effective enemies: they alone enter into the contest for mates; generally they are the rivals in the effort to get food. But in cases it extends to a general hatred of other species or tribes which may enter into the contest for the chances which the field of life may afford.

When we come to the animals of higher grade, we find that the family instinct creates some limit on the hatred of the neighbor; for a time, while the young are in need of the parental care, an element of sympathy enters into the life, but this usually passes away with the maturity of the offspring. As we all know, the mother cat becomes indifferent to her children, and will attack them if they cross her desires. Among certain groups of animals the herd instinct is developed. In this form of association there is, especially among the pigs and monkeys, an allegiance to the clan much like that we find among men. In this case the enmity between rival herds or tribes is often seen. They will defend the common interests and make sacrifice for the common weal, but the sympathy does not extend beyond the clan, and is in most cases very imperfect within its limits. When we leave the inferior levels of life through which man passed, and come to man himself, we find in his lower races an almost precise repetition of the conditions of the lower animals; the only variations are the effects of his more discerning mind. The lowest races of

man are gathered into small tribes, which are in a state of chronic war with all the tribes about them ; sympathy has extended only as far as the narrow tribal limits, and within these it is hardly more than a faint twilight, when compared with the day which is to come thereafter. Gradually, by culture, this sympathy expands, until it makes society possible. Even in the best adjusted states it is only the more cultivated people whose sympathies have so enlarged that they readily extend to unseen men, or to those who differ from them in any important regard. Most people readily sympathize with those of their own social station or of their own occupation, but not with those who are widely separated from them in these or other regards. It is easy to perceive that the capacity of sympathy, the power of loving the fellow-man in a strange aspect, is rare even in our more cultivated people. The *other man*, provided his *otherishness* is great, is not even among cultivated people protected by the mantle of sympathy from the outbreak of the hatred which any sudden conflict may engender. The instinctive desire to crush the contestant, which we inherit from our lower life in man and beast, must have been felt by all ordinary mortals, however refined : it is still very strong in the lower orders of our most civilized societies, and with them the charitable motive is much weaker than among most cultivated people. When aroused, this motive expresses itself in a desire to strike and slay ; it is so strong that delicately bred men, who would hardly be able in cold blood to kill a dog, will under its stimulus find a certain joy in driving the sword through the skull of a fellow-man, or in seeing a charging column scattered, like old clothes in the air, before the canister-shot of a battery. Nothing will so well account for the peculiar strength of this strange motive of slaughter as the theory that it is the product of immemorial

contest, in which the fiercest won and lived, and sent down to us their accumulated capacity for fury.

It needs little experience or reading to show the observer that this capacity for rage against the opponent everywhere lies below the smooth surface of our modern civilized manner, as the blood beneath the skin. Law and custom may tame it, as it is their function to do ; but it abides in the man along with the bodily parts which he derived from the lower life. Let the hold of the social order be broken by any excitement which strongly moves their passion, and a body of people who deem themselves civilized, whose ordinary motives are humane, may become the brutal savages of a mob. Their frail covering of civilization disappears in an instant before the strong ancestral passion of rage. It does not seem necessary further to elaborate this part of our subject, for it seems clear enough that we, in our best estate, inherit a capacity of instinctive rage against those who threaten whatever we hold dear. We will therefore pass to the consideration of some of the actions of this ancient impulse in our modern society. We will first consider the conditions of the sympathies which make head against these brutal motives.

The motive of sympathy is one which we have derived through inheritance from the lower life of man ; its intensity and extension are very much less than the motives of rage, though in our higher man they are more continuously active. So far as the sympathy takes the limited form of family affection, it is from its long culture very strong ; often, indeed, more powerful than the motive of rage. Within the limits of friendship it is also fairly strong ; among a noble few it extends beyond these limits. But its intensity with all but the loftiest spirits diminishes rapidly as we go away from the circle of the family or those known by intimate contact. To pro-

mote this extension of the sympathetic motives without limiting their intensity is the great problem of our modern life.

The limitations in the extension of sympathy are very curious. Depending, as it does, on the sense of likeness in the fellow-man to whom it goes out, it is checked by any barriers of speech, demeanor, or aspect which seem to deny the kinship of the being to ourselves. A man may in vain strive to feel sympathy towards a fellow-mortal in a totally different station in the world, and fail to awaken the motive in his breast, until a cry of pain or a look of agony arouses the full sense of fellowship, when at once the fountains of his soul are opened. Those of keen constructive imaginations and great sympathetic power can picture the look of pleading, or their quickened ears can hear the moan from beyond the hills or over the sea; but they have the divinity within them, and, unhappily, do not often walk the earth.

We see in most men that whatever sets them apart creates a boundary to the extension of the sense of sympathy or friendship. To wear a different totem, or to have the tattoo in different lines, will make the bounds in the lower kind of man; speaking a different dialect will serve in a higher station; worshipping God in a peculiar way will make the boundary of sympathy in the more cultivated levels of society.

Of all the circumstances which naturally limit the sympathies, the most effective are physical differences, especially those which change the aspect of the man. We see this in the lower animals as well as in man: if one of a herd sicken his fellows will turn against him. Place sheep of different breeds in a common pasture, and they will gather, like with like, and keep apart. Among low-grade peoples, such as we may still find in many parts of the world, when the folk are amiable enough to each other, the

appearance of a stranger arouses a sense of rage because of his peculiarities, which may be inoffensive enough in themselves. The Yorkshire salutation — "There goes a stranger, Bill; 'eave 'alf a brick at 'im" — is a real example of this motive. The psychological process is simple. The stranger, by his novel aspect, excites the mind of the rough man as it excites a bull. The barrier of aspect keeps the sympathies from spontaneously awakening to do their work. Therefore the mind of the common man gives forth the instinctive hatred whenever surprised by novelty in the human kind.

Many may recognize this peculiar feature in the operation of their own minds, even though they are persons who have been so fortunate as to see the need of culture of the sympathies, and have so trained themselves that they are able to feel a sense of brotherhood with the wider minded of their own race. One may make the experiment by trying to enter into a feeling of sympathy with, say, a Chinaman. He will find, if his experience is like that of the present writer, that the utterly foreign look of that sphinx-like creature sets a bar to the current of sympathy which flows easily towards the roughest specimen of one's own race. Now the Chinaman is a member of a very cultivated race; he is probably more cultivated than the ordinary people of our own kind. It is almost certain that the stolidity of countenance which appears to us is not real, but arises from our incapacity to catch the play of expression, which is doubtless apparent enough to his fellows. But our failure to see in him ourselves, our own motives and trials, makes an end to all feeling of brotherhood as far as that feeling depends on the senses. We may, abstractly and apart from all contact with strange peoples, assume a sense of kinship and act on it. This, indeed, we should do, and all high-minded people will take this course; but such

a method cannot be followed by the masses. In their present state of culture, they must depend on the immediate awakening of the sympathies at the moment of contact.

When culture attains the level, when sympathy becomes a duty, when the person is so imaginative and sympathetic that he can consider men abstractly and feel for them as a class, then a part of the work of this emotion can be done, notwithstanding the bar that race peculiarities may raise up against its action. Several persons who have been devoted friends of the negro, ready at all times to make sacrifices to his well-being, moved thereto by their power of quickening the sympathy through the constructive imagination, have, when closely questioned, confessed to me that they abhorred the sight of him; that his black face and other peculiarities of countenance made the most painful impression on their minds. Abstractly considered, there is nothing in the negro countenance to arouse such feelings. In most cases, his features, when one is accustomed to them for a lifetime, are, if anything, more pleasing than those of the laboring classes of the white race. Especially in his calm look is his face agreeable to the eye, and his features, though differing in mould, have a dignity and beauty of their own. But to those who rarely see the negro these charms are altogether hidden by the intense effect which the color makes upon the eye. Such observers often complain that the negroes all look alike. To me, and, I believe, to other observers, there seems to be more variety in the negro face than in that of the whites. In the effect which such an eminent peculiarity as the color of the negro race makes upon the eye, we see strikingly displayed the action of the unaccustomed, in setting a bar to the operation of the sympathies. From this instance we may judge the danger there may be of awakening the rage against the rival in classes where

we cannot reckon on any effective imaginative sympathy.

The foregoing considerations, though too briefly stated, may enable us to undertake a definition of race hatreds or prejudices, which definition we may take with us into the practical part of our work.

Race hatred is one form of the hatred of the rival which is common to all animals which have intelligence enough to observe rivalry in the creatures about them. This hatred of the rival is qualified in man by the development of the sympathies which normally extend to all who are clearly united with us in the bond of friendship. Those of other races, because they are not immediately perceived to be akin to us, and yet compete with us for the valuable things of the world, are apt to receive the full effect of the deeply ingrained hatred without the qualification of sympathy. Races allied by circumstance to our own, as the Chinese or the negro, are far more likely to prove rivals than wild animals, and are, unhappily, as likely to be unprotected by sympathy as the beasts of the field. The higher few may by their imaginations be able to bridge the gulf which separates them from their alien brethren, but the mass cannot.

Thus defined, race hatred is seen to be not a thing in itself, but the remnant of the old hatred against the antagonistic fellow-man when not modified by human sympathy.

We now turn to consider for a moment the place of sympathy in a social organization, in order that we may better see the dangers which arise from its absence. It would be easy to picture an ideal society, wherein sympathy should be so pervading that the divisions which circumstances make in the estate of man should be healed by the altruistic motive; unhappily, such an ideal picture would have long to wait for the reality. Still it cannot be doubted that even in our American life, especially in rural

conditions or in the lesser villages, society is cemented by a sympathetic bond; men feel themselves to be fellows of their neighbors. Though their callings may separate them, there is a bond of union which makes anything like class hatreds impossible. The strength of these communities, their power to accomplish the ordinary duties of civil life, and especially their ability to meet calamities of any description depend upon the solidarity which this sympathy and accord give to the society.

At their outset, at least, states are bound together by the sympathy of the masses with some central authority, — fellow-subjects or fellow-worshippers, sharers in the strength of some strong arm or in the shelter of some league. But the community, as the origin of the name implies, demands a closer relation; it requires personal contact with the almost infinite adjustment of relations in which the active sense of fellowship is ever needful. An Austrian emperor may have Slaves and Germans, Huns and Jews, united in a common allegiance to a throne. A weak ideal, which may not affect the men once a year, will serve for this passive form of union. But in the village the bond must be a more vigorous and constant motive. The closer the contact, the stronger the tie of sympathy must be. It must be greatest among those who dwell beneath the same roof, for there the hatreds bred of contact most often arise and are the most dangerous. We know full well that it needs all the strength of marital, parental, and filial affection to resist the development of hatreds in the household. In the neighborhood the rivalries are only less accented than in the household. These two forms of association are indeed closely akin in the dangers which social rivalry brings: interferences of interest calculated to awaken passion must certainly arise in any community where the people are brought closely enough

together to have any life at all. It is indeed possible to have extreme diversities of people quietly coexisting on the same lot of ground, as in our cities. This is accomplished by a stratification of classes, each bound together by its class sympathies. This is doubtless the only form of life which can exist in our large cities, but we recognize its great evils. In such a life the least unusual strain shows that these separate parts have no coherence, and that class hatreds are unmodified by sympathy.

In the rural community we often have, especially in old countries, something of the separation of classes which exists in cities, where the people are of one race, and where there is a bond of allegiance inherited from the past. This condition may lead to little division of sympathy; but given a decided difference of race without the memory of any old wrongs, and we have the state which invites the outbreak of social revolutions. If the reader desires to see what may be the influence of caste distinctions in the social state, he can find it in the history of the French Revolution. Circumstances had divided the people of rural France much as the people of our cities are now divided, into a lower class of half-starved toilers, and an upper class which drew their sustenance from the very lives of the oppressed mass. Hatreds grew to a point where a revolt which began in the cities swiftly spread through all the land. The conditions preceding the French Revolution cannot well be repeated in this or any other civilized country; still the history of that revolt shows us the general social effects of having classes so widely separated from each other throughout a whole state.

Although we may have no longer a great revolution to fear from the association of classes separated by an unsympathetic line, we have a chance of serious trouble before us wherever the people of a wide region are parted from

each other by any permanent break. The work of any communal life, above all in our modern entangled societies, demands for its effective doing a close accord between the men who are engaged in it. If a community is to rise in the scale of existence, it must have a high degree of social unity. Every permanent hatred, even between individuals, is a hindrance to the process of advance. When the hatred is between classes we may have the conditions of an Ireland, where a people of great natural capacities have been kept for centuries in retard by the antagonisms which have existed between the upper and lower classes of that unhappy land.

We may now turn to the matter of race prejudices in the Southern States. Our aim will be not so much to ascertain the measure of the evils which exist as the extent of the ills which the future may be expected to develop, and the means whereby these difficulties may best be controlled.

The one condition in which very diverse races may be brought into close social relations without much danger of hatred, destructive to the social order, is where an inferior race is enslaved by a superior. This form of union is stronger than it has appeared to those who have allowed their justifiable dislike of the relation to prejudice them as to its consequences. In the first place, in this condition of slavery all rivalry between the races is made impossible. The gulf between master and servant appears in the nature of things. The slave, whose race has never known a better condition, is bent by his birth to the yoke. Then the sense of possession which the mastering race has in the slave awakens a new avenue for sympathy. We all prize the things which we absolutely possess; the more human they are, the stronger their hold on the affections. The sense of possession enters in a strong way into the family bond, and it naturally extends in some-

what the same way into the relation of master to slave. There were cruel masters, and the slave was the victim of many outbreaks of passion; but there are cruel fathers and husbands, and yet we do not denounce the households of slave-owners as the abodes of any singular inhumanities. I am not apologizing for slavery; to me it has always been detestable, but on other grounds than the cruelty it brought upon the slave. I only wish the reader to feel that the common notion that slavery was cruel in the way it is often supposed to have been is a grave error. So far from this being the case, the negro, during the period of slavery, was less driven to excessive labor and suffered less from the hatred of the superior race than is likely to be the case in time to come. This reconciliation of the races was accomplished at great cost to society, — a cost of all chance of attaining a high social order; but it was effective in the prevention of race hatreds. It did even more than this: it gave the whites a chance to become thoroughly accustomed to the blacks, to see that they were human and trustworthy as far as their humanity and trustworthiness could be shown under the limiting influences of slavery. Moreover, it brought the two races into a position where there was no longer any instinctive repugnance to each other, derived from the striking differences of color or of form. If the negroes had been cast upon this shore under any other conditions than those of slavery, they would have been unable to obtain this relation with the whites which their condition of bondage gave.

In this view, the failure of the South to secure any considerable accessions of population by immigration has been very fortunate. If the old slave-holding States had been rapidly filled up with people to whom the negro was totally strange, his position would be more unhappy than it is at present. Now he is with a

people who have pretty well gone by the bar which his color makes to the sympathies of persons not accustomed to him from youth, and so one grave danger is avoided. Prejudice to color exists in the South, but it is greatly modified by sympathies in all save the lower class of whites, and it is nothing like as bitter as that which is shown to the Chinese among even fairly cultivated people in the far West. This softening towards the negro is doubtless due to his long-continued presence, his essential adoption into the social system of the South.

It remains to be seen whether the race hatred, which was essentially lost during the period of slavery, will return in the conditions of freedom. It is perhaps too soon to determine as to the issue. At present we have the old slaveholders still in the control of the society of that region, and there are few large cities of which the conditions would greatly intensify the caste divisions and diminish the sympathies which serve to ameliorate the effect of such class restrictions. The greater part of the negroes are in some sense still domesticated with the whites, and the evils likely to arise from their massing into large settlements, where they are parted by circumstances from all sympathetic relations with their sometime masters, are not yet serious. In a short time these conditions will be greatly changed: those who have been in the relation of masters to these black people will have passed away, and with them all who have had a very keen personal interest in the negro. Their place will be taken by those who have had but little personal relation with him, except the contacts of business intercourse. Great cities are arising in the South, in which negroes will form the proletariat class, absolutely cut off from the upper levels of society, as the poor of all great cities are. Unhappily, all human experience leads to the conclusion that there will be a progressive tendency towards the

future development of class distinctions in this population, and to a loss of the original accord inherited from the state of slavery. This ancient accord was strong enough to carry the races through the very serious trials incident to the change from slavery to freedom. It was strong enough absolutely to prevent the revolt of the slaves during the civil war.

At present there are many indications that the old harmony, based in good part on the utter subjection of the slave's will, is disappearing, and that new relations are being created. The change is being accomplished with little friction, and in some regards success is fairly well secured. The most important, because the most constant, of these relations are those established in the conduct of business. To this class of contacts, although sympathy plays a relatively small part in their action, we must look for the closest uniting of the two peoples together. As far as these new contacts exist between the manufacturer and the laborer, they are of little worth, for they are the least sympathetic of relations. Fortunately, the relation most common in the South is that between the domestic servant and the master, or that between the agricultural laborer and the farmer; both these are relatively sympathetic, inasmuch as they involve more or less communal lives, while the relation of manufacturer to mechanic may be, and generally is, destitute of other than the most arbitrary contact. In the circumstances of the farm or the household, the really good accord of the old conditions is preserved and continued; in these states of life the races are preserved in positions in which there is an exchange of sympathies. The only objection to these lines of life is that they afford but little chance for the negroes to show their innate capacities or to attain any higher intellectual development.

There is another direction in which

sympathetic relations may be advantageously developed: this is in political life. There is now great reason to hope that in politics the lines of separation may no longer be by color. The greatest boon that we could hope for would be that better people of the South would come once again to be separated into the natural divisions of Whig and Democrat, and that the negroes should intelligently array themselves in a tolerably even share in these associations. In wholesome politics we find the greatest contribution to the stimulants to sympathy which modern life has invented. The fact that the negro vote is no longer "solid" should be a matter of gratification to all who wish well for our American Africans.

It is earnestly to be desired that the negro should be admitted to share in the functions of our courts. The jury-box is one of the most precious schools of the citizen. As Mr. Cable has justly pointed out in his *Silent South*, the negro has been to a certain extent debarred from this important source of training. From what I know of the negro I feel that he will discharge the duties of any trust which he can comprehend with exemplary fidelity, for the reason that his soul rejoices greatly in any function which has an honorable distinction. I think that in most cases he has the power to grasp the class of considerations which ordinarily come before a jury, at least as well as the ordinary white. It must be long before he can generally be trusted with the duties of the magistrate, for such demand a singular continuity of intellectual life, but in the lesser work of the jury he will probably be found trustworthy. At the close of the war there was a general prejudice against admitting negroes even to the witness-box, in cases where white men were in jeopardy of life or property. This has been proved to be an

unfounded fear. It is the opinion of those best fitted to judge that the negro proves to be a very trustworthy witness. I believe that most persons will agree that this fact seems to show that he is likely to be a good jurymen.

The greatest need of all, however, is that the negro shall be put under such conditions of training as shall open to the abler members of the race higher places in life than they now have a chance to fill. Now and then we find one who has decided talent for some work which will give him a place among men. If an able musician, or a good architect, or a man with capacity as a merchant, could be raised up even in a large community, the life of such a person would be a most valuable bond of union between the races.

It is hardly too much to say that the future of the relation between the races depends on the possibility of securing this result. If we can unite the races in the common work of the state, bringing them to share in the most important parts of its work, we may be sure that we shall secure a substantial unity to the societies in which they dwell together.

If every intelligent negro and white of this country could be brought to see that the reconciliation of the races is the greatest work before us, we would have a better chance of attaining to the accord we seek. Let them see that the task is as difficult as it is noble; let them feel that the work to be well done demands the best efforts of every one who can lift his soul to the level of high duty. In this way we may accumulate forces which will work to the desired end. It is of course folly to expect such views to find a place among the masses of either race. But if in each community there could be even one man or woman who would enter upon the work in a true spirit, it would be well begun.

N. S. Shaler.

IN THE CLOUDS.

XXIV.

QUIET did not immediately ensue. After Harshaw had been ushered up the rickety ladder to the roof-room he heard voices below in low-toned conference. Occasionally he noted the peculiar chuckle of "hongry Jeb," suppressed even beneath its usual undertone; for it was a sort of susurrus of laughter, never absolutely vocal, — a series of aspirated snorts and pantings. It was not jocular at best, and now conveyed sinister suggestions to Harshaw, as he listened to the vague sound of words he could not distinguish. He had not been conscious of an effort of close observation during the evening, and he was surprised to discover how definitely he could differentiate the murmurs, the mere methods of speech, of the various members of the household. As they discussed his fate, he knew who urged measures, who was overpowered in argument, who doubted. Now and then a word or two in the woman's shrill voice broke from the huskiness of her whisper, for she was the most insistent of the group. He divined that her views were not mild, and he took hope from the intimations of opposition in the tones of the men as they gruffly counseled quiet. She it was, he felt sure, whom most he had to fear.

He had thrown himself, dressed as he was, on the sorry couch, which was made by placing two poles between the logs of the house, supported at the other end by a cross-bar laid in two crotched uprights on the floor. It was not a stable contrivance, nor, although it upheld a heavy feather bed, conducive to slumber, but Harshaw cared little for sleep.

The rain came through the leaks in the roof, now in an intermittent, sullen pattering, and now the drops falling in

quick succession, tossed by the wind that whistled through the crevices, and piped a shrill refrain to the sonorous cadences trumpeted by the great chimney. Once, in a sudden flash of lightning, which was far distant and without thunder, he could see, through gaps in the chinking, the white clouds pressing close to the house.

Again and again his courage would reassert itself, of its own sheer force, and he would experience a sort of affront that it had ever lapsed. He hardly knew how he could hereafter face that fact in his consciousness. Then, in arguing to reinstate his self-respect, he would review the dangers of his position, — and rouse anew the fears he had sought to still. He would wonder that he did not die of fright; that he made no effort to escape, to fire the house and force his way out in the confusion, — his fingers even fumbled the matches in his pocket; that he could lie still and listen to the sound of words impossible to distinguish; that he could turn, with the heavy gesture of one roused from sleep, when he heard a footfall on the rude stairs, and look yawning over his shoulder, and demand in a slumbrous voice, "Why in the hell do you make such a racket?"

A glimmer of light quivered on the brown rafters; it grew momentarily less flickering; it revealed the wretched apartment, the slanting floor, one or two pallets rolled up against the wall. And finally, as from a trap-door of a theatre, through the rude aperture in the floor, Jeb's gaunt black head appeared among the shadows which the tallow dip, that he carried in his hand, could not dispel.

He came in, and placed the sputtering light on the strut that supported one of the rafters, and was converted to shelf-like utility. Marvin followed, sitting

down on the foot of Harshaw's bed. His face was more lowering than that of the other man; he leaned his hands ponderingly on his knees, his elbows turned outward, and bent his eyes on the floor in deep meditation.

There was a pause.

"Hello?" said Harshaw interrogatively, raising himself on his elbow and boldly taking the initiative. "Anything the matter?"

Jeb sat down on a keg close to the chimney, and the perturbed hosts glanced at one another.

"Waal, stranger," said Marvin, "ye hev gone an' put us in a peck o' troubles, ter kem interruptin' us in this fur place, whar we hev been hunted an' hounded ter."

"Yes, sir," remarked "hongry Jeb," "same ez the varmint, ez be specially lef' out'n salvation by the Bible."

Marvin cast a glance over his shoulder at Harshaw. Then he continued, evidently striving to put the worst possible interpretation on the situation and to work himself into a rage: "We-uns air a-thinkin' ez ye mought be a spy fur the revenuers."

Harshaw let his head fall back on the pillow. His resonant, burly laugh rang out, jarring the rafters, and rousing in its hearty jocundity the reciprocity of a smile on "hongry Jeb's" cadaverous face. Even Marvin, casting another hasty look over his shoulder, was mollified.

"Ye 'd better be keerful how ye wake Philetus up, with his nap haffen out; ye 'll 'low ye air neighborin' a cata-mount," he admonished his guest.

"I tell you," said Harshaw, clasping his hands behind his yellow head as he lay at length, "you fellows live up here in these lonesome woods till your brains are addled. Why on earth would I, single-handed, mind you, a lawyer, a member of the legislature, with a good big farm of my own and half a dozen houses in town" (he had never before

thought to brag of them), "risk myself here, for the little reward I could get *if*—mighty big *if*, folks—if I could get away again?"

He lifted his eyes, with a bluff challenge of fair play.

"You know who *I* am. You've seen me in Shaftesville. You know my farm down there in Kildeer County, on Owl Creek. Spy! Shucks! it makes me laugh. Do the quality often come spying for the revenuers in this neighborhood?"

Ten days ago he could not have believed that, however closely harried, his tongue would ever so forget its formula as thus to repudiate his alignment with the Plain People, and to claim to rank with "the quality."

Under other circumstances the two mountaineers might have resented this arrogation of superiority. They were, however, by virtue of their law-breaking, a trifle more worldly-wise than their stolid compatriots of the hills. It had been in some sort an education; had familiarized them with the springs of commercial action, the relations of producer and consumer, the value of money or its equivalent; had endowed them with an appreciation of emergency and an ingenuity in expedients and make-shifts; had forced upon their contemplation the operations of the law; and their great personal risk had superinduced care, thoughtfulness, and the exercise of a certain rude logic.

As they unconsciously sought to realize Harshaw's position in the world, resources, opportunity, their suspicion that he was a spy gradually waned.

There was a short pause. The candle sputtered on the timber where it had been placed, the flame now rising apparently with an effort to touch a resinous knot in the wood just above it, and now crouching in a sudden gust from a crevice hard by. The rain came down with redoubled force for a few moments, then subsided again into its

former steady, monotonous fall. Harshaw's senses, preternaturally keen now, detected an almost imperceptible stir on the ladder that ascended to the loft. He knew as well as if he had seen the coterie that Marvin's wife and the rest of the moonshiners were sitting on the rounds, listening and awaiting the announcement of his fate. Perhaps it was this which prompted his reply, when Marvin said pettishly, —

"It air all M'ria's fault. Ef she hed n't been so powerful quick ter git down the gun, ye 'd hev never knowed nor axed whar ye war, nor sp'icioned nuthin'."

"Yes, I would, though," Harshaw declared.

Marvin once more looked over his shoulder, and the lawyer quaked at the risk he ran.

"I saw Tad, you know, and I was figurin' 'round, big as all-out-of-doors, how I was going to produce him in court, and she thought I meant right off. Then, the minute I saw *you* I knew you, — and I had heard that girl say you were moonshining."

"Ai-yi! Sam Marvin!" cried a shrill feminine voice from the primitive stair-way, "that 's what ye got fur tryin' ter put the blame on me!"

Sam Marvin turned his bushy head toward the aperture in the floor. It might seem that Mrs. Marvin had left him nothing to say, but the versatility of the conjugal retort is well-nigh limitless, and he could doubtless have defended himself with an admirable valor had not Jeb "the hongry" interfered.

"Shet up, Sam," he said, looking positively famished in his lean anxiety. "We-uns hed n't thunk o' that. Mink Lorey hev got ter be tried agin."

It was all that Harshaw could do to restrain some expression of despair at this infelicitous turn given to the consultation, at which he seemed to assist to devise his own doom. He found a certain relief in shifting his position, and

still, with his hands clasped under his head, briskly participated in the conversation.

"Yes," he assented, in a debonair way which caused Marvin to look at him in lowering amazement, "I'm Mink's lawyer, but I could n't testify for him. I could n't swear of my own knowledge that this Tad is the same boy, for I never saw him before."

Both of the men lapsed into the attitude of laborious pondering. Now and then each looked at the other, as if to descry some intimation of the mutual effect.

Harshaw, with another bold effort to possess the situation, yawned widely and stretched his muscles.

"Oh — oh — oh — oh!" he exclaimed, on a steadily descending scale. "Well, gentlemen," his features once more at rest, his voice normal, "I should be glad to continue our conversation to-morrow" — he waved his hand bluffly — "or next week. I ain't used to huntin', — that is, huntin' deer, — and I'm in and about knocked up. If you've got anything to say to me, say it now, or keep it till to-morrow."

The two looked doubtfully at each other.

"Mr. Harshaw," said Marvin, "we-uns air feared to let you-uns go."

"Go to sleep?" asked Harshaw jocosely.

Jeb grinned, weakly, however, and Marvin continued: —

"Ter go 'way at all."

"Well," said Harshaw, easily, with another demonstration of somnolence, "I'll stay just as long as you like; you're a clever lot of fellows, and I'll be contented enough, I'll be bound. Your setting up all night is the only fault I have got to find with you."

They apparently submitted this answer from one to the other, and each silently canvassed it.

"Ye know too much," said "hongry Jeb."

"I'll know more if I stay. I'll find out whether you *are* moonshining now, sure enough, and where the still is."

"That's jes' what I hev been tellin' ye!" cried Mrs. Marvin's shrill voice from the ladder.

"Shet up, M'ria!" exclaimed Marvin, before "hongry Jeb" could interpose his pacifying "Shet up, Sam."

"Waal," resumed Marvin, in angry perturbation, "it's mighty ill-convenient, yer nosin' us out this way, up hyar, an' many a man fixed like me an' Jeb would fling ye off'n a bluff, ez ef ye hed fell thar, an' turn yer mare loose."

Once more Harshaw's rich, round laughter jarred the room.

"I'm in earnest," said Marvin, sternly. "That's what most men would do."

"Oh no, they would n't," said Harshaw, cavalierly.

"Why would n't they?" demanded Marvin, his curiosity roused by this strange indifference.

"Because those fellows I was hunting with will be sure to find this place, and *they* would know I would n't go fall off a bluff of my own accord, after such a good supper as I had here, and such a good bed. They would n't know I was n't allowed to sleep in it, though, on account of a long-jawed couple like you two."

He looked the picture of unconcern, — as if he had not really credited their words.

"They could n't track ye hyar," argued Jeb; "ground too dry yestiddy fur yer critter's huffs ter make enny mark."

"Bless your bones!" cried Harshaw, contemptuously, "I broke a path nigh a yard wide in the brush, and I blazed every oak-tree I met with my hunting-knife, — look and see how hacked it is, — and I cut my name on the first beech I came across. Think I was going to get lost in this wilderness without leaving any way for my friends to find me? They know pretty well where

they left me. As soon as it's light enough they'll be on my track."

He lied seldom, but with startling effect. The verisimilitude of his invention, which had flashed upon him at the last moment, carried conviction. The other two men looked at each other in consternation.

This was the secret of his ease of mind. This was the reason that he was willing to abide with them as long as they listed. These mysterious friends, these lurking hunters, might materialize at any moment when day should fairly dawn. The moonshiners asked with eager curiosity the names of the party. Marvin knew none of them, for it was a new region to him, and his vocation restricted his social opportunities. He had sprung up from the bed, and stood holding his ragged beard with one hand, and gazing with perplexed eyes at the recumbent lawyer. The frightful deed that he and his confederates had contemplated, that had seemed their only safe recourse, — to fling the intruder over a precipice, and leave his mare grazing near, as if in his search he had fallen, — had a predestined discovery through the craft of the man who had marked the devious trail of his footsteps to their door. The moonshiner trembled, as he stood so near this pitfall into which he had almost stumbled.

There had been a stir on the stairway; clumsy feet descended the rickety ladder. The movements below continued; there sounded the harsh scraping of a shovel on the rude stones of the hearth, and presently the newly kindled flames were crackling up the chimney; the flickering tallow dip was not so bright that the lines of light in the crevices of the flooring might not indicate how the room below was suddenly illumined. A smell of frying bacon presently pervaded the midnight.

"By Gosh!" cried Marvin, rousing himself from his brown study with a quick start, "air M'ria demented, ter set

out a-cookin' o' breakfus' in the middle o' the night?"

He turned himself suddenly about, and started down the ladder. "Hongry Jeb," looking after him with a keen anxiety, rose abruptly, took the candle, and, holding it above his lean, cadaverous face, vanished by slow degrees through the trap-door, feeling with his feet for each round of the ladder before he trusted his weight upon it. Harshaw lifted himself upon his elbow, watching the gradual disappearance. His face was pink once more; the flesh that had seemed ten minutes since to hang flabbily upon it was firm and full; his opaque blue eyes were bright; the last feeble, ineffective rays of the vanishing candle showed his strong white teeth between his parted red lips, and his triumphant red tongue thrust out derisively.

Then he fell back on his pillow, and tried to sleep. He felt, however, the pressure of the excitement; his pulses, his nerves, could not so readily accord with his calm mental conclusions, his logical inference of safety. The tension upon his alert senses was unrelaxed. The stir below-stairs made its incisive impression now, when he hardly cared to hear, as before, when he had strained every faculty to listen. He knew that it was Mrs. Marvin who had first devised the solution of the difficulty; she had already set about its execution while she advocated the measure, and insisted and argued with the men, who were disposed to canvass alternatives, and doubt, and wait. Often her shrill voice broke from the bated undertone in which they sought to conduct the conference, or she whispered huskily, with vibrant distinctness, hardly less intelligible.

"Ye an' Jeb take him," she urged. "Let the t'others go an' hide round 'bout the still. When the hunters git hyar they'll find me an' Mose an' the chillen, an' I'll tell 'em my old man be gone with Mr. Harshaw, a-guidin' him down the mounting. They'll never

know ez thar be enny moonshinin' a-goin' on hyar-about, — nuthin' ter show fur it."

She clashed her pans and pots and kettles, in the energy of her discourse, and Harshaw lost the muttered objection.

"Ef ye don't," she persisted, in her sibilant whisper, — "ef ye kill him, fling him off'n the bluff or sech, — they'll find the body, sure!"

A chill ran through the listener as he bent his ear.

"The buzzards or the wolves will fust, an' them men'll track him ter our door, an' track *ye* ter the spot."

The rain pelted on the roof; the flames roared up the chimney; the frying meat sputtered and sizzled, and the coffee dissipated a beguiling promissory odor. One of the men — the lawyer thought it was "hongry Jeb" — suggested in a dolorous whisper that they could depend in no degree on Harshaw's promise of secrecy. No man regarded an enforced pledge as sacred.

"Them's all *old* offenses, enny-hows," argued the woman. "But this hyar, what ye men air a-layin' off ter do" —

"'Ye *men*'!" sneered her husband. "*Ye* war the bouncin'est one o' the whole lay-out fur doin' of it."

"But, Lord A'mighty," she protested, "who'd ever hev thunk o' sech a smart thing ez markin' his trail ter the very door? He mus' be the devil. Smart enough, ennyways!"

She clashed her pots and pans once more, and moved about heavily across the floor.

"I ain't misdoubtin' but what he *air* a big man whar he hails from, an' they sets store by him, an' they'd be mighty apt ter stir round powerful arter him ef he was los'. An' this would be a new offense, — sure ter git fund out. An' Lord knows, we-uns hev been runned mighty nigh ter the jumpin'-off place from the face o' the yearth, an' I want

ter be let ter set down, an' ketch my breath, an' see Philetus grow an' git hearty, an' let me hev a chance ter die in peace."

Once more Jeb's rumbling voice rose along the stair-way.

"Shet up, Jeb!" she cried. "Ye hev jes' been a-settin' thar all the night a-shakin' yer head, an' a-lowin' ye wisht he hed done suthin' mean ter ye, so ez in gittin' rid o' him yer feelin's would n't be hurt. Now yer feelin's air safe, an' ye ain't got no mo' thankfulness 'n that thar cross-eyed, mangy hound fur the loan o' a pipe."

The mystery of cerebation; the strange, unmeasured force which works in uncomprehended methods to unforeseen results; the subtle process now formulating, and now erasing, an idea, like the characters of a palimpsest, was never so potently present to Harshaw as in contemplating the inspiration, the lucky thought, that had given him back to life, to hope, to sheer identity. He took himself to task, knowing that the obvious, the natural, the simple suggestion had lain all the evening in his mind, waiting the effective moment. He reproached himself that he should have suffered the agony of fright which he had endured. "I might have known," he argued within himself, in his bluff vanity, "that I'd have come out all right."

He fell asleep, presently, and when he was roused he rose with so genuine a reluctance that the last lurking doubt which Marvin and "hongry Jeb" had entertained vanished, as he went yawning down the ladder.

"I hate ter hev ter turn ye out'n my house 'fore day," Marvin remarked, "but ye know I'm hunted like a b'ar, or suthin' wild, an' I can't be expected ter show manners like folks. Me an' Jeb air a-goin' ter take ye pretty fur off, so ez ye kin never find yer way back, an' by daylight ye'll be set in yer road. I'm hopin' yer friends won't git

hyar; ef they does, I don't want 'em ter kem in, an' ef they hain't got no reason ter stop I reckon they'll go on. I'm powerful sorry ye kem along."

"Though ye be toler'ble good com'p'ny, an' we-uns ain't got nuthin' agin you-uns," remarked "hongry Jeb," politely.

"Kase," continued Marvin, in a sing-song fashion, as he sat down at his table, on which the corn-dodgers and bacon smoked, "kase we-uns air hunted an' driv by the law, — ez 'lows we sha'n't still our own corn ef we air a mind ter, — we hev been afeard ye'd tell 'bout'n we-uns an' whar we air hid."

"What for?" demanded Harshaw, with an incidental manner. He too was seated at the board; one elbow was on it, and he passed his hand over his eyes and yawned as he spoke. "So as to be dead sure to get beat like hell the next time I run for anything? An informer is mighty unpopular, no matter what he has got to tell. And make the biggest kind of hole in my law practice?"

"That's a fac'," said Jeb, impressed with the logic of this proposition.

"The favor of Cherokee and Kildeer counties is the breath of my political life, and you don't catch me a-fooling with it by letting my jaw wag too slack," continued Harshaw.

Philetus, the only member of the family that had gone to bed, slumbered peacefully in a small heap under the party-colored quilts. The dancing fire-light revealed his yellow head, and again it was undistinguishable in the brown shadow. The pullet and Mose sat on a bench at one side of the fire, and the moonshiners tilted their chairs back on the hind legs, and watched the bright and leaping flames, which were particularly clear, the fire being rekindled upon a warm hearth and in a chimney already full of hot air. The occasional yawning of the group gave the only indication of the hour. The sharp-faced woman sat in her chair, with

folded arms, ever and anon gazing at her guest, who had so strangely commended himself. His clever ruse to insure being followed by his friends had induced infinite admiration of his acumen.

"I reckon ef ye wanted ter go ter Congress or sech, thar would n't be nuthin' ter hender," she said slowly, contemplating him.

She was a simple woman, and he a wise man. He flushed with pleasure to hear his cherished thought in another's words. He bore himself more jauntily at the very suggestion. He toyed with his knife and fork as he protested.

"There's a mighty long road to travel 'twixt me and Congress."

"Waal, you-uns kin make it, I'll be bound," she said.

And he believed her.

As he rose from the table, at the conclusion of the meal, he took out his purse.

"Nare cent," said Marvin hastily. "We-uns hev been obligated by yer comp'ny, an' air powerful pleased ter part in peace."

Harshaw insisted, however, on leaving his knife for Philetus, and expressed regret that one of the blades was broken.

"He can't cut hisself with that un, nohow," said the anxious mother, in graciously accepting it.

Harshaw divined that she might have valued it more if all the blades had been in like plight. She placed it carefully on the high mantel-piece, where, it was safe to say, Philetus would not for some years be able to attain it.

Harshaw never forgot that ride. As the light flickered out from the door into the black midnight, vaguely crossed with slanting lines of rain, to the rail fence where his mare stood, saddled, the pistols in the holster, he experienced an added sense of confidence in his own methods and capacities, and an intense elation that so serious an adventure had terminated with so little injury.

When he was in the saddle he looked

back at the little house, crouching in the infinite gloom of the night and the vast forests that overhung it, with no fierce recollection of his trepidation, of his deadly and imminent peril. In conducting himself with due regard for the representations he had made, his mental attitude had in some sort adapted itself to his manner, and he felt as unconcerned, as easy, as friendly, as he looked. He hallooed back a genial adieu to the household standing in the doorway, in the flare of the fire. Philetus, roused by the noise to the sense of passing events, appeared in the midst, rubbing his eyes with both hands. The group gave the guest godspeed, the dogs wagged their tails. As Harshaw rode out of the inclosure, the vista of the room seemed some brilliant yellow shaft sunk in the dense darkness. And then he could see nothing: the rain fell in the midst of the black night; he felt it on his hands, his face, his neck; he turned up the collar of his coat; he heard the hoofs of his mare splashing in the puddles, and he marveled how the beast could see or follow Jeb, who, mounted on the smaller of Marvin's two mules, led the way, while Marvin himself brought up the rear. He could only trust to the superior vision of the animal, and adjust himself to the motion which indicated the character of the ground they traversed: now through tangles and amongst rocks; now coming almost to a halt, as the mare stepped over the fallen bole of a tree; now a sudden jump, clearing unseen obstructions; now down hill, now up; now through the rushing floods of a mountain torrent. Harshaw's buoyant mood maintained itself; his bluff voice sounded in the midst of the dreary rainfall, and his resonant, gurgling laugh over and again rang along the dark, wintry fastnesses. His geniality was communicated to the other men, and the conversation carried on at long range was animated and amicable.

"I wonder what's become of those scamps I was hunting with," he remarked. "I just know that shed of pine branches they fixed has leaked on 'em this night. I'll bet they're wallowin' in mud." He experienced a certain satisfaction in the thought. They had not been so badly scared as he, but at all events the camp hunters could not be happy under these circumstances.

How vast, how vast was the wilderness! Unseen, it gave an impression of infinite space. The wind clashed the bare boughs above his head. The pines wailed and groaned aloud. The commotion of the elements, the many subordinate, undetermined sounds, the weird, tumultuous voices of the forest, rising often to a terrible climax, had a mysterious, overpowering effect. It was a relief to detect a familiar note in the turmoil, even if it were the howl of a wolf, or the distant crash of a riven tree. How his mare plunged and floundered! — her head and neck now high before him, till he almost fell back upon her haunches, and now diving down so low that he had much ado to keep from slipping over the pommel.

"Well, Marvin," said Harshaw, once more on level ground, "if you and Jeb will come down to my farm and visit me, I'll promise you one thing, — I won't turn you out of the house at midnight in a downpour like this — ha! ha! ha! Confound you, old lady," — to the mare, as she stumbled, — "stand up, can't you?"

"You-uns ought n't ter set us down that-a-way," said Marvin, grieved at the reflection on his hospitality.

"Lord A'mighty!" exclaimed "hongry Jeb," — his tones out of the darkness were vaguely yearning, — "talkin' ter me 'bout ever kemin' ter see ennybody at thar farm! Ye mought ez well ax that thar wolf ez we-uns hearn a-hollerin' yander, 'Jes' kem an' set awhile, Mister Wolf, an' eat supper at my farm.' I

would n't dare no mo' ter show my muzzle in the settlemint's 'n he would his'n. The law 'lows both o' us air pests an' cumberers o' the groun', an' thar's a price on his head ez well ez mine. The law 'lows we air both murderers."

There was a pause, while the thud of the horses' footsteps were barely heard on the dank, soft mould. Then the voice of "hongry Jeb" seemed to detach itself from kindred dreary voices of the rain and the winds and the woods, and become articulate.

"That's edzac'ly whar it hurts my feelin's. The wolf air enough mo' like the revenueers, a-seekin' who they may devour. I oughter played the sheep, I reckon, an' gin 'em my blood stiddier lead; but I'm human, — I'm human," insistently. "An' when a feller with a pistol draws a bead on me, I jes' naterally whips up my rifle an' bangs too. An' he war a pore shot an' I war a good un, an' he got the wust o' it."

The horses surged through the ford of an invisible torrent, stumbling among the rolling bowlders and struggling out on the other bank, and then they could hear again the monotonous falling of the multitudinous raindrops; the dreary wind took up its refrain, and the melancholy voice of Jeb began anew.

"T would hev been self-defense, ef I hed n't been engaged in a unlawful act, preferrin' ter squeege the juice out'n my apples, an' bile an' sell it, 'n ter let 'em rot on the groun'. I war a fool. I 'lowed the apples war mine. Me an' my dad an' my gran'dad hed owned the orchard an' the lan' sence the Injun went. But 't war n't my apples, — b'long ter the government. I ain't never shot at no man ez didn't shoot at me fust. But 'tain't self-defense fur me. I'm got ter play sheep."

The woful tenor of this discourse seemed to anger Marvin, suddenly.

"Waal, I wish ye war slartered now!" he broke out. "I'd jes' ez lief listen ter that thar wolf conversin' by

the hour. What ails ye, Jeb, ter git set a-goin' so all-fired lonesome an' doleful?"

"Lord, nuthin'," said Jeb amenably, from the van of the procession. "I ain't lonesome nor doleful, nuther. When Mr. Harshaw 'lowed suthin' 'bout my kemin' ter see him on his farm, it jes' reminded me sorter ez when I war young, afore my diff'unce with the governmint, I used ter be a powerful lively boy, an' knowed plenty o' folks, an' went about mightily, — never lived like I does now. I war sorter o' a vagrantin' boy, — used ter consort with boys in the valley, an' they'd kem' up ter the cove an' bide an' go huntin', an' I'd go down ter thar farms; an' that's how kem I knowed whar ye live on Owl Creek. Powerful good land some of it air, — mellow, rich sile; some cherty hillsides, though. None o' them boys hev turned out like me. Why, I used ter know Jeemes Gwinnan ez well ez the road ter mill, an' Jim's a jedge a-gracin' the bench, an' I'm — a wolf!"

Harshaw experienced a sudden quickening of interest. "You knew Gwinnan?"

"Lord, yes; ez well ez the bark knows the tree. Jeemes war a fine shot, an' he liked huntin' fust-rate. He hed n't his health very well, an' his mother, bein' a widder-woman, war more'n naterally foolish 'bout'n him, an' war always lookin' fur him ter die. So she'd keep him out'n doors ez well ez she could. But he'd kerry his book along, an' read, 'thout he war a-huntin'. So she let him kem whenst he war jes' a boy, an' go huntin' in the mountings along o' the men growed. An' it done him good. He war ez fine a shot ez I ever see."

A wonderful thing was happening in the woods, — the familiar miracle of dawn. The vast forests were slowly asserting dim outlines of bole and branch, lodgment for the mist which clothed them in light and fleecy illusions of

foliage. A gray revelation of light, more the sheer values of distinctness than a realized medium, was unfolding before the eye. The serried slants of rain fell at wider intervals, and the equestrian form of Jeb became visible, — lank, lean, soaked with rain, his old white hat shedding the water from its brim in rivulets upon his straight and straggling hair. As he jogged along on the little mule, whose long ears seemed alternately to whisk off the shades of night, he seemed a forlornly inadequate individual to have had a "diff'unce with the governmint."

"Jim's what reminded me of how I war fixed in life," he went on, more cheerfully. "An' this hyar whole trip air what reminded me o' Jim. I guided him — mus' hev been fourteen year ago, or mo' — through jes' sech a rainy night ez this, an' through these hyar very woods — naw, sir! more towards the peak o' Thunderhead."

"I dunno ez ye hev got enny call ter be so durned pertic'lar 'bout the percise spot," said Marvin, significantly.

"That's a fac'," said Jeb, good-naturedly. "I guided him through the mountings an' over the line inter the old North State."

"What in hell did he want to go there for, in the rain and the dead of the night?" asked Harshaw. His breath was quick; he felt that he panted on the brink of a discovery. Now plunge!

"Kase, stranger, he war obleeged ter, sorter like you-uns," said Jeb enigmatically.

He looked back over his shoulder, with perhaps some stirring doubt, some vague suspicion, at the man who followed; but Harshaw, now lifting a hand to thrust a branch from across the path, now adjusting the bridle about the mare's head, seemed so careless, so casual, in his curiosity that Jeb was reassured as to the innocuousness of his gossip, and went on.

"Ye see, them fellers he consorted

with — huntin', an' a-pitchin' o' quates, an' a-foot-racin', an' sech — war mostly powerful servigrus, gamesome folks; an' some o' 'em war gin ter toler'ble wild ways, an' Jeemes — his mother never keered much what he done, so ez he'd quit stickin' so all-fired constant ter his law-books, kase he war a-studyin' law by that time in old Squair Dinks's law-office in Colbury — he war 'bout twenty-two year old — he war mixed up in a deal o' them goin's-on. An' from one little thing an' another he hed some ill-will started agin him wunst in a while. Him an' Eph Saunders hed a fallin'-out wunst. Eph was a tremenjious strong man, an' he kep' flingin' words at Jeemes. Sence Jeemes hed tuk ter studyin' o' law an' sech, an' 'peared right hearty, he tuk up with town ways powerful, an' went ter meet'n a-Sunday nights, 'scortin' the gals, an' dressed hisself like a plumb peacock. An' whenst Eph 'tended circus in Colbury he met up with Jeemes, who hed a lot o' his gal-cousins along. An' Eph war drunk, an' Jim gin him a push aside, an' Eph, he fell on the groun'. Waal, sir, it like ter killed Eph, — ter be knocked down by a man o' Jeemes's weight! Jim could n't hev done it ef Eph hed n't been drunk. Eph jes' mourned like Samson arter his hair war cut off. Ye'd hev 'lowed he war *de-sgraced* fur life! An', like Samson, he war n't a-goin' ter bide stopped off an' done fur. He kep' a-sendin' all sorts o' words ter Jeemes; an' ez Jeemes never wanted no fuss with Eph, he kep' out'n his way fur a while. An' Eph, he 'lowed ez Jim war afeard an' a-hidin'. Waal, sir, that hustled up Jeemes's feelin's mightily. He jes' wanted ter keep out'n his mother's hearin', though; she war a powerful chicken-hearted, floppy kind o' woman, — skeered at everything. Then Jeemes, he sent Eph word ez he war n't a-goin' ter be beat inter a jelly fur nuthin' by a man twict his size; but he war a-kemin' up ter settle him with his

rifle. An' Eph, he sent word he'd meet him at the big Sulphur Spring, thar on that spur o' the mounting. Ef Jeemes so much ez dared ter cross the foot-bredg over Gran'dad's Creek, an' set his foot on the t'other side, Eph swore he'd shoot him dead. An' Eph, he sent word ter come Chewsdays an hour by sun, an' bring his friends ter see fair play."

"Laws-a-massy!" exclaimed Marvin, in the fervor of reminiscence, "I kin jes' see that thar spot, — that thar old foot-bredg in the woods, an' the water high enough ter lap the under side o' the log; 'twar hewn a-top, an' made toler'ble level footin'. An' me an' Jeb dodgin' in the laurel, fur fear Eph would shoot 'fore Jeemes crost."

"Jeemes seemed toler'ble long a-crossin'," Jeb resumed, — "I 'member that; an' he stopped at the furdur eend, an' lifted his rifle ter his shoulder ter be ready ter shoot. An' thar stood Eph, a sightin' him keerful ez he kem" —

"You were both there?" said Harshaw, hastily.

"Lord, yes," said Jeb. "Jeemes hed stayed at my dad's house the night afore. An' he never brung none o' his town friends, — afeard o' word gittin' ter his mother. So me an' Sam, — Sam, he lived nigh me, — we-uns went along."

"Did he kill Eph?" demanded Harshaw, the query swift with the momentum of the wish.

"Waal, not edzac'ly," drawled Jeb. "That's whar the funny part kem in. Eph, he knowed ef Jeemes shot fust he war a dead man, — mighty few sech shots ez Jeemes, — but he war n't a-goin' ter murder him by shootin' him afore he put his foot on the groun' an' tuk up the dare. So he waited, an' Jeemes stopped short right at the aide o' the bredg."

"Lord, I 'members how he looked!" cried Marvin. "He had tuk off his coat an' vest, though we-uns hed tole him that thar b'iled shirt o' his'n war a

good mark for Eph, ez looked jes' the color o' the clay bank a-hint him, in them brown jeans clothes. Jim's straw hat war drawn down over his eyes; he war jes' about the build o' his ramrod, — slimmest, stringiest boy! — ez delikit-lookin' ez a gal. One thing Eph called him, ez riled him wuss 'n all, war 'Miss Polly.'"

"He hev widened out mightily sence then, though he ain't got no fat ter spare yit," put in Jeb.

"An' then, suddint," resumed Marvin, "he jes' stepped his foot right on the groun'. In that very minute Eph's gun flashed. An' I seen Jeemes standin' thar, still sightin'. An' then Eph, he drapped his gun, an' held his hands afore his face, an' yelled out, 'Shoot, ef ye air a-goin' ter shoot! I ain't a-goin' ter stan' hyar no longer.' An' Jeemes, he looked ez scornful" —

"I never seen a boy's looks with sech a cuttin' aidge ter 'em," interpolated Jeb.

"An' Jeemes, he say, 'I ain't a-wastin' powder ter-day. I never 'lowed ez skunks war game.' An' he drapped his gun."

"Yes, sir!" exclaimed Jeb, "he jes' hed that much grit, — ter stan' up ez a shootin' mark fur Eph Saunders, an' prove he war n't afeard o' nuthin'. He did, sir!"

"Why, look here, my good friends!" cried the elated lawyer. "That was a duel. It was a cool, premeditated affair. They met by previous appointment, and fought with deadly weapons and with witnesses. It was a duel."

"Mebbe so," said Jeb, indifferently and uncomprehendingly. "I call it clean grit."

"Waal," went on Marvin, "I run across the bredge lookin' fur Eph's bullet. I said, 'Whar'd it go?' An' by that time Eph an' them low down Kitwin boys war slinkin' off. An' sez Jeemes, 'Don't let 'em know it. I don't want my mother ter hear 'bout it. She air fibble an' gittin' old.' An' thar

I seen the breast o' his shirt war slow a-spottin' with blood. Waal, sir, that's how kem me an' Jeb an' him rid over the mountings inter North Car'lina, whar he hed some kinsfolks livin' 'mongst the hills.

"Ye see," — Jeb again took up his testimony, — "he did n't want the news ter git ter his mother afore he got well, kase he war delikit, an' she war always a-lookin' fur him ter die; an' Eph never knowed Jim war shot, an' could n't kerry the tale down ter Colbury. Waal, we-uns war all young an' toler'ble bouncin' fools, I tell ye, an' we sorter got light on that fac' whenst we-uns sot out ter ride with a man with a gun-shot wound — I furgits 'zac'ly whar the doctor say the bullet went in — miles an' miles through the mountings; an' the dark kem on an' the rain kem down, an' Jeemes got out'n his head. An' this ride with you-uns air what reminded me o' it."

"I ain't out of my head!" cried Harshaw, with covert meaning. "You bet your immortal soul on that!"

"Naw," — Jeb admitted the discrepancy, — "but the rain, an' the ride, an' the mountings, an' the darksomeness."

"Lord! a body would n't hev b'lieved how Jeemes's pride war hurt ter be called afeard!" exclaimed Marvin. "I 'low he'd let Eph chop him up in minch meat ter prove he war n't. He air prouder of hisself 'n enny man I ever see. Thar's whar his soul is, — in his pride."

"I'm glad ter hear it," said Harshaw, so definitely referring to an occult interpretation of his own that the old white hat, bobbing along in front of him, turned slowly, and he saw the lank, cadaverous face below it, outlined with its limp wisps of black hair against the nebulous vapors. So strong an expression of surprise did Jeb's features wear that Harshaw hastily added, "A man that ain't got any pride ain't worth anything."

"Ef he hev got ennything ter be proud of," stipulated melancholy Jeb.

The day had fully dawned; the rain, the mists, the looming forests, had acquired a dull verity in the stead of the vague, illusory shadows they had been. Nevertheless, the muddy banks of the creek down which the mare slid, her legs rigid as iron, the obstructions of the ford, — rocks, fallen limbs of trees, floating or entangled in intricacies of overhanging bushes, — were all rendered more difficult, for Harshaw mechanically controlled the reins instead of trusting to the mare's instinct; as he sawed on the bit, while she threw back her head, foaming at the mouth, he brought her to her knees in the midst of the stream. The water surged up about the great boots which he wore drawn over his trousers to the knee, and the mare regained her footing with snorting difficulty. There were no expletives, and Jeb looked back in renewed surprise.

"Ye mus' be studyin' powerful hard, stranger," he commented, "not ter hev seen that thar boulder."

"Yer beastis war a-goin' ter take slanchwise across the ruver, whar thar war n't nuthin' ter hender, till ye in an' about pulled the jaw off'n her," Marvin said, as Harshaw pushed through the swollen flood and up the opposite bank. His flushed face was grave; his eyes were intent; he rode along silently. He was indeed thinking.

He was thinking that if what they had told him were true — and how could he doubt it? — Gwinnan in taking the official oath had committed perjury; he was disqualified for the judicial office, and liable to impeachment. Harshaw was vaguely repeating to himself and trying to remember the phraseology of the anti-duelling oath exacted of every office-holder in the State of Tennessee, — an oath that he had not directly or indirectly given or accepted a challenge since the adoption of the Constitution in 1835.

Under what pretext, what secret reservation or evasion, had Gwinnan been able to evade this solemn declaration? Or had he adopted the simple expedient of swallowing it whole? Harshaw wondered, remembering all the acerbities of Gwinnan's canvass and election, that the old story had not before come to light. But it was a section of frequent feuds and bloody collisions, the subject was trite and unsuggestive, and the details of an old fight might seem to promise no novel developments. How odd that he, of all men, should stumble on it, in view of its most signal significance!

Auxiliary facts pressed upon his attention. Nothing that could be now urged against an official was so prejudicial as the crime of dueling. The episode of Kinsard's boyish demonstration attested the temper of the public. With much difficulty had his friends shielded him by its ambiguity; and indeed only because it was a meaningless folly, without intention or result, had it proved innocuous. Even Kinsard, fire-eater as he was, had been forced to accept their interpretations of its harmless intent, and to subside under the frown of public displeasure. The more lenient members of the House had had cause to regret their clemency, the disapproval of their constituents being expressed in no measured manner by the unabashed local journals. But no ambiguity was here; this was the accomplished fact, this the clue that long he had sought. He would think it out at his leisure. But even if the House should decline to act in the matter, Gwinnan could be removed by judicial proceedings. How lucky, how lucky, was this ride!

The rain had ceased at last. They were among the minor ridges that lie about the base of the Great Smoky. They had ridden many a mile out of their way, — Harshaw could not say in what direction, — so that he might not

easily retrace his steps. The mists still hung about them when they turned from the almost imperceptible path, which Jeb had followed with some keen instinct or memory, into a road, — a rough wagon track. Bushes were growing in its midst, bowlders lay here and there; its chief claim to identification as a highway being its occasional mud-puddles, of appalling depth and magnitude, and its red clay mire, fetlock deep at least.

Harshaw roused himself suddenly, as the two moonshiners intimated their intention of parting company with him.

"Thar's yer way, stranger," said Marvin, pausing on the rise and pointing down the road. It was visible only a few rods in the mist, dreary and deserted, with deep ditches, heavily washed by the rain, on either hand; it might seem to lead to no fair spaces, no favored destination where one might hope to be. But Harshaw drew up his mare, and gazed along it with kindling eyes. His felt hat drooped in picturesque curves about his dense yellow hair, soaked, like his beard, to a darker hue. His closely buttoned coat had a military suggestion. His heavy figure was imposing on horseback. He flushed with sudden elation. Alack! he saw more trooping down that prosaic dirt road than the mist, hastily scurrying; than the vestiges of a faintly stirring wind in the swaying of the stunted cedars, clinging to the gashed and gully-washed embankments; than the last trickling stragglers of the storm.

He did not notice, or he did not care, that the two men had remarked his silence, his evident absorption. He glanced cursorily at them, as they sat regarding him, — one on the little lank mule, his partner on the big lean one, both drenched, and forlorn, and poverty-stricken, and humble of aspect. Even the mare, perhaps recognizing the road down into Kildeer County, where she had spent the first frisky years of her toilsome pilgrimage, showed a new spirit,

and caracoled as Harshaw rode up to the two men to offer his hand.

"Farewell, stranger," they said; and in the old-fashioned phrase of the primitive Plain People, "Farewell," he replied.

They stood looking after him, hardly understanding what they lacked, what they had expected, as the mare, with a mincing, youthful freshness, cantered a little way along the grassy margin of the road, above the rivulets in the ditches, surging twelve or fourteen feet below.

Presently Harshaw paused, yet unobscured by the mists which had gathered about him, and glanced over his shoulder, — not to thank them for such aid and comfort as they had given him.

"Gentlemen," he said, a little ill at ease because of the restive mare, "I must thank you for the story you told me. You don't know how much good it did me. A pretty little story, with a pretty little hero. A very *pretty* little story, indeed."

He bent his roseate, dimpled smile upon them, and thrust out his red tongue satirically; with a bound the mare disappeared in the mist, leaving the grave, saturnine mountaineers staring after him, and listening to the measured hoof-beats of his invisible progress till they died in the distance.

Then they looked at each other.

"Sam," said Jeb, when they had turned again into their fastnesses, where they could ride only in single file, "I dunno ef we-uns done right las' night. This worl' would be healthier ef that man war out'n it."

"I ain't misdoubtin' that none," returned Marvin. "'Peared ter me powerful comical, the way he tuk off down the road, an' I ain't able ter study out yit what he meant. My gran'mam always 'lowed ez them ez talks in riddles larnt thar speech o' the devil, him bein' the deceivin' one. But 't war n't healthy fur we-uns ter kill him, even ef we could

hev agreed ter do it. I reckon them hunters *would* hev tracked him. An' I don't b'lieve he war no spy nor sech."

"Nor me nuther," said "hongry Jeb," well enough satisfied with the termination of the adventure, "though I ain't likin' him now ez well ez I done a-fust."

They liked him still less, and all their old suspicions returned with redoubled force, upon reaching home, when the afternoon was well advanced. For no hunters had yet appeared, and the lurking moonshiners, becoming surprised because of this, had tracked Harshaw's way to the house by the broken brush, the hairs from the mane and tail of the mare, a bit of his coat clutched off by the briars, the plain prints of the mare's hoofs along a sandy stretch protected from the rain by the beetling ledges of a crag. There were many oak-trees along this path, — not one blazed by a hunting-knife. They understood at last his clever lie. And Marvin upbraided M'ria: —

"Thar air more constancy in the ways o' the wind, an' mo' chance o' countin' on 'em, 'n that thar woman. Fust he mus' be dragged out straight an' kilt, — flunged off'n the bluff, — else we-uns would all go ter jail, an' Philetus be lef' ter starve 'mongst the painters, ez would n't keep him comp'ny, but would eat him up. Then when the man limbered his jaw an' sot out ter lyin', she gits so all-fired skeered, she hed breakfus' cooked for we-uns ter journey 'fore I could sati'fy my mind 'bout nuthin'. Ef the truth war knowed, we'd all be safer ef M'ria were flunged over the bluff."

And Maria, staring at the line of oak-trees, all undesecrated by the knife, could not gainsay it.

She could only wring her hands, and rock herself to and fro, and revolve her troublous fears, and grow yet more wan and gaunt with her prescient woes for them all — and for Philetus.

XXV.

On the second day of February, the ground-hog, true to his traditions, emerged from his hole, and looked about him cautiously for his shadow. Fortunately, it was not in attendance. And by this token the spring was early, and all the chill rains, and late frosts, and unpropitious winds, and concomitant calamities, that might have ensued had he found his ill-omened shadow awaiting him, were escaped. It was not long afterward that small protuberances appeared on every twig and wand, on every branch and bole, although the trees had not budded save in these promissory intimations. The sap was stirring. The dead world was quickened again. That beautiful symbolism of the miracle of resurrection was daily presented in the reawakening, in the rising anew of the spring. So pensively gladsome it was, so gently approaching, with such soft and subtle languors! The sky was blue; the clouds how light, how closely akin to the fleecy mists! Sheep-bells were tinkling — for what! the pastures were already green! And here and there a peach-tree beside a rail fence burst forth in a cloud of blossoms so exquisitely petaled, so delicately roseate, that only some fine ethereal vagary of the sunset might rival the tint. Sometimes among the still leafless mountains these pink graces of color would appear, betokening the peach orchard of some hidden little hut, its existence only thus attested. The Scolacutta River was affluent with the spring floods: a wild, errant stream this, with many a wanton freak, with a weakness for carrying off its neighbor's rails; for snatching huge slices of land from the banks; for breaking off trees and bushes, and whirling them helplessly down its current, tossing and teetering in a frantic, unwilling dance. Many a joke had it played before and since the disaster to old Griff's mill. The sun-

beams might seem the strings of a harp ; whenever touched by a wing they were quivering and trilling with songs. Slow-wreathing blue smoke curled in fields here and there where the fires of rubbish blazed ; sometimes a stump would burn sullenly all night and char slowly, and with a puff of wind burst anew into flames. The soft lustres of the Pleiades and the fiery Aldebaran were resplendent in the heavens, and the moon was the paschal moon. A vernal thrill had blessed the wild cherry, and it gave out its glad incense. For miles and miles the exquisite fragrance from its vast growths on the mountain-side pervaded the air. And presently the mountain-side wore the tender verdure of budding leaves, and even the gloomy pines were tipped with new tufts of vivid green, unlike their sombre hue ; and here and there crags flaunted a burgeoning vine, and the wild ivy crept on the ground where the wood violet bloomed. All day the ploughs turned the furrow, and the air echoed with the calls "gee haw" to the slow oxen.

And Mrs. Purvine was greatly distraught in the effort to remember exactly where she had stowed away certain bags of seed necessary, in view of their best interests, to be sown in the light of the moon.

Her sun-bonnet was all awry, her face wrinkled and anxious with the cares of the spring-tide "gyarden spot," her gestures laborious and weary, as she sat on her porch, the lap of her ample apron filled with small calico bags, each of which seemed to have a constitutional defect in its draw-string ; for when found closed it would not open, and if by chance open it would not close. There was a sort of shelf in lieu of balustrade against the posts of the porch, and on this were placed two or three pieces of old crockery, — providentially broken into shapes that the ingenious could utilize, — in which seeds were immersed in water, that they might swell in the night, and

thus enter the ground prepared to swiftly germinate. One of these broken dishes stood on the floor at her feet, and a graceless young rooster, that had the air of loafing about the steps, approached by unperceived degrees, picked up several of the seed, and was quenching his thirst when spied by Mrs. Purvine, who was viciously pulling the strings of a recalcitrant bag.

"In the name o' Moses !" she adjured him so solemnly that the rooster stopped, and looked at her expectantly. "I'm in an' about minded ter cut them dish-rag-gourd seed out'n yer craw, ye great, big, ten-toed sinner, you ! Ye needn't turn yer head up 'twixt every sup, — so thankful ter the Lord fur water. Ye 'll find mo' water in the pot 'n that. A-swallerin' them few dish-rag-gourd seed ez nimble an' onconsarned, an' me jes' a-chasin' an' a-racin' an' wore ter the bone ter find some mo' ! Ye'd better leave 'em be."

The rooster, hardly comprehending the words, was about to again sample the delicacy, when aunt Dely, stamping to startle him, inadvertently overturned the dish and the seed on the floor. The fowl scuttled off, looking askance at the ruin, and the water dripped through the cracks of the puncheon floor.

So absorbed had she been that she had not observed an approach, and Alethea was at the foot of the steps when she lifted her eyes.

"Hyar I be, aunt Dely," said the girl, noticing Mrs. Purvine's occupation with a surprise that seemed hardly warranted, and speaking in a breathless, eager way. "Air you-uns feelin' enny better ?"

For once in her life the crafty Mrs. Purvine was embarrassed ; to conceal her confusion, she engaged in a strenuous struggle with one of the bags of seed.

"I feel toler'ble well," she said at last, gruffly.

"Waal !" exclaimed Alethea, in amaze-

ment. "From the word Ben Doaks brung ter Wild-Cat Hollow, ez he war drivin' up some steers ter the bald o' the mounting, we-uns 'lowed ez ye hed been tuk awful sick, an' war like ter die."

"I sent ye that word," said Mrs. Purvine, with admirable effrontery. "I knowed thar war n't no other way ter git ye down hyar. When hev ye hed the perliteness ter fetch them bones o' yourn hyar afore?" She looked over her spectacles with angry reproach at the girl.

"Waal, aunt Dely," said Alethea in her dulcet, mollifying drawl, sitting down on the step as she talked, "ye know I hev hed ter do so much o' the ploughin' an' sech, a-puttin' in o' our craps. We-uns hev got sech a lot o' folks up ter our house. An' I dunno when Jacob Jessup hev done less work 'n he hev this spring."

"Thought ye be always 'lowin' ye ain't layin' off ter do his work," said the elder tartly.

"Waal," rejoined Alethea wearily, "I don't 'pear ter hev the grit ter hold out an' quar'l over it, like I used ter do. I reckon my sperit's a-gittin' bruk; but I don't mind workin' off in the field, 'thout no jawin', whar I kin keep comp'ny with my thoughts."

"I would n't want ter keep comp'ny with 'em," said aunt Dely cavalierly. "I'll be bound they air heavier ter foler 'n the plough. Mighty solemn, low-sperited thoughts fur a sry young gal like you-uns! Ef yer head could be turned inside out, thar ain't nobody ez would n't 'low it mus' outside be gray. They'd say, 'In the name o' Moses! old ez this inside, an' yaller outside! 'Tain't natur!'"

The girl had taken off her bonnet. Her beauty was undimmed, despite a pensive pallor on her delicate cheek. She fanned herself with her sun-bonnet, and the heavy, undulating folds of her lustrous yellow hair stirred softly. "I'm

powerful glad ter find ye hevin' yer health same ez common," she said.

"I'm s'prised ter hear ye say so," declared Mrs. Purvine, tart from her renewed conflicts with the bag. "I ain't sick, bless the Lord, but I wanted ye ter kem down hyar an' bide with me, an' I knowed I could n't tole ye out'n that thar Eden, ez ye call Wild-Cat Hollow, 'thout purtendin' ter be nigh dead. So I jes' held my han' ter my side an' tied up my head, an' hollered ter Ben Doaks ez he went by. He looked mighty sorry fur me!" A faint smile flickered across her broad face. "I hed laid off ter go ter bed afore you-uns kem, though. I will say fur ye ez ye travel toler'ble fas'. Yes, sir!" she went on, after a momentary pause. "I live in a ongrateful worl'. I hev ter gin out I'm dyin' ter git my own niece ter kem ter see me. An' thar's that thar Jerry Price, ez I hev raised from a ill-convenient infant, ez wou'd do nuthin' I say, nor marry nobody I picks out fur him. I'll be boun' he would n't hev no say-so 'bout'n it ef his aunt Melindy Jane hed hed the raisin' of him. An' Bluff ez good ez 'lowed this mornin' ez he 'd hook me ef I did n't quit foolin' in his bucket o' bran,—kase I 'lowed ez mebbe the saaft-soap gourd war drapped in it, bein' ez I could n't find it nowhar, an' I war afeard 't would n't agree with the critter's insides. An' thar's that rooster,"—he was now out among the weeds: "he war a aig ez got by accident inter a tur-r-key's nest, an' when he war hatched she would n't hev him; an' ez I hed no hen ez war kerryin' o' chickens his size, I hed ter keer fur him. I useter git up in my bare feet in the middle o' a winter night ter kiver up that thar rooster in a bat o' cotton, fur he war easy ter git cold, an' he could holler ez loud ez a baby. An' arter all, he kem hyar an' eat up 'bout haffen my dish-rag-gourd seed! I dunno what in Moses's name is kem o' the other bags. Never mind!"—she shook her head as she

addressed the jaunty and unprecient fowl, — “I’ll git up the heart ter kill ye some day; an’ ef I can’t eat ye, bein’ so well acquainted with ye, I’ll be bound Jerry kin.”

Alethea, apprised how precious the seeds were, began to gather them up as she sat on the step.

“Listen ter Jerry, now!” exclaimed Mrs. Purvine, with whom the world had evidently gone much amiss to-day. “Need n’t tell me he don’t hurt Bluff’s feelin’s, callin’ him names whilst ploughin’, an’ yellin’ at him like a plumb cat-amount. Ef Bluff hed n’t treated me like he done this mornin’, I’d go thar an’ make Jerry shet up.”

Now and then the ox and the man at the plough-tail came into view at the end of the field that sloped down to the road. One of aunt Dely’s boys was dropping corn in the furrow, and the other followed with a hoe and covered the grain in. Alethea watched them with the interest of a practical farmer.

Aunt Dely, too, looked up, repeating the old formula: —

“One fur the cut-worm and one fur the crow,
Two fur the blackbird and one fur ter grow.”

Jerry, glancing toward the house, called out a salutation to Alethea, and then at long range entered upon a colloquy with Mrs. Purvine touching the lack of seed.

“Whar’s that thar t’other bag o’ seed-corn?” he demanded.

“Waal, I ain’t got none!” cried out Mrs. Purvine peremptorily. “I mus’ hev made a mistake, and fedded that thar bag o’ special an’ percise fine seed-corn ter the chickens, — I wish they war every one fried. I disremember now what I done, an’ what I done it fur. Ye jes’ gear up Bluff in the wagin an’ go ter mill, an’ see ef ye can’t git some thar.”

“Laws-a-massy!” objected Jerry, “t’ain’t no use ter make Bluff go. I kin git thar an’ back quicker an’ easier ’thout him ’n with him.”

“Ye do ez ye air bid,” said Mrs. Purvine; and while Jerry stared she presently explained, as she sawed away on the draw-strings of a bag, “I want ye ter take Lethe along ter the post-office, ter see ef thar’s enny letter fur me.”

Now, Mrs. Purvine had never written or received a letter in her life; in fact, would not have understood the functions of a post-office, had it not been for her husband’s incumbency some years ago. Nevertheless, in common with half the country-side, whenever she thought of it she gravely demanded if there were a missive for her, and was gravely answered in the negative, and went her way well content.

Both young people understood her ruse well enough, — to throw them together, in the hope that propinquity might do a little match-making. Since Mink’s long sentence of imprisonment had been pronounced upon him, she felt that there was no longer fear of rivalry from that quarter, as the Supreme Court would hardly reverse so plain and just a judgment. And now, she thought, is Jerry’s golden opportunity. However, she elaborately justified the expedition upon the basis of convenience.

“Ye *could* fetch the letter an’ the corn too,” she observed, in a cogitating manner; “but then, goin’ ter mill, ye’d be apt ter git meal sprinkled onto it. I reckon I’d better send Lethe too. Ye kin leave her at the post-office till ye go ter mill.”

This verisimilitude imposed even upon Alethea.

“Who air ye expectin’ a letter from, aunt Dely?” said the girl.

Mrs. Purvine was equal to the occasion.

“I ’lowed,” she said, with swift inspiration, “ez some o’ them folks ez we-uns bided with down thar in Shaftesville mought take up a notion ter write ter us.”

Alethea thought this not unlikely,

and set out with Jerry with some interest, fully prepared to preserve the precious letter from any contact with meal.

Mrs. Purvine, her ill-humor evaporating in the successful exploiting of her little plan, gazed after them with a benignant smile illuminating her features, as they creaked off in the slow little ox-cart, its wheels now leaning outward and now bending inward, as the loose linch-pin or some obstruction in the road might impel. She noted, however, that the old slouch hat and the brown sun-bonnet, with its coy tress of golden hair showing beneath its curtain, were seldom turned toward each other, and there was evidently little disposition for conversation between the two young people.

"Bluff hev got mos' o' the brains in that thar comp'ny," she said to herself with indignation because of their mutual indifference. "But Lethe Ann Sayles air mighty diff'rent from some wimmin, ef she kin hold her jaw fur twenty year, an' keep that thar dead-an'-gin-out look on her face fur Mink Lorey. He can't git back 'fore then. An' Jerry's got ez good a chance ez Ben Doaks. But it's mighty hard on a pore old woman like me, ez hed enough trouble marryin' herself off thirty year ago, a-runnin' away an' sech, ter gin herself ter studyin' 'bout sech foolishness in her old age ez love-makin', an' onsettlin' her mind, kase they hain't got enough sense ter do thar courtin' 'thout help."

But this unique grievance was so inadequate that Mrs. Purvine gave up the effort to eke out thereby her ill-humor, and gazed about with placid complacency at the spring landscape, tossing all the bags of seed together into a splint basket, to be sorted at some more propitious day.

In Bluff's slow progress along the red clay road, the gradual unfolding of the scene, the vernal peace, the bene-

dictory sunshine, had their benignant effect on Alethea. Absorbed as she had been, in descending the mountain, by her anxiety for the specious aunt Dely's illness, she had not noted until now how far the spring was advanced in the sheltered depths of the cove, how loath to climb to the sterile fastnesses of Wild-Cat Hollow.

"The season 'pears ter be toler'ble back'ard in the hollow, jedgin' by the cove," she remarked, her eyes resting wistfully upon the tender verdure on the margin of the river. The sun was warm, for it was not long past noon, and Bluff stopped to drink in the midst of the ford. The translucent brown water above the bowlders, all distinct in its clear depths, washed about the miry wheels, and lapsed with soft sighs against the rocky banks; great silvery circles elastically expanded on its surface about the ox's muzzle, distorting somewhat the image of his head and his big, insistent, sullen eyes and long horns, as he drank. Whenever the sunbeams struck the current a bevy of tiny insects might be seen, skittering about over the water; and hark! a frog was croaking on a rotten log in the dank shadow of the laurel. From the fields beyond the call of the quail was sweet and clear. The ranges encompassing the cove on every hand seemed doubly beautiful, doubly dear, with the tender promise of summer upon them, with the freshened delights of soft airs pervading them, with the predominant sense of the liberated joys of nature in the bourgeonings and the blooms, in the swift rushing of torrents, in the whirl of wings. The wooded lines of those summits close at hand were drawn in fine detail against the sky, save where the great balds towered, — symmetrical, ponderous, bare domes; further mountains showed purple and blue, and among them was a lowering gray portent that might have seemed a storm-cloud, save to those who knew the

strange, cumulose outline of Thunder-head.

Everywhere birds were building. A couple of jays were carrying straws from a heap in a corner of a fence; they rose with a great whirl of blue and white feathers, as Bluff, his horns nodding, approached them. A dove was cooing in a clump of dog-wood trees, whitely blooming by the road. There was a great commotion of wings in the air from a lofty martin-house in a way-side door-yard, as the plucky denizens chased a hawk round and round and out of sight.

"Thought that thar war the way ter the post-office at Squair Bates's, Jerry," Alethea observed, pointing down one of those picturesque winding roads, so common to the region, threading the forests, its tawny red convolutions flecked with shadow and sheen, showing in long, fascinating vistas and luring one to follow.

"Yes, sir," said Jerry, "but I hev got ter take ye ter the post-office at Locust Levels. Ain't ye hearn aunt Dely 'low that? An' I hev got ter leave ye thar whilst I go ter the grist-mill nigh by, off the road a piece."

Alethea flushed with a dull annoyance, recognizing the device that the long drive might be still longer. She nevertheless made no comment. They were each too dutiful to vary the plan of the journey, although aunt Dely might have considered this only obedience in the letter, and not in the spirit, as neither again spoke for a mile or more.

"This be Kildeer County," said Jerry, at last, breaking the long silence. "We-uns crost the line back thar 'bout haffen hour ago."

Alethea's pensive enjoyment of the gentle influences of the scene was marred. To be sure, aunt Dely had an unequivocal right to send, if she liked, to the post-office at Locust Levels, a hamlet of Kildeer County, rather than to the one nearer, in her own county; but it

was a patent subterfuge that she should expect to receive letters here from their friends in Shaftesville. It was Alethea's excellent common sense that had preserved her from the folly of the continual anticipation of a letter, so common among ignorant people, who, with no acquaintances elsewhere, beset the post-offices with their demands. She had never asked for a letter for herself, and there had begun to be revealed to her the fact that it was not a post-office which could produce an epistle for Mrs. Purvine; she needed a correspondent.

"Ef ye 'low ye 'll feel like a fool axin' fur that thar letter, Lethe," said the acute Jerry, divining her thoughts, "I'll do it. I never mind feelin' like a fool, — thar's a heap o' em in this worl'. An' whenever I acts like one, I remembers I'm in powerful good company. An' that's why I don't try ter be no smarter 'n I am."

But Alethea said that she would ask for the letter, as aunt Dely had directed. When she alighted from the wagon at Locust Levels, Jerry and Bluff drove off at a whisking pace, which indicated that both might feel relieved.

At the post-office the wood-pile was in front of the house, and therefore the approach was over chips, splinters, and shreds of bark, which gave out a pungent fragrance. It was a low little gray cabin, partly of log and partly of plank, and with a blossoming company of peach-trees about it. They hung over the fence, and all the steep bank down to the road was covered with their pink petals shed in the wind. Some golden candlesticks and "butter - and - eggs" were blooming inside the rickety little palings, and a girl stood upon the porch beside a spinning-wheel.

Alethea noted the unrecognizing stare bent upon her. She opened the gate with difficulty, and went up on the shaded porch. The girl had stopped spinning, but was still gazing at her. A yellow dog, who had been asleep on the

floor, his muzzle on his fore-paws, also scanned her curiously, not stirring his head, only lifting his eyes. When she faltered her inquiry for a letter for Mrs. Purvine, the dog got up as briskly as if he were the postmaster.

"Fur who?" demanded a masculine voice, as a man with a plough-line in his hand stepped around the corner, lured by the sound of the colloquy.

"Mis' Purvine," repeated Alethea.

He looked at her with a touch of indignation. He would never get through his spring ploughing at this rate. He strode into the house, however, to investigate. "I never hearn o' her in all my life," he said tartly.

And Alethea began to have a realization how very wide this world is.

The walls of the room bore every flaming grace of advertisement, pasted over the logs. They were of more fantastic device and a newer fashion than Mrs. Purvine's relics of her husband's postmastership. There were two neat beds in the room, a very clean floor, and a woman in the chimney-corner, smoking her pipe, who nodded with grave courtesy to Alethea.

The postmaster inserted a key in the lock of a table-drawer, and there, by some perversity, it stuck; it would neither come out nor go further in, nor turn in either direction. The dog had entered, too, as he always did, with a business-like air, and was standing beneath the table, slowly wagging his tail and lolling out his tongue; what strange ideas did he connect with the distribution of the mail? His position involved some danger, as his master struggled and pulled at the drawer, and jerked the table about. Finally, one of its legs came in contact with the foot of the dog, who had the worst of it. As his shrieks filled the room, the perspiring man turned to Alethea.

"I know thar ain't no letter fur no Mis' Purvine," he declared. "Thar air jes fower letters in this hyar dad-

burned drawer, an' they be fur Jedge Gwinnan. Ye see I can't open it."

The mail seemed indeed in safe-keeping. His daughter, who had been peering down the road, suddenly spoke:—

"Ye 'll hev ter open it. Fur thar be Jedge Gwinnan now, a-ridin' up on that thar roan colt o' his'n, what he hev jes' bruk."

A little play with the key, and the drawer abruptly opened.

There was, indeed, no letter for Mrs. Purvine, and snatching up the four for Jedge Gwinnan, with some newspapers, the postmaster ran hastily out, hailing the rider as he drew rein at the corner of the orchard fence.

Alethea stood for a moment at the gate, gazing at the equestrian figure that had paused under the soft pink glammers of the orchard. She had heard of his belated plea for Mink Lorey. He evidently bore no grudge for his injuries. Suddenly there flashed into her mind a word that she might say for that graceless and forlorn wight,—a word which, perhaps, might not be taken amiss; and if it should do no good, it could at least work no harm. It was an abrupt resolution. She stood in trembling impatience, yet loath to interrupt him.

Gwinnan read his letters, one by one, while the postmaster went back to the plough, where the gray mare dozed in the furrow.

As Gwinnan gathered up the reins, looking absently ahead, the girl waiting by the roadside signed to him to stop. He did not see her. Somehow Alethea could not speak. She sprang forward with a hoarse cry, as he was about to pass like a flash, and caught his bridle. The young horse swerved, instead of trampling upon her, but dragging her with him.

"Take care!" cried out Gwinnan sharply. He drew up his horse with an effort, and looked down at her in amazement as she still clung to the bridle.

The next moment he recognized her.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

THE RISE OF ARABIAN LEARNING.

FROM the appearance of Mohammed in the East to the fall of the Saracens in the West, Arabian history is surrounded by an atmosphere of romance, which no realistic array of facts is able to dissipate. Say what we will about despotic power, with its suspicions and cruelties and recklessness of human life, or about religious crudities and fanaticism, the story fascinates. The spell which it casts is strengthened rather than weakened by the contrasts of light and shadow which are presented. The effect is like that we experience in looking back to the walls and battlements of old castles, where dungeons underlie the very towers from which ladies once waved signals to their troubadours.

Nor is this lustre mere glamour. Arabian progress was brilliant in more than one direction: in the arts of peace as well as in war; in the intellectual as well as the physical field. The sudden apparition of these children of the desert; their proclamation of a new faith; their unification to an overwhelming power; their wild sweep, with lance and scimitar, through Syria and Persia to the banks of the Indus, through Egypt and along the coast of Africa to the Pillars of Hercules; their bold push across the Straits of Gibraltar, under Tarik and Musa; their conquest of Spain and advance into France, until the Saracen army was stopped by the solid hosts of Charles Martel, — all this constitutes a history of substantial achievement.

These successes are rendered more dazzling by the sheen of that wealth which, gathered from plunder and tribute, enabled the people to weave around their lives the enchantments of a luxury demoralizing to themselves and illusive to our modern eyes.

But what most surprises us is to see, growing out of such wealth and spring-

ing up by the side of such luxury, an eagerness for knowledge, which resulted in making the Arabians, for the time, the most learned people on the face of the globe.

During several centuries, including the darkest portions of the Middle Ages, the Saracens were the world's chief promoters of learning. They were especially conspicuous as students of the natural sciences, which, in Christian Europe, had fallen into almost entire neglect. They were the devoted cultivators of philosophy, and the poetic spirit attained among them a luxuriant growth. Other departments of letters were not neglected, while many of the arts were diligently cherished.

Before Mohammed, the Arabian was unlearned. He loved his horse, his weapons, and hospitality. He honored the poets of his race, who sung of the genealogies and heroisms of the tribes, and whose contests at the annual fairs helped to preserve the purity of a language which was always the nation's boast. Perhaps he equally honored the orator, who roused the people to deeds of daring; and to whom, after the promulgation of Islam, the preacher was the natural successor.

The people's lore comprised national and tribal history, family pedigrees, the courses of the stars and their influence over the weather, along with the interpretation of dreams. Science there was none. Learning of any kind, worthy of the name, was impossible to a people that had no written language; and the art of writing, which had been introduced to the Arabs about a century before the Hegira, obtained little currency among the native children of the desert. It was mostly in the hands of Jews and Christians. Ibn Kalikan tells us that when the Koran was published

there was not in all the district of Yemen, along the Indian Ocean, — the finest part of Arabia, and containing its most ancient and populous cities, — a single person who could write or read Arabic.

Contact with people of better intellectual antecedents had not been wanting. The caravan trade across the peninsula was of ancient date, and the great means of commerce between the East and the West. The products of India and Africa found their way over the Red Sea, and thence, across the desert, to Damascus and Syria. This trade, in the hands of the tribes, opened channels of communication with the world through which one might expect a larger influx of knowledge and refinement than was realized.

Nor was the country without contributions to its population from the more cultivated nations. Its seclusion made it a resort of refugees from surrounding regions. Nestorian physicians had lived among the people. One of them attended on Mohammed. The name City of the Book had been given to Medina, because of the numerous Jews who made their residence there. The kings of Yemen, or of Homeritis, had professed the Jewish faith during a period extending from more than a hundred years before Christ down to the sixth century of our era.

But none of these circumstances persuaded the Saracen to any zeal for learning. The nation must first be set in motion under the impulses of a new faith. The Arab of the peninsula was content to know what his fathers had known; the Arab of the conquest had new inspirations and needs.

The great Prophet of Islam was not above his race in literary attainments. In the Koran he repeatedly calls himself the illiterate prophet. Read he could not, much less could he write; and, whether from fear lest knowledge should sap the bottom stones of the faith, or

from a belief that all man needs to know was made known by revelation through him, Mohammed issued an edict that made the study of the liberal sciences and arts punishable by death. The ignorance of the founder was urged as a proof of the divine origin of the faith, since the precepts of the Koran, being too lofty to proceed from an unlettered man, must be esteemed the result of divine communication.

From such a state of ignorance, the Arabians rose, in the course of two centuries, to a commanding position as cultivators of science and patrons of learning.

The first steps in their intellectual career were inspired by a more extended contact with the world which they conquered. For, however that world may have been sunken, in the seventh century, below the intellectual standards of past ages, it was immeasurably superior to the ignorance of the peninsula from which the conquerors emerged. Once entered on their career of foreign conquest, the Saracen hosts spread almost simultaneously over Syria, the valley of the Euphrates, Persia, and Egypt. In less than ten years after the death of Mohammed, his followers were holding some of the most splendid cities of the world, and were in daily contact with their despised but, in all except arms, superior inhabitants. Damascus, Jerusalem, Antioch, and Alexandria had fallen before them; the conquest of Persia had begun. In just a hundred years from the death of the Prophet, the still hopeful and impetuous advance of the Moslems was checked and turned back by Charles Martel.

In these conquests, the absorptive mind of the Arabians, fresh from untaught barbarity and eager with awakened curiosity, was forced into communication with whatever of learning remained in the great cities of the East and South. The leaders of armies held personal intercourse with the best in-

telleets of Asia and Africa. When Alexandria falls, we find the Moslem general, Amrou, in free and friendly intercourse with John Philoponus, who, as grammarian and philosopher, represents the learning of his day, and who, displaying the facility of his scholarship, repays the friendship of the conqueror by composing in Arabic a book on Aristotle, and by translating into the same language from the medical works of Galen a collection of extracts on antidotes for the bites of serpents. In consequence of these pioneer labors he ranks among the earliest of those Christians who helped to build Arabian science on the foundations of Greek learning. What took place in this instance happened in other cities. Necessity promoted friendly offices, and opened up an intercourse which became the opportunity of intelligence over against ignorance. To the effect of such free communication may in part be charged the difference between the earliest Kalifs and the generals of their armies. The first three Kalifs seldom went from home. Living in Arabia, they experienced few of the effects of contact with the world. The burning of the great library at Alexandria, when that city fell, was due to the fanaticism of Omar, the second Kalif, and not to the wantonness of his general. Philoponus asked of Amrou the preservation of that depository of ancient learning, and Amrou, willing to favor the request, referred to Omar the question whether he should bestow the library as a gift on his Christian friend. The Kalif, living in the seclusion of Arabia, lying among beggars on the steps of the mosque at Medina, or preaching, in his tattered gown, the Moslem crusade, replied, "As to the books you mention, if they agree with the book of God, there is enough in that book without them; but if there is anything in them at variance with that book, we have no need of them: therefore order them all to be

destroyed." And destroyed they were. They are said to have fed the fires which heated the baths of Alexandria. But such fanaticism began to yield when the Kalifs moved more abroad, and came under the influence of Christian civilization. Ali, the Lion of God, nephew and son-in-law of Mohammed, — the Ali whose sad fate and that of his two sons, Hassan and Hosein, are to this day bewailed by the Mohammedans of Persia in their passion play, — was the first to favor learning. Some of his sayings in exaltation of letters are still preserved in Mohammedan literature.

But under Moawiyah, the sixth Kalif in the order of succession, and the first of the Ommiade dynasty, which dates from his elevation to the throne in a little less than thirty years after the death of the Prophet, the simplicity and seclusion of the Arabian court were abandoned. The seat of the kalifate was transferred to Damascus, and victorious Islam became intellectually subject to the world which it had conquered. Before he mounted the throne, and while governor of Syria, Moawiyah had subdued the islands of Rhodes and Cyprus. Under his kalifate the Moslem war boats pushed into the Hellespont and besieged Constantinople. Checked by the long and vigorous defense of the imperial city, he was willing to receive a Greek embassy into his capital. There was a truce of thirty years. Moawiyah paid tribute. This humiliation and the opening of extended intercourse with the Grecian islands and the imperial city undoubtedly contributed to the coming in of Grecian learning. Having established a princely court in the midst of an ancient civilization, Moawiyah is said to have adorned it with poets and philosophers. Convinced of the superiority of Greek culture, he sought out the most learned men of his time, and summoned them to his side. Thus the forbidden fruit was tasted. In less than fifty years after the death of Mohammed the

policy of the Kalifs was changed; the edict which had made the pursuit of the liberal sciences a capital offense was laid aside by a successor of the Prophet, a commander of the faithful, and a defender of the faith.

Nevertheless, the period of preparation on the part of the national mind for its subsequent career had yet to extend over more than a hundred years, during the whole of which there was little that could be called literary activity. Only now and then appeared an Arabian like El Hareth, who had studied medicine abroad, and, practicing it according to the best light of the age, stood later in life on an intimate footing with Mohammed. Others picked up a smattering of the healing art through contact with foreigners, or gained some knowledge of the sciences, like Kaled Ben Yezid, who, under the teaching of a Christian monk, became well versed in alchemy as well as medicine. The Saracen conquerors of this first century and a half usually employed Christian and Jewish physicians. A single Arabian name, that of Geber, or the Gebers (for, according to some, there are two persons of the same name, while another authority declares that the two who have been so known are to be distinguished from each other as Shafer and Geber), rises on the horizon with a claim to future eminence, as that of either an original discoverer in the fields of alchemy, or a diligent collector and preserver of the knowledge of previous generations in that department, out of which modern chemistry has been born. The actual supremacy of learning among the Arabians was not achieved until the ninth century of the Christian era, and the student may pass rapidly through the preliminary periods of conquest and of civil strife, alike unfavorable to the highest intellectual attainments, noting only, as he goes, the downfall of the Ommiades in the East amid scenes of blood which

turn horror into disgust; the rise of the black turbans of the Abbassides out of the turmoil of civil strife; the escape from the carnival of blood of that single Ommiade prince who, after wandering for years in disguise among African wilds, is welcomed to the coasts of Spain, proclaimed Emir of the West, and honorably perpetuates the soiled name of his family under the title of Abd El Rahman I., — distinguishing his reign of over thirty years in the earlier part of the last half of the eighth century by wisdom and liberality, and, having been schooled in the learning of the East, becomes the agent of its importation into the West.

While Abd El Rahman is thus laying the foundations of science in Spain, El Mansur, the second of the Abbassides, removes the seat of his power from Damascus. Bagdad is founded, on the banks of the Tigris, and, receiving the throne, rises rapidly to the splendor of her wealth and luxury; becoming the centre of enlightenment both for the older East and the newer West, where Cordova, in her beauty, at first begins to share with the Abbasside capital the honors and benefits of learning, then rivals her, and at last outstrips and eclipses her.

The immediate instructors of the Arabians, at this time, were those Greek Christians, followers of Nestorius, whose ancestors, bitterly persecuted for their heresy, had fled into Persia. Here, after retaliating measure for measure of deadly persecution upon their orthodox neighbors, they had turned their attention to learning, and especially to medicine. They founded the medical college of Gondisapora, which, rising to distinction as a centre of Greek science, secured the patronage of princes, and sent out great numbers of Jews and Christians, who, as skilled physicians, found the world open to them. These cultivators of learning translated the literary remains of Greece into Syriac, and

when Mohammedanism rose to power they were instrumental in introducing Greek science to the Arabians. With these scholars the conquest of Persia would naturally open more frequent communication. It is not improbable that some of them may have been called in the seventh century to the Damascene court of Moawiyah; but, later, the Nestorian teacher became an indispensable minister to a more thoroughly awakened intellectual life. After the removal of the seat of power from Damascus to Bagdad, nearer the Eastern centres of learning, the name of George Bachtishwa appears as one of those who were invited to the court of El Mansur, under whose reign the patronage of learning began in earnest. This Kalif offered rewards for translations of ancient Greek writings in philosophy, astronomy, medicine, and mathematics; honored men of letters; and, not disdainng to become their pupil, applied himself to the study of astronomy. His bids for translations were met by those Christian scholars who had been drawn to Bagdad by its rising greatness, and who rendered the required books into Syriac, from which they were afterwards translated into Arabic.

As director of the medical college at Gondisapore, Bachtishwa was summoned to Bagdad in a special emergency of the Kalif's health, and, his advice having been followed with a successful result, he rose high in honor, though he refused the profession of Islam. At El Mansur's request, he translated several medical works into Arabic; and when at last ill health compelled him to return to his Persian home, he was dismissed with princely rewards. It did not fare so well with an assistant whom he had brought with him, and recommended as his successor. This man could not bear his honors. Being found guilty of various rascalities, he was soundly whipped and dismissed in disgrace.

The Bachtishwa family had a remarkable career, continuing to produce distinguished physicians, who were employed by Kalifs and other notables from generation to generation, through a period of three hundred years.

The doctors thus became the pioneer missionaries of learning. The healing art afforded demonstrations of its value, with which the as yet too narrow minds of the early Abbassides could not dispense. The renowned Haroun El Raschid, from whose reign we must date the golden era of Arabian learning, began his career with strong prejudices against the infidel teachers. But when a beautiful favorite from Africa was suffering from a serious illness, he is said to have sent as far as Alexandria to summon Balatian, the Christian patriarch, to her side; and from the eastern limits of the empire, Gabriel Bachtishwa was called to put his life in peril by recommending bleeding for the Kalif, smitten by apoplexy. The success of the infidel doctors, in both cases, was fortunate for the cause of learning. Gabriel rose to great power with Haroun.

The position of these physicians, devoted to the interests of science at an imperious court, was by no means to be envied. The caprices of the Kalifs were dictated by their suspicions and fears. It was only a step from an enchanted palace to a dungeon. Gabriel Bachtishwa's career is an illustration. Loaded, at first, with high honors by Haroun, he fell under his displeasure, was imprisoned and condemned to death. Afterwards released, he became physician to El Amin, was imprisoned by El Mamoun, and, again set at liberty, he was finally buried in a cloister with great pomp. A scarcely less severe lot fell, at a somewhat later period, to the accomplished Honain Ben Ishac, who, with his two sons, ranks among those who rendered the highest service to growing Arabian science, by translations of Hip-

pocrates, Galen, Dioscorides, Aristotle, Ptolemy's *Almagest*, and other works. While prosecuting his studies in the cities of Greece, and laboring to perfect himself in the language of that nation, he had also busied himself with the collecting of manuscript copies of the works of the Greek philosophers. Returning to Bagdad, he proceeded to Bassora in order to complete his command of the Arabic, and finally again took up his residence in the great capital of Eastern Islam. Here, under the Kalif Motewakkel, he was forced to give painful proof of his fidelity, lest he should turn out to be an adventurer and an enemy in the employ of the Greek Emperor. "Teach me," demanded the Kalif, "a prescription by which I may take off any enemy I please without being discovered." Under the plea of ignorance, Honain declines to give the lesson, and is marched off to prison. A year passes, and the physician stands again before the Kalif, while the demand is renewed. The penalty of refusal is death. The inflexible Honain declines to answer. As he stands awaiting his fate, a smile creeps over the Kalif's face. "Be of good cheer; we were only trying thee, that we might have the greater confidence in thee." At this Honain, overcome, bows down and kisses the earth. "What hindered thee," cries the Kalif, "from granting our request, when thou sawest us appear so ready to perform what we had threatened?" "Two things," replies Honain: "my religion, which commands me to do good to my enemies, and my profession, which was instituted purely for the benefit of mankind." "Two noble laws!" exclaims the admiring despot, and the intrepid Honain, dismissed with gold and rich garments, is promoted to the place of royal physician.

It was under Haroun El Raschid and El Mamoun, father and son, at the close of the eighth and the beginning

of the ninth century, that the zeal for knowledge among the Arabians reached its white heat. The credit of this great movement belongs largely to El Mamoun, who, successfully resisting his father's prejudice against the Christian teachers, introduced an unlimited patronage of the sciences. The immense wealth of the Abbasside Kalifs enabled them to prosecute at will any literary ambitions awakened in them. Princes who, like Mahadi, the son of El Mansur, could expend six million dinars of gold on a single pilgrimage to Mecca, refreshing themselves and their courtiers on the way from trains of camels laden with snow; or who, like El Mamoun, could give away two million four hundred thousand dinars, four fifths of the income of a province, before dismounting from their steeds, and could, at nuptials, shower their brides with costly pearls, that became the reward of whatever courtier picked them up as they fell to the earth, displayed their bounty and wisdom by drawing around them brilliant assemblies of men of learning, and by pouring forth their wealth for the promotion of knowledge. Haroun El Raschid is said never to have traveled without a hundred men of science in his train, who, while they improved the opportunities thus afforded for enlarging their spheres of observation, added the glories of learning to the glitter of wealth and the display of military power. The same prince manifested his zeal for knowledge by attaching a school to every mosque which he built; and, as this became the custom of his successors, we discern in these schools the foundations of all those literary institutions which were afterwards distributed throughout the length and breadth of the Mohammedan dominions.

El Mamoun, who, after the death of his brother, El Amin, mounted the throne, was even more successful than Haroun in the promotion of science.

Before he rose to the kalifate, he was charged by his father with the government of the province of Korhassan, where, in establishing a separate court, he began to give free rein to his passion for learning. He applied himself to study, and, calling around him men of high attainments from various countries, organized them into a college, placing over them John Messue, a Nestorian Christian, who came from Gondisapore to Bagdad, where he won the confidence of the young prince. For fifty years this Messue was physician to successive Kalifs. His appointment to the directorship of El Mamoun's college was the occasion of a declaration which throws a good deal of light on the relations of parties to the educational work of the time, and bears witness to the recognized superiority of the foreign teachers. Haroun resented the elevation of an infidel to a position of such influence and honor. El Mamoun replied, "I have made a choice of Messue, not as a teacher of religion, but as an able preceptor in useful sciences and arts; and my father well knows that the most learned men and the most skillful artists in his dominions are Jews and Christians." Haroun afterwards placed John Messue at the head of his own schools, and made him superintendent of the studies of the empire.

The zeal of El Mamoun was not quenched when he assumed the cares and honors of the kalifate. History lavishes praises on the enlightenment of his reign. His sense of the value and honor of learning rose to a passion. He laid the world under tribute to furnish the means of gratifying his literary ambition, summoned the learned of all nations to his court, loading them with emoluments and honors. No religious or national prejudice was allowed to stand in the way of his purposes. Whenever he heard of one who excelled in any department of learning, he followed up the clue, to secure another

scholar upon whom he might impose labors and rewards. A pupil of Leo, the great teacher of rhetoric, arithmetic, and other sciences, having been taken prisoner by the Saracens, won the admiration of his captors by solving a mathematical problem which had embarrassed their wise men. When the news of the solution reached the ears of El Mamoun, he caused inquiry to be made, and, learning that Leo had been the instructor of the captive, he sent a messenger to the Greek Emperor, entreating that the master might be dispatched to the Arabian court. The curt refusal of Theophilus to spare his favorite, notwithstanding the heavy inducements offered by El Mamoun, shows how much easier it is for an aspiring representative of a rising young empire to ask a favor than for the representative of an old monarchy which has been bitterly humbled by the new one to grant it.

By such measures El Mamoun strove to make Bagdad the residence of the choicest among the learned. His court took on the character of a great academy. The provinces of his empire were searched for precious manuscripts; his collectors were busy everywhere,—in Syria, in Armenia, in Egypt. Governors of provinces had instructions to further the work. Collections of books were taken as tribute. Among the terms of peace with the Greek Emperor, Michael the Stammerer, was the exaction of a series of the manuscripts of Greek authors. Vast numbers of books were brought from all quarters to Bagdad, constituting a library which represented the accumulated learning of the East. These contributions of the nations to Arabian enlightenment were borne on the backs of hundreds of camels, which entered the city laden with their treasures. Such a collection required numerous laborers to inspect, arrange and classify, transcribe and translate. The work of translation is

said to have been done under the general superintendence of the indefatigable John Messue, and was pursued with diligence, renderings being made from the Greek, Persian, Chaldean, and Egyptian or Coptic. Whatever of the vast collections needed to be made accessible to the students of the time was translated into Arabic. But notwithstanding El Mamoun's zeal for possessing the intellectual products of the nations, he displayed an utter want of appreciation of the literary value of original manuscripts, by ordering everything to be destroyed as soon as the translations were completed. The same policy was followed by the Kalifs of Africa in their turn. Some excuse for this course may be found in the lack of room to store such numbers of manuscript originals, transcriptions, and translations; but besides this, the Arabians were exceedingly proud of their own tongue, and it is quite possible that they regarded it as a matter of little importance that anything should be preserved in another language. Whatever may have been the motive, this wholesale destruction was an irreparable loss to the world.

El Mamoun was not satisfied with the mere patronage of learning. From the duties of the throne, he turned to the library and the desk, becoming a student of law, science, and philosophy, versed in astronomy, successful in mathematics. With regal dignity he graced the assemblies of his learned men, and took an active part in their discussions. The example of the sovereign stimulated the ambition of his subjects. So much enthusiasm, such far-reaching search after manuscripts and learned men, thrilled the empire to its limits, and made intellectual culture, or the show of it, fashionable. Courtiers aspired to the ranks of science, some of them with eminent success. El Fragan, or Faragani, wrote the Elements of Astronomy, and El Merwasi prepared astronomical tables. These men were of the court of El Ma-

moun. The royal bounty provided costly instruments for astronomical observations, and carried out upon the plains of Sinar and Cufa the project of measuring two degrees of a great circle, and hence determining the circumference of the earth. The science of medicine, so long held in favor, rose to a commanding position, and was adorned, under this enlightened Kalif, by some most distinguished names.

The reign of El Mamoun marks the victory of knowledge in its struggle with ignorance. The supremacy of learning is secured. Here, the movement which made the Saracens everywhere the most conspicuous cultivators of literature, philosophy, and science becomes pervasive. It is, therefore, not necessary for our purpose to trace the development of this history through its further stages. We may confine ourselves to a sketch of its general features.

The Nestorian Christians, who had taken so prominent a part in awakening the scientific zeal of the Arabians, knew the importance of schools of learning. When, in the latter portion of the fifth century, the college which they had maintained at Edessa was broken up, they had removed to Persia, and established at Nisibis a college, and at Gondisapora a school for medicine. In the literary institutions of these Nestorians is said first to have arisen the practice of conferring academical degrees. When the Arabians had once entered upon the work of founding similar institutions, they displayed the luxuriance which characterized their other enterprises. All over the empire, in the East and in the West, rose the mosques, and attached to the mosques the schools. When the demand came for instruction in the higher branches of learning, such as Arabic literature, mathematics, astronomy, grammar, metaphysics, alchemy, and medicine, academies were established for advanced youth. Colleges were formed for instruction in the liberal

arts, and special schools for the prosecution of special sciences. Those foundations were laid on which, in later ages, were built the superstructures of magnificent universities. The Arabians became the teachers of the world. Christian pupils, from remote parts of Europe, sat at the feet of the Saracens of Spain, while the Mohammedan smiled at the ignorance of the Latins, and that grand old earnest monk, Roger Bacon, in the thirteenth century, tried in vain to rouse the herd of European ecclesiastics to a zeal for science, by repeating the taunts of the Moslem.

When the Mohammedan Empire split into its three great sections, under the Abbassides in the East, the Omniades in Spain, and the Fatimites in Africa, the Kalifs of these separate empires vied with each other for the glory of learning. The Emirs of provinces were affected by the example of the Kalifs, and entered the lists as rivals. The great cities of the East, South, and West became centres of education.

A wandering student, seeking contact with the wise, might start from a point far to the east of the Caspian, beyond the river Oxus, travel across Persia and the valley of the Euphrates, through Egypt and Northern Africa, into the fair realms of Spain; gathering information at numerous points in the way from men devoted to science and letters. Seats of learning were located as the demand for them arose: at Samarcand and Bochara beyond the Oxus, at Balk among its western sources, at Ispahan in Persia, at Bagdad on the Tigris and Cufa on the Euphrates, at Bassora near the Persian Gulf, at Alexandria and Cairo in Egypt, at Fez and Morocco in Western Africa, at Cordova, Seville, Toledo, Granada, Salamanca, and Alcalá in Spain, and even in Sicily. Bassora and Cufa originated rival schools of the Arabic language; Bagdad was the literary metropolis of the East, Cordova of the West. Alexandria is

credited with more than twenty schools in which philosophy was taught, and about the beginning of the eleventh century there were as many more in Cairo alone, to which crowds of students resorted from all parts of the world, to listen to instructors who discoursed on the philosophy of Aristotle. In Cordova, we hear of not less than eighty schools, apparently of an academical or collegiate order, where professors, influential at home, became renowned in Christian Europe. Besides these, the Kalif El Hakem founded, in the same city, an academy, which grew into fifteen institutions devoted to special sciences. These were not consolidated into a single university. There seems to have been nothing among the Saracens exactly corresponding to what we include under that name, but numerous colleges offered advantages to students, which placed Cordova, with its beautiful surroundings, at the head of all the cities of the world as a seat of learning.

The endowments of the various institutions, in different parts of the Arabian dominions, were commensurate with the wealth of the Kalifs and of their subjects. The buildings devoted to education were sometimes magnificent. Professors were supported upon fixed salaries, and provision was made for indigent students. Nor was the son of the carpenter excluded from the halls frequented by the children of the wealthy. A single vizier gave two hundred thousand pieces of gold to found a college at Bagdad, and endowed it so liberally that its revenue was fifteen thousand dinars annually. It was open to the sons of mechanics, as well as to the noble born; the professors were supported by salaries, and there were foundations for students who needed pecuniary aid. The largess thus shown towards the pursuit of knowledge was one of the causes of the rapid growth of Arabian literature, science, and philosophy at a time when the Christian world was either buried in

intellectual slumber or only beginning to awake from its stupor. The conditions of abundant wealth, and, after the wars of conquest in the seventh and eighth centuries were over, of relatively undisturbed leisure, prepared the way for intellectual and æsthetic culture.

Of this culture the Arabian libraries became at once the source and expression. Books, demanded by an aroused hunger after knowledge, were the continuous products of minds satisfied with its stores. The Arabians became great producers and consumers of books. We have seen how greedily they gathered and how eagerly they appropriated the literary and scientific treasures of the nations which had flourished before them. The translations of those manuscripts which El Mamoun brought from all parts of the world must of themselves have formed a large library at Bagdad. But on this basis the activity of Arabian scholars built up an extensive literature of their own. The passion for learning was followed by a passion for authorship, not excelled in our modern schools. The Arabs studied everything, and wrote on everything they studied. Having first secured translations of the best Greek works upon rhetoric, they discoursed upon that art, and, under the leadership of the two rival schools of Cufa and Bassora, their grammarians discussed the beauties of the Arabic, in which their orators spoke and poets sung. Their historians left no subject untouched: writing upon history, universal, national, and local; upon the lives of distinguished men, and even of distinguished horses and camels. Authors rendered honor to authors by giving sketches of all those writers who had belonged to particular cities, or of those who had devoted themselves to particular studies, as doctors, mathematicians, or philosophers. One wrote the history of Arabian money, another of the arts, another of the nation's antiquities. In the physical sciences, they

treated of minerals, plants, animals, precious stones, pharmacy, medicine, optics and hydraulics, statics, alchemy, and astronomy. In the Escorial library is a full discussion of agriculture by an Arabian of Seville, of the twelfth century. In the abstract sciences, mathematics took a prominent place. They simplified arithmetic by the introduction of the so-called Arabic numerals and the decimal system, pursued geometry and algebra, advanced trigonometry. They devoted a large share of attention to philosophical speculation, plunging into and losing themselves in the obscurities of Aristotle, whom they translated, commented on, and adored. The long list of authors might be fitly closed by the compilers of dictionaries in sixty volumes, and of encyclopædias and other helps to indolent or weary students, searching among the confusing piles of literary values or literary rubbish. The renowned philosopher, Ibn Sina, while yet a youth, wrote a scientific encyclopædia; Mohammed Aba Abdallah, of Granada, compiled a comprehensive historical dictionary of sciences; Al Farabi wrote an encyclopædia of sciences; the Arabian Brothers of Purity, who flourished at Bassora in the tenth century, prepared treatises embodying the science accessible to the members of their order and available for their pupils.

Out of these unremitting labors, extending through five or six centuries, from the time of El Mamoun onwards, were accumulated the materials of vast libraries. The great number of schools, academies, colleges, and universities scattered through the East, Egypt, Fez, Morocco, and Spain presupposes the presence in every place of larger or smaller collections of books. Such renowned colleges as those of Cufa, Bassora, Samarcand, and others must have had stores of manuscripts corresponding to their influence. The history of the great library of the Bagdad Kalifs is already known to us. But the Fati-

mites of Africa emulated the East; Fez and Morocco were renowned during hundreds of years for their many universities and libraries, and for the magnificent buildings which contained them. The royal library of the Fatimites is said to have numbered a hundred thousand volumes. These, though elegantly written and richly bound, were unstintingly placed at the disposal of the students at Cairo, where, in the departments of astronomy and medicine alone, there were six thousand five hundred manuscripts.

But I suppose that all other collections of books in the world were surpassed by the great library of El Hakem II. of Spain, near the close of the tenth century, which is said to have reached the enormous proportions expressed by six hundred thousand volumes. This munificent prince, son of Abd El Rahman III., established a manufactory of manuscripts at Cordova, where he employed the best transcribers, illuminators, and binders. He brought learned men from Cairo and Bagdad, and employed agents in the East to purchase books. Authors and collectors experienced his bounty. Eager not to be outdone as a patron of letters, he is said to have paid the Persian Abul Faradj El Isfahni a thousand dinars of pure gold for the first copy of his celebrated work on anthology, in order that the book might be read in Andalusia before it could be read in Persia.

The library of El Hakem was stored in his palace at Cordova. But, besides this, there are said to have been seventy depositories of manuscripts scattered through the cities and towns of Moorish Spain. The rage for collections spread from the sovereign to his wealthy subjects, who vied with each other for the reputation of their libraries. A like fondness for private collections seems to have prevailed elsewhere. When a Sultan at Bochara invites a physician to his

court, the doctor excuses himself on the ground that he cannot be parted from his library, to transport which would require four hundred camels. Where power and wealth were priding themselves to such a degree on the patronage of learning, it may be properly said that books, literature, science, and philosophy had become fashionable. The contagion spread beyond the empire. From all quarters, pupils repaired to the great establishments of learning. Early in the twelfth century, the students and instructors at Bagdad numbered six thousand men. A century before this the universities of Spain were resorts of students from Christian Europe.

To this general enumeration of opportunities and means of study must be added some more particular notice of three great departments which, aside from theology, engaged attention.

The Arabian mind found special satisfaction in the pursuit of the natural sciences. The exuberant fancy of the Arab, his love of wonder and mystery, intensified by a swiftly unfolding history, which surprised and flushed him, helped to make the powers and movements of nature an attractive study. With him, also, as with us, the real or imagined uses of the natural sciences were an additional and perhaps a preponderating motive. Medicine, alchemy, and astronomy had their practical value. The healing art is in all ages a necessity; and to it alchemy offered the legitimate contributions of pharmacy, and the ever-disappointing but ever-reviving hope of an elixir of life. In like manner, the supposed influence of the stars upon human destiny, the mysterious power of the heavenly bodies to affect the character and the fortunes of each new-born heir to an earthly career, made the knowledge of the heavenly motions a matter of supreme moment to every subject, as well as to kings and empires. The practical value of astronomy, tributary to judicial astrology,

must be recognized as a leading motive in Arabian science.

We need not, therefore, be surprised to find a lavish expenditure of time, labor, and treasure in behalf of the studies of nature. Medicine took the lead; the Nestorian Christians of the East and the Jewish physicians of the Alexandrian schools being, as we have seen, the early teachers. The science handed down from Hippocrates, patronized by Ptolemy Philadelphus, and now at length fairly introduced to Arabian students, grew rapidly in favor among them. Through it lay one of the surest roads to the gratitude of princes, and consequently to honor and wealth. The name of physician is attached to that of many philosophers. Rahzes, the noted alchemist, was chief physician of the hospital at Bagdad; El Kindi, surnamed the Philosopher, wrote upon medicine, and El Farabi studied medicine. El Serif El Sakali, the geographer, was famous for his medical knowledge; Ibn Sina and Ibn Roschd were physicians as well as philosophers. The doctors practiced surgery, and are said to have been bold in the use of instruments. The medical schools, at first embarrassed by the interdict laid upon the practice of dissection, annulled in Spain, at least, that restriction; for the Spanish-Arabbians followed the example of the Alexandrians under Ptolemy Philadelphus, and investigated the structure and functions of the human body by the aid of the dissecting knife. In alchemy the furnaces of the laboratory were seconded by a tolerably complete array of apparatus. In addition to stores of reagents, the balance, the retort, the cupel of bone earth, the water-bath, the sand-bath, solutions, crystallizations, precipitations, filtrations, sublimations, distillations, and, we may believe, the usual complement of smells, made the laboratory of the Arabian a very respectable progenitor, whose likeness is not lost in its modern descendant. Intimately con-

nected with these appliances were others, which belong more properly to our present department of physics. The aerometer took the place of our thermometer for the measurement of temperatures; the hydrometer of the ancients was improved.

But next to their libraries, the Arabians seem to have spent the largest sums on the means of promoting astronomical studies. They inherited and improved the instruments which had been used by the Greeks. In the library at Cairo they pointed with satisfaction to a brass globe which was said to have come down to them from Ptolemy, whom they revered as their teacher. They erected observatories in the cities of the East, — at Meragha, near Tauris, at Damascus, at Bagdad; and were the first to introduce them into Europe, where Cordova had its observatory, and the Giralda tower of Seville was erected by Geber, the mathematician, for astronomical purposes. These observatories were equipped with instruments made large and fine, in order to secure an accuracy which could be reached in no other way; for astronomers knew nothing of reading minutely graduated circles by the aid of lenses. The Greek instruments had not given measurements closer than ten minutes of a degree; and the only way in which smaller fractions of an arc could be obtained was by increasing the size of the circle, so as to make the lesser subdivisions visible to the naked eye. The Arabians, therefore, enlarged their instruments, mounting circles of twenty-two and even fifty-eight feet in diameter, on the limbs of which it might be possible to read gradations equaling not more than ten seconds of a degree. Such instruments would be unwieldy, and, to prevent warping, must have required excellent workmanship and secure mounting; but the Kalif Sharfadula erected giants of this kind in the garden of his palace, and the vernal equinox was observed by

the use of them, the result being certified by ten astronomers. In like manner the gnomons of the Arabians were carried to a great height, in order to secure more accurate results; that erected by Ulugh Begh, at Samarcand, measuring one hundred and eighty feet. El Batini, the greatest of Arabian astronomers, and the first who could be called great, to whom we owe the earliest numerical determination of the eccentricity of the earth's orbit, and the important trigonometrical improvement by which the sine came to be used in tables instead of the chord of an arc, is said to have had the advantage of such a colossal gnomon in making his computation of the obliquity of the ecliptic. Moreover, in order to determine the position of the stars with greater precision, the observers watched them through tubes provided with sights, the forerunners of our telescopes. They also made measurements by the aid of armils and astrolabes, and in their schools geography was taught from globes of brass and sometimes of silver.

For time-keepers, they used the old clepsydras, or water-clocks, of which they had a variety, and to which they sometimes gave an intricate construction. One of these, sent by Haroun El Raschid to his friend, the Emperor Charlemagne, gives us some idea of the mechanical skill of the Arabian artificers. It was of metal, and marked the time for both eye and ear, being provided with a gate for each of the twelve hours. When an hour was up the gate for that hour flew open, and a corresponding number of brass balls dropped successively upon a brazen vessel. So the clock struck; and at the same time the eye noted the hour by the number of gates standing open. When the twelfth hour had struck, twelve horsemen issued forth, rushed in a circus past the open gates, and closed them by their momentum.

When, from the study of nature, we

turn to philosophy, the Arabians are found scarcely less zealous in this department. If the names of noted writers are fewer, we must remember that only select minds are qualified for such pursuits. But wherever men are engaged in the study of nature, there must be attempts at a philosophy of nature. The mere knowledge of things, as presented to the senses, does not long satisfy human inquiry. Back of all sensible phenomena lie the mysteries of being, in presence of which the curiosity of learning is changed to spiritual yearning. Then man challenges all things to give account of their sources; he demands of his own soul the passport of its birth and destination. By philosophy he will penetrate the remotest secrets of nature; by it he will reinforce or destroy his religion. To such inquiries, in common with all intellectually awakened nations, the Arabians were especially driven by the impulses of spiritual thought. The right to question, denied by Islam, could not fail to assert itself. Scarcely a century after the founding of Mohammedanism, believers began to investigate the grounds of their faith. Very early, they broke into sects, opposed to each other in their views of the freedom of the will and the consequent relation of human action to divine determination. As different theologies developed, philosophy was summoned to their defense. Out of its polemical use grew philosophical schools, graced by names which have become familiar to all who have given attention to Arabian learning. The most distinguished of the philosophical writers range from the middle of the ninth to the close of the twelfth century: beginning with El Kindi, who rose to such eminence, in the reign of El Mamoun and El Mutasim, that he came to be especially designated as the Philosopher; and ending with Ibn Roschd, or, as he is commonly called by European writers, Averroes, in whom the speculative career of the

Arabians culminated. From El Kindi to Ibn Roschd runs a line of celebrities, most conspicuous among whom are El Farabi, Ibn Sina, El Gazali, Ibn Badja, and Ibn Tofail, the friend and probably the teacher of Ibn Roschd.

These were men of large gifts and masters of the learning of their time. El Kindi, versed in the science of Greece, drew knowledge, also, from Persian and Indian sources. Two hundred or more treatises, set down to his credit, include all the then known departments of learning. The writings of others were voluminous. El Farabi, while he wrote upon optics and astronomy, found time to compose sixty treatises on Aristotle, and is said to have spoken seventy languages. Similar feats in scholarship or authorship might be cited in regard to others. But these illustrative examples will serve to bring before us a class of men who studied and wrote during the three most active centuries of the Arabian intellectual movement, and will give us an impression of the zeal which characterized that movement, and made it prolific in philosophical as well as other literature.

By his logic and his wide study of nature, Aristotle commended himself as instructor of the Saracens in philosophy. He was their master, blindly followed. To comment on his works, without much hope of adding to the sum of his knowledge, was their ambition. But such is the relation of these commentators to their Greek teacher, and to the course of speculation in Christian Europe, that the modern student of the history of philosophy is compelled to include the Arabian schools in his survey. For many years, writers have been engaged in tracing the descent of Aristotelian thought through Mohammedan channels. Arabian authors exerted such an influence on Middle Age scholasticism that an acquaintance with the drift of their speculative work is indispensable to a thorough understanding of the con-

troversies that raged from the end of the twelfth century to the Reformation.

The beginnings of Arabian poetry are lost in the obscurities of the desert. The tribes assembled at the call of Mohammed were launched upon the world fresh from the inspirations of song. As the Saracens brought with them their lances and swords, their steeds and their camels and their tents; as they brought concentration, energy, and the fury of war, so they brought rhyme, rhythm, and elegant diction. The Bedouin of the Arabian sands seems to have been a poet by nature.

When and how the poetic art arose is not known. The earliest verses which have come down to us with a certified text are not older than the year 500 of the Christian era. The fixation in a definite and permanent form of those effusions which had floated from tent to tent and tribe to tribe, subject to all the variations of memory or of individual preference, must necessarily be associated with the art of writing. This art was probably introduced among the Arabians somewhere about the year 500. From that date onward, until the time of Mohammed, appear the great poets and the great poems which are known to modern history. But we must not presume that these more definitely moulded productions celebrate the earliest results of fancy. Long before their appearance the passions of the desert life expressed themselves in measured verse. On the spur of the moment, in the flood tide of feeling, in the heat of love and of the fight, or in the wildness of grief and mourning, the Bedouin seems to have broken away from the unsatisfying forms of prose into improvisations, of which the more striking were passed from mouth to mouth, and of which some are supposed to have been caught from their desert flights, and embodied in those later and longer poems which have been handed down to us.

Arabian verse, therefore, was not imported from foreign sources. It was born out of the soil. It grew up in the desert, and was the impassioned embodiment of its life. The most remarkable thing about it is that it attained, before the time of Mohammed, in the desert and in the midst of tribal ignorance, its most splendid development. The old Arabic poetry of the wandering Bedouins is celebrated not only for its freedom, its naturalness, the depth and intensity of its passion, the boldness and energy of its expression, but also for the perfection of its diction and the purity of its language. The poems of pre-Mohammedan times became the enduring models, to which after-poets aspired during the whole period of Saracen supremacy. The language of the wandering Bedouin was esteemed so perfect that composers of later ages resorted to the wilds and tents of the heart of Arabia that they might listen to their native speech in its purity, and baptize themselves afresh in the scenes and influences of that nomadic life, which always formed the basis of even the later compositions.

The most distinguished among these productions of the earlier period are the seven Muallaca, by as many different authors, who are said to have won the prize at the annual fair of Aukaz, where singers contended before the assembled tribes for the crown; and to the successful contestant was awarded the honor of having his verses inscribed on costly stuff in letters of gold, and hung in the common temple, the Kaaba at Mecca. Whether or not this disposition of the Muallaca poems is a fable of later origin, tricked out by European imagination, as the celebrated Nöldeke would have us believe, certain it is that these productions of the seven great poets have held their place through all time and in all Mohammedan lands as the true Arabian classics.

It is usually conceded that after the

time of Mohammed the national poetry underwent no essential improvement. Some date a positive decline from the introduction of Islam. With the consolidation of the tribes into a nationality, and the erection over all Mohammedan countries of a central sovereignty and a strict standard of religious orthodoxy, the free spirit of the Bedouin ceased to animate Arabic verse, and the lofty swing of passion became more circumspect.

Under the dominion of the Ommiade dynasty began the court patronage of songsters. An imperial luxury, reigning at Damascus, drew to itself the servile flatteries of authors, and introduced the long line of court poets, who vied with each other in extravagant praises of their lords, and sought to make up in smoothness of diction or in elegance of wit for the want of that boldness, energy, and unfettered daring which spoke in pre-Mohammedan verses. The tide of song was increased in volume, but it flowed no longer among those stormy scenes of love and war which had made so large a share of tribal life. Its way lay through cultivated fields, past great and luxurious cities, where, under the dominion of wealth and power, liberty was tamed; and the murmurs which the stream gave forth were only recollections of the rush and roar of the mountain torrent.

The classic period of Arabian poetry closes with the founding of Islam. For another century, until the fall of the Ommiades, impulses springing from the old inspiration were still felt. But the Abbasside reign, under which Islam gained its firmer root in the life of the people, marks the loss of poetic power. Science, philosophy, and general culture flourish at the expense of that originality and inspiration which make the flow of poetry, if less smooth, yet more strong.

With the transfer of the Ommiade dynasty into Spain went also the Om-

miade patronage of song, and Andalusia saw the day when in her palaces, her gardens, her groves, her fields, — from the king on the throne to the husbandman following the plough and the child yet in its school-days, — the passion for versification and rhyme made the air vibrate with songs of love and war, in which the old forms of verse and the old figures of speech and even the old desert life of Arabia, with its moving tents, still repeated themselves, interwoven with new forms of thought and new scenes drawn from a luxuriant, beautiful, and still passionate civilization. The names of authors of the later period of Arabic poetry would fill volumes. The numerical proportions of their writings are fabulous. It is said that a single rhapsodist, named Hammad, recited from memory, at the demand of the Kalif El Walid, two thousand nine hundred of the longer poems taken from the pre-Mohammedan period. On such a basis as this did the poets of the Islam period pile their innumerable productions.

The range of subjects which the ancient Bedouin treated was necessarily limited to the incidents and surroundings of desert life. The shifting tent of the nomad witnessed outbursts of passion less restrained than those of civilized communities. Its events broke the monotony of days of seclusion. The arrival and entertainment of a guest; the scenes of festive hospitality, when the full bowl, passing round, testified the liberality of the host; the sudden appearance of the death messenger, calling the name of one of the family who had fallen at the hand of an enemy, and whose slaying cried for the vow of blood revenge; mournings for the departed; descriptions of nature, the desert, the storm; love and battle, swords and spears; the fleet horse, who foams for the fray; the favorite camel; the deserted dwelling of the love, whose tent has been moved to distant pasture

grounds; the adventures of horse and rider in the search after her, — such are the themes of this poetry, which made the desert glow as with noontide heat, or glower as if swept by the hurricane. These themes are carried over into the later poetry of distant lands. They form a heroic element in the pre-Mohammedan verse, and communicate a like element to later Spanish verse. There was true knighthood in the old law of the desert, that whosoever took refuge in the tent, his life was sacred, though he were the bitterest enemy. Hospitality waited on him as on a friend. Within the cords and curtains was inviolable truce, — food, drink, sleep, protection. But, once out upon the wastes, the guest again took his life in his hand. It may be that knighthood knows no time or clime to which it exclusively belongs. History has not failed to show that the Arab rider and soldier has borne his part in its illustration. The final development of Middle Age chivalry displayed many of its glories on Spanish soil, where Christian and Saracen joined in battle, while both alike listened to the late echoes of desert song.

The rise of Arabian learning presents some features to which attention ought to be directed before we close. We have here a career offering itself with singular completeness to our observation. Its beginning, its culmination, its decline, are before us. It is a rounded whole. Unlike the great nations of antiquity, the beginnings of whose culture are lost in the distances of time, and whose learning was a slow growth out of a native soil, the intellectual movement of the Saracens had no hidden germinal period. It was not a growth, nor was it a product of Arabian soil. So long as the nation held to its birthplace it had no proper development, political or scientific. Its progress came by transplanting. Severed in a remarkable degree from its former life, its development was sudden. The successive

stages wrought out before the gaze of the world can be easily studied.

Two things will impress the reader of this story. The first is the brilliancy of this intellectual career, and the second its fugitive nature.

The Arabians threw themselves into the pursuit of learning with the same enthusiasm, abandonment, and devotion which characterized their religious and political life. As war was a passion, as religion was a fanaticism, as art ministered to enrapt sensuous enjoyment, so learning was a species of luxury. It was one of the glories of a lavish civilization. It was pursued, not without a sense of its utilities, not without a devotion to knowledge and earnest searching after truth as truth; but yet in a spirit of rivalry, and of that romance which attaches to all the activities stimulated by and developed under the Arabian impulse. Hence the enormous expenditure of money, the royal equipments, the royal emoluments, the prince-

ly state and pomp of learning, in the period of its widest diffusion.

While the time of its endurance is not short, — for its sway lasted through centuries, — it goes, nevertheless, as it came, suddenly. One wakes from the recital of all Arabian history as from a dream. With the passing away of other glories the glory of letters fades so completely that it is hard to realize their former supremacy over vast territories and over millions of active minds. The bustle and busy searching, the collecting and transcribing and recording, the piling up of libraries and accumulation of treatises covering every department of learning, ceases. The intellectual career of Islam is finished. In the history of the world the movement of the Arabian mind is like that of the Bedouin horde, suddenly appearing upon the desert, sweeping with dash and vigor over the sands, and vanishing again; leaving the observer surprised, wondering, and questioning.

Edward Hungerford.

LOVE'S SOLITUDE AND SOCIETY.

WHEN I must go into the turmoil rude
Of worldly men and ways, I cheerly go,
Since there I am as one that hath no foe,
But moves in sylvan peace, where boughs exclude
The too fierce sun, and paths with leaves are strewed,
And bird-sought brooks in shady stillness flow: —
I need not shun the turmoil, since I know
That Love will make for me sweet solitude.
And if I into exile must be sent,
Let me not grieve; the Fate's commanding lips
I kiss, and take my way without a fear.
If in the desert I must pitch my tent,
Love hath within itself all fellowships, —
Is friends, and home, and rest, and plenteous cheer.

Edith M. Thomas.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

It is certainly a pity that "one of Plutarch's men" should have had his life omitted by that biographer. The modern writer, who accounts for his hero instead of representing him, and records, painstakingly, his diurnal doings in the flesh in place of the experience of his immortal past, will not serve for a man of the old stamp. Plutarch had a special sense for the significant deeds and words in which greatness resides, and, happily, the rapid destruction of what was unessential even in the most famous careers made it easy for him to write brief narratives, so justly delineating living traits that he was the Holbein of antiquity. In our day, however, individuality has well-nigh dropped out of history and literary criticism altogether, and seems to have taken refuge in fiction. Where it used to be Cato and Regulus it is Jean Valjean and Sir Galahad. The ideal in character has become, in letter, a thing of the imagination; hence arises our commiseration for any Plutarchian who was born too late. In the case of Lincoln, regret ought to reach some degree of poignancy, because not only was he distinguished by that genuine and original quality of manhood which Mr. Lowell's phrase is meant to express, but reminiscences of him are of the sort which Plutarch's method makes the most of; and truly, if one could gather up into a life of the brevity and succinctness of these age-worn chronicles what was capital in Lincoln's actions and characteristic in his sayings, it were a book to make the owls of the commonplace wink! Lincoln possessed in remarkable measure the kind of personality which Plutarch rendered most perfectly; for it is the peculiarity of that old-style biographer not to dissociate the deed or word from its author, but to

set it forth as the truest and most vital expression of the man's nature, so that at the end one seems to remember, not what the hero did or said, but what he was. This unity of the outward expression with the inward spirit, together with an ever-present sense of a dominant individuality, is constantly brought home to the mind in any reading about Lincoln; whatever the trait may be named, — genuineness, originality, sincerity, directness, — it pervaded his life; and so true is this that many a person, who has had the opportunity of hearing of Lincoln from his companions in early circuit days, must have remarked that anecdotes concerning him then are not less plentiful and characteristic than in the stirring times of the war. He seems always to have been doing or saying something noticeable, from boyhood. In consequence, the amount of detail respecting him which has survived from a hundred perishable sources is very large; and, while it would be gossip if it related to another man, it is of very high interest in connection with him. Other men have been known to us by anecdote, such as Dr. Johnson; but much of the attractiveness of Boswell's narrative is due to the club, to the manners of the time, and to the humors and idiosyncrasies of the old doctor, while in Lincoln's case the charm is exclusively individual, and, moreover, owes nothing to erratic human nature, but all to a noble type of manhood. And other men have survived by their sayings, such as Talleyrand; but in him wisdom is the concentrated craft of a cruel and selfish worldly class, while in Lincoln it is felt to be the plain truth sifted from the experience of common life, and with the beneficence as well as the validity of a proverb. In whatever way one ap-

proaches Lincoln, he finds a man who did not merely impress himself upon his times by his talents, after the manner of a great man, like Pitt or Mirabeau, but in a quite special way ; he is recognized as a new species of public man or world's hero. Whether there is any justice in calling him "the first American" may be doubted, although in his character he embodied the excellences most prized in the national ideal of manhood, with a singular purity and clearness, and with an elevation that places him foremost in rank ; but in another sense he is just as likely to be the last American, at least of his kind, because, so far as there is any truth in applying the terms of physical science to the origin of spiritual character, he was the product of the transitory pioneering stage in the settlement of the continent, and was environed in his birth and early manhood by conditions that pass away with "the Border." This does not interfere with the fact that Lincoln was a new type of American, and distinctively a Westerner ; or with our prefatory consideration, that his marked individuality and striking expression of himself, at every moment, make him peculiarly fit for Plutarchian biography, which aims to present a man only in the deeds and words in which his greatness was made manifest.

Mr. Rice is not a disciple of Plutarch, and there may seem to be such incongruity in comparing his bulky volume¹ (which is only the first of two) with one of those literary medallions of the Roman as almost to amount to a sneer. But we are quite sincere in saying that Mr. Rice has adopted a kind of Plutarchian method, and has done as much as a modern can to place the figure of Lincoln before us in his originality, to preserve for the future the personal impression he made on many men of diverse training, talents, and habits,

and to gather up all that remains of verbal tradition in regard to him. Each of thirty-three observers, of various degrees of eminence, tells his own stories of the man, in this volume ; and while it is true that some of them have no story to tell, that others seem to have fancied that a eulogy was required of them, such as is usually printed only in the proceedings of a historical society, and that others contribute more of legal disquisition or even mental obliquity (like Donn Piatt) than of valuable, straightforward sight of Lincoln and his acts, nevertheless, the volume rarely wanders far from its purpose, and is in a high degree entertaining and instructive. What strikes one most, perhaps, is the entire absence of color in the narratives : it seems as if the writers had found nothing so easy as to tell exactly what they heard and saw ; they cease to be entirely natural only when they leave Lincoln's presence. In such a collection of papers, mainly by men who were themselves much interested in the affairs of the time, it is a part of the inevitable that considerable space should be occupied with discussions of events, policies, and attitudes in a merely general way. The command of armies, the conduct of campaigns, the wisdom of confiscations, the limits of power in the executive, the various questions of status which arose from time to time, and like matters, are dwelt upon somewhat for their own sake. The chief of these is the Emancipation Proclamation, its occasion, lawfulness, and effect, and in connection therewith Lincoln's attitude toward both slavery and the negro. There are many different views on this latter point, but nothing is brought forward which makes the facts any plainer than Lincoln's own words. That he was sincerely opposed to slavery there can be no doubt, but he was an opponent under the law ; that he meant to pre-

¹ *Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln*. By Distinguished Men of his Time. Collected and edited

by ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE. New York : North American Publishing Company. 1886.

serve the Union, and used the Emancipation Proclamation for that purpose solely, while perfectly aware of its limitations as proceeding under martial law, is equally certain; that he determined upon it a considerable time before it was issued, that he delayed it until a favorable moment both of political feeling and of military position in the field, and that the decisive step was taken not in consequence of any convention of loyal governors, or delegation from any organization whatever, or pressure from this group, or fear of that contingency, or anticipation of the other result, but from many causes combined, is also pretty well made out. Lincoln was statesman enough to know that his private belief regarding the right or wrong of slavery was no ground for the use of the power of the state, devolved upon him in trust for public ends, save for the common safety or in accordance with the will of the people; or, in other words, that he was not a moral dictator, but a popular ruler. His delay cannot be held to indicate any weakness in his condemnation of slavery, but rather that subordination of everything else to the one end of maintaining the Constitution, which he expressed with such lucidity in his letter to Horace Greeley. Lincoln was not an abolitionist, because certain legal barriers to that course existed, until a state of war swept them away. He was, it would seem, a colonizer, at least until General Butler, who paradoxically remarks that, "like all Southern men, Lincoln did not understand the negro character," showed him that children would be born faster than the parents could be exported; but he does not appear to have come to any conclusions respecting the new status of the blacks; all that lay in the future. It is certainly unlikely that he who had so perfectly discharged his function as a leader of the people would have failed to advance with popular sentiment, or have taken a reactionary

course upon a matter of such large public concern.

Such speculation is, however, as futile in this brief notice as in Mr. Rice's big book. One turns from it and all other public questions, now happily settled, to the personal character of Lincoln, and to his bearing under the weight of his daily cares. In this regard, it is scarcely too much to say that the public is now admitted to an intimacy with the whole course of Lincoln's life greater than any one of his associates separately had: he is seen at all hours and in all relations, and shown as he was in all his homeliness, — nor is his grossness spared; yet there is no moment when he loses manly dignity, or appears less than a good man and true. One must read these pages to get anew the sense of the equality of his greatness in character, independently of his ability as a wielder of political power, a leader in a social revolution, a master of sometimes reluctant and often warring forces. Some incidents stand out upon our memory with peculiar distinctness. Such is the interview after the Pennsylvania elections, when Moorhead delivered to Lincoln the message of the "best and most influential men of Harrisburg," who would have been "glad to hear some morning that you had been found hanging from the post of a lamp at the door of the White House." This was from the lips of his friends. Another vivid moment is that when Coffin saw him come out of the headquarters of McClellan, on hearing of the death of Colonel Baker, "unattended, with bowed head, and tears rolling down his furrowed cheeks, his face pale and wan; with both hands pressed upon his heart, he walked down the street, not returning the salute of the sentinel pacing his beat before the door." The single literary evening in the White House with the actor McDonough is also a clear-cut scene. Of the little things in the volume, none is more touching or sug-

gestive than his comment on the first dollar he earned: "I could scarcely credit that I, the poor boy, had earned a dollar in less than a day; that by honest work I had earned a dollar. The world seemed wider and fairer before me; I was a more hopeful and thoughtful boy from that time."

But one cannot do more than indicate the real value of Mr. Rice's work, which he may expand without censure from us until it is more voluminous than all of Plutarch. The character of Lincoln, not as a great name, but in the

daily walk of his life, is, we hold, of unparalleled influence for good among Americans; life grows capable of more tenderness and strength, more power of duty, more light of faith, more unselfishness of devotion, with every fair page one reads of his career; he was heroic, he was pathetic, he was practical, all at once, and in every fibre of his being he was a man. Love is not less than veneration in the feeling toward him of those whom he led; in the country's patriotic memory of him, it will not be otherwise.

BACON'S DICTIONARY OF BOSTON.

To know a city as one knows a book or a person is a liberal education; but how many modern cities can one know? The nation of London, in De Quincey's phrase, is far too enormous for any one who has not a Mezzofantian faculty of acquisitiveness. Those who feel at home in the City or at Covent Garden might be lost in St. John's Wood or Bayswater. Rome, too, oppresses one, not by its area or its diversity of interests, but by the palimpsest character of its history; one never knows when one has dug down to the oldest city in it. To know Paris means to hunt restlessly and disappointedly for what lies behind the present, and to abandon knowledge for immediate sensation. New York, to most men, is a sort of Sunday edition of a metropolitan newspaper, — just as miscellaneous, and just as lacking in perspective. But there are cities less discouraging to the human mind, with which one may have a cheerful familiarity, and know as he knows a picture, a book, or a person. Such a city is Florence. Venice also may so be known,

and one may take Verona as he would take an old missal. Edinburgh belongs in this category, and so does Boston.

Boston has fared well at the hands of historians. Drake and Shurtleff had, the one a dryasdust, the other a mellow antiquarian, habit, and each loved the town. The younger Drake gathered into a convenient hand-book the historic anecdote of the city; and then the company of special students under Mr. Winsor's lead produced that monument to a living person, the Memorial History of Boston, a book which spread Mr. Emerson's great hymn over four quarto volumes. This work, however, is rather a cyclopædia, to which one may refer. There is still room for a compact history which shall give a clear-cut profile view of a city so individual as Boston.

After all, a history of a city is like the biography of a living man; every one perceives that it is incomplete, not merely as a narrative, but as a study of forces. If one could get a cross-section, that might serve better, and such a view is obtained by the useful hand-book¹

¹ *Bacon's Dictionary of Boston.* With an Historical Introduction by GEORGE E. ELLIS, D. D.,

LL. D. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886.

which Mr. Bacon has made anew out of his earlier book, improving, enlarging, and systematizing. The dictionary method, with its frequent cross-references, suits well the necessity of one who would make acquaintance with a city in any of the varied aspects which it presents; for it is in concrete expressions that one learns the physiognomy, and any other arrangement than the alphabetical would either be practically inconvenient, or would reflect too much the personal caprice of the maker of the book. Mr. Bacon's training as a journalist has helped him to that impartial, unbiased treatment of his subject which was requisite. He has reported cheerfully and without prejudice whatever he could discover worthy of note in the multiform life of the city. Cribb Clubs and churches, Dime Museums and Museums of Fine Arts, the North End and the Back Bay, the Long Path and Scollay Square, — nothing comes amiss. *Civis est: civilis nihil ab se alienum putat.*

This absence of partisanship is a capital quality in the maker of a dictionary of a city. We wonder how many citizens there are who would not betray in such a task their pet aversions or hobbies, or who, if of an antiquarian cast, would not throw themselves upon one side or the other of disputed questions. But Mr. Bacon treats Christ Church with judicial fairness, and might have stopped at all the hotels in the city, to judge from the uniform character which he gives them. Even the statue of Aristides, that looks piteously over the railings of Louisburg Square, does not get a hard word from him; and when he wishes to relieve his mind in general upon the subject of Boston statues, he calls in Mr. Wendell Phillips and Mr. T. H. Bartlett. Possibly his professional enthusiasm leads him to go into unnecessary particulars respecting the newspapers of Boston, but we fancy the newspapers would be the last to discover

that too much had been said about them. One good point in the book is the mention in connection with important buildings of the architects who designed them, and our chief criticism of the Dictionary is upon its treatment of the whole subject of the city's architecture. The buildings which go to make up the structural city are like the persons who constitute its spiritual order. The great majority are commonplace to the eye, scarcely distinguishable from one another; it is only now and then that one has a marked individuality. But these special instances, these persons among buildings, give character and distinction to the whole; and while Mr. Bacon has noted the few churches and public institutions which everybody knows, he has failed to point out certain commercial buildings which in their way are equally noteworthy, and certain private houses which a stranger and even many an old citizen may never have seen, because his attention has not been called to them. A valuable service might also have been rendered if Mr. Bacon had indicated the birthplaces or residences of Bostonians eminent in public life, or in literature, science, or art. To be sure, many of the houses have disappeared before the stony step of business; but all have not gone, and a walk through the North End and West End could have been made more interesting if such facts had been more plentifully given.

The Dictionary is rather for the denizen than for the stranger; at least, it is more completely a book for one living in Boston than a guide-book, like its companion, *Boston Illustrated*, which suits better the needs of a casual visitor. It tells one of many things in his city of which he has only vague information: of the various charitable institutions and clubs, — its information in this last respect being surprisingly full; of the neighborhoods of foreigners, like the Italian and Chinese quarters; of

the nomenclature of streets; of educational institutions. We suspect that most who read the article Catholic Theological Seminary will open their eyes in wonder, and mentally resolve to take an early horse-car to Brighton. We wish, when referring to the Public Latin School, Mr. Bacon had allowed himself to give one or two passages from Dr. Phillips Brooks's oration,¹ one of the most admirable occasional addresses ever given in the city; rare for its historic insight, its happy characterization, its personal reminiscences, and its generous reading of boy life. Either from that oration or from Dr. Dimmock's memorial address, he ought to have given a picture of Dr. Francis Gardner, a figure in the last half-century of Boston history more vivid in many minds than the statue of Aristides in their eyes.

We should not have objected, either, if Mr. Bacon had made a separate article on Vandalism, grouping under it the cutting down of the Paddock elms, the leveling of the trees in Pemberton Square, the encroachments on the Common, the destruction of the Hancock House, and other stupidities and brutalities which the dumb city has suffered at the hands of the ignoble. In truth, the effect of a diligent study of this skillful little book is to make one believe that Boston is a good town for a rational and not too restless a being to live in; but that eternal vigilance is needful to preserve that which is sound in its life, to hold fast the old traditions, and to be on guard against the people born without ancestry, who are for rushing into a future that will, if they have their way, be a worthless past.

HUTCHINSON'S DIARY: SECOND VOLUME.²

WE made the first volume of this belated publication the subject of an article in this magazine, in May, 1884. Referring to that paper for the personal character and career of Governor Hutchinson; the reasons, just or unjust, for the odium which attached to him in this province; his leaving, on permission granted him by the king, for a temporary visit to England, which became a saddened and hopeless state of exile for the remainder of his life from the native land and home which he so fondly loved, we may give a brief rehearsal of his experiences as presented in this second volume. He left Boston June 1, 1774, the day when the Port Act, closing the harbor, took effect. He

watched for the development of events, as the news from time to time, amid long delays and exciting rumors, of battles and embittered strife reached England, protracting a struggle to which he hoped that each month would bring a reconciling close. He watched also the same development of measures by the home government, in its fatuous policy of exasperating and vacillating dealing with the rebellion in the colonies, in which passion, contempt, and vengefulness took the place of wisdom and baffled the skill of statesmanship. The second volume of the governor's Diary begins under date of January 1, 1776. We may allow him an extract under date of September 1, 1778, to give us a retro-

¹ *The Oldest School in America.* Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

² *The Diary and Letters of his Excellency Thomas Hutchinson, Esq., Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of his late Majesty's Province* VOL. LVIII. — NO. 348. 36

in Massachusetts Bay, etc. Compiled from the Original Documents still remaining in the possession of his Descendants. By PETER ORLANDO HUTCHINSON, one of his great-grandsons. Vol. II. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886.

spect of his condition and experience up to that time: "The changes in the last four or five years of my life make the whole scene, when I look back upon it, appear like a dream, or other delusion. From the possession of one of the best houses in Boston, the pleasantest house and farm at Milton of almost any in the world, and one of the best estates in the colony of Rhode Island, — free from debt, an affluent income, and a prospect of being able to make a handsome provision for each of my children at my death, — I have not a foot of land at my command, and personal estate of about £7000 only; depending on the bounty of government for a pension, which, though it affords a present ample provision for myself, and enables me to distribute £500 a year among my children, yet is precarious, and I cannot avoid anxiety. But I am still distinguished by a kind providence from my suffering relations, friends, and countrymen in America, as well as from many of them in England, and have great reason to be thankful that so much mercy is yet continued to me." The governor died suddenly — though he had been ill — at Brompton Park, near London, on June 3, 1780, six years after he had left Boston. Before his own decease he had lost a beloved son and daughter, who were with him, by consumption. Clinging to the hope that his own bones might rest in his native land, it was his fond wish to transfer thither the relics of his children. Another daughter died within a month after his death. Within the period covered by this volume, the governor had to learn of the Declaration of Independence, the French alliance, the combination of France and Spain against Great Britain, and the successes and reverses of the armies and fleets of the warring parties, with all the rumors of heats in parliamentary debate, and the boldness of the opposition to the government, and the unyielding attitude of the colonies. It is

evident that before his death he had sadly admitted to himself that the rupture would end in a final and complete discomfiture of government.

The impression which the candid reader would receive from the first volume of this work will be strengthened as he peruses the second, that party bitterness, traditionary prejudice and patriotic rhetoric have contributed to an over-severity of judgment, and an undeserved personal obloquy visited upon the last royal civil governor of Massachusetts. He was not the malignant plotter, the insidious intriguer of mischief and oppression, which his enemies represented him to be. The extracts from the *Diary and Letters of Chief Justice Peter Oliver*, — a companion of Hutchinson in exile, — which the editor intersperses through his pages, give the reader the means of comparing the spirits and utterance of these two unhappy men, and of judging how much more mild and considerate of the two was the governor. Before he left Boston and through the remainder of his life, which closed before the colonies had achieved independence, Hutchinson, a man of much intelligence, discrimination, and penetration, maintained most strenuously that the breach with the mother country, with all its irritations and aggravations, was not brought about by the spontaneous and general sentiment of the mass of people, but was inspired by a few self-constituted leaders, who ingeniously, not to say artfully, by disputation, invective, skill in controversy, and the rubbing of a sore which they would not allow to heal, fomented a strife which rapidly matured to open rebellion. There is more ground and reason found now, in all our heaps of revolutionary literature, to sustain this conviction of the governor's than our patriotic oratory has educated us to imagine. Whoever has accepted the fancy that our Revolutionary War, from its beginning to its close, engaged the spontaneous, hearty,

general, and self-sacrificing approval and coöperation of even the majority of all classes of the people of the colonies will do wisely if he will read with care — it can hardly be with patriotic complacency — the letters of Washington, to refer to no other confirmatory authorities, in which that sometimes impatient but always noble and generous leader gives utterance to his complaints and forebodings. Our independence was achieved and secured by the French alliance, — the sympathy, the money, the war supplies, and the navy of France. Three helpful agencies aided to effect it: First, the adroit and diligent, the ingenious and persistent, efforts of a few able patriots in pressing an original grievance into an ever expanding and sharpening controversy, intimidating the loyalists, and turning a minority on their side into a working majority. Second, the fatal policy of the British government, exasperating, wrong-headed, contemptuous, yet weakly vacillating in its blind and baffled attempts, both civil and military, to undo a folly and a wrong simply by aggravating them. And third, the natural working out of a predestined result — shall we say by evolution or by Providence? — in the birth of a new nation. We have already noticed the recognition by Hutchinson of the first of these agencies. The working of the second he had full opportunity to watch in England. He had himself opposed and written against the Port Bill. So far from being in sympathy with, he more or less openly and earnestly disapproved of, the subsequent measures of government, as his *Diary* abundantly attests. He says he was not consulted by the ministry. As to the third of these co-operating agencies in the birth of our nation, Hutchinson was no seer to forecast it.

Yet the ill-repute and odium, under the burden of which Hutchinson so sadly left his native land, followed him across the ocean, and were accepted by

the opposition in Parliament as helpful to argument against government. Hutchinson records that Fox, in assailing the ministry in the Commons, urged the withdrawal “of the pension to a late governor, Mr. Hutchinson, that firebrand and source of the American disputes.” The diarist, then prostrate by illness, and within three months of the close of his life, enters this placid comment on the invective: “Happy should I be if I could as well acquit myself for all other parts of my conduct through life as for the part I have taken in this controversy.”

In that melancholy and plaintive retrospect of his fortunes which we have quoted above from the governor's *Diary*, it will be noticed that he gratefully recognizes his own favorable fortune in contrast with those of his fellow-exiles in England. His reference, of course, is to the refugees or loyalists, who were then crowding to London, in the character of poor relations, greatly annoying and embarrassing the officers of government. They were indeed a forlorn and wretched company, most of them delicately bred and previously in affluent circumstances. They brooded over and uttered their woes, told of their losses, sacrifices, and miseries, and hung round the offices and the treasury, seeking pleaders and patrons for allowances and pensions. They were kept at fever heat by the rumors and the gazettings which told of the alternations of the conflict on this side of the water, and by the successive measures of a blundering and discomfited ministry. “Washington had died of a fever!” “Washington had been shot!” “Washington had sent in his resignation to the Congress!” were the tidings repeated at the New England Coffee House, where these victims of suspense resorted. Hutchinson records that they were once left for seventy days without tidings from America. He invited groups of the more distinguished of these ex-

iles to dinner. It was remembered and repeated that, from the first outbreak in this country of mobs, riots, burnings, plunderings, and insults, against those who were on the side of government, British officials, civil and military, had covenanted that support, redress, and full reparation should be made to such sufferers. The ministry, Parliament, and the king had solemnly ratified these promises. The sufferers and pleaders in London were eager in pressing their claims. Government staggered under this demand, as the public debt was becoming well-nigh unmanageable. At the peace it tried to shift the responsibility for redress to these loyalists upon our Congress and legislatures. But Franklin thwarted the scheme. The British government had not promised to compel us to indemnify the loyalists, but to do so itself. In the end it fulfilled its promise with a degree of generosity.

Hutchinson beguiled the weary months and years of his exile by mingling with moderation in social enjoyments, by attending court days till bereavements and indifference made them unattractive to him, by visiting occasionally public shows, and by frequent country journeys, sharing the hospitality of friends, and interesting himself in matters of history and antiquity. But all the while he carried with him the ache of homesickness, and a longing to get back to his beautiful farm, to the simple ways of living, made more winning by contrast with an artificial and heartless society around him, and to the cherished friends of his youth and maturity.

We do not recall any reference before this to a curious fact noted in the following extract from the Diary:—

“November 22, 1777. At Lord Townshend's, Portman Square. Lady T. asked me if I had a mind to see an instance of American loyalty, and, going to the sofa, uncovered a large gilt head, which at once appeared to be that of the king, which it seems the rebels

at New York, after the Declaration of Independence, cut off from the statue which had been erected there, and sent to Fort Washington, in order to fix it on a pole or pike; but by some means or other it was buried, and after the surrender of the fort Montresor took it into his possession, and sent it to Lord T., which he received last night. The nose is wounded and defaced, but the gilding remains fair; and as it was well executed, it retains a striking likeness.”

The reference is to a leaden-gilt equestrian statue of George III., executed by the celebrated Milton, of London, which the citizens of New York had erected on the Bowling-Green, in 1770, as an expression of their satisfaction at the repeal of the Stamp Act. On the evening of July 9, 1776, after the public reading of the Declaration of Independence, amid the rejoicings and tumults of the populace, the statue was dismembered, and parts of it were run into bullets, “to assimilate with the brains of the adversary.” It is very likely that the fact came to the knowledge of the king as an unpleasant reminder of the decapitation of Charles I.

One task occupied the assiduous diligence and engaged the best abilities of Governor Hutchinson during these years of trouble, for which we owe him a debt of unqualified regard and gratitude. In his peaceful and prosperous times he had written and published two volumes of the History of Massachusetts, a work of thorough and patient research, impartial, and in every respect commendable and admirable. Though he left behind him here so much that he valued, he fortunately carried with him journals and public documents from which he was able to digest the contents of a third volume. This was edited and published by his grandson, Rev. John Hutchinson, in 1828, five hundred copies being prepared for the American market, by agreement. It covers the period between 1749 and 1774, and is mainly a

relation of the author's administration and that of his predecessor, Sir Francis Bernard. No fair-minded reader can peruse this volume without a sympathetic regard, and even a warm esteem, for the writer. It relates, under various phases, one continuous and embittered controversy. Yet it is chastened and dignified in tone and spirit, wholly free from querulousness, and not to be challenged in its statement of facts. While it is free from all malignity and special pleading on his own behalf, the author tries to be fair in judging the motives and reporting the sayings and doings of those who badgered and hectoring him by putting the worst construction upon his course as the sworn servant of his king.

It is likely that some readers of the second volume of the *Diary and Letters* will find more matter to engage, as they certainly will much more to amuse, them in the contributions which the editor makes to it from his own pen and fancy than from the records of the governor. The work is indeed unique in the license and lawlessness of the method of its editorship. The course of the proper narration is interrupted by the most irrelevant matter introduced into the text, and in what the editor regards as "the degrading position of foot-notes." Some of this is of a highly comical character. Thus we have philological, etymological, and grammatical criticisms, conceits, moralizings, and hortatory warnings mingled with fragmentary allusions to gossip, with scraps of pedigrees, biography, and history. A kindly allowance for all these discursions and whimsies of the editor may be made on the score of his age and the peculiar type of Englishmen of which he is an admirable specimen,—musing, moralizing, anecdotal, oracular, used to deferential attention, and making the subject of his fond study and reminiscences the pivot on which the history of the world revolves. Commenting on

a reference of the governor's to some delay in the consummation of a marriage between a mature couple, the editor gives us a note beginning as follows: "Tastes and preferences are infinite, and they are unaccountable. There are many agreeable, accomplished, and estimable old maids in the world. They may have become so from choice, or," etc.

Again, the governor records that on a visit to Lord Hardwicke he had thoughtlessly referred to the recent suicide of a Mr. Stanley, and adds, "I never thought, until I came home, of his brother Charles, who died just in the same way. I then recollected or fancied that he was in some degree of confusion," etc. Now the editor, seeming to fear lest the moral digestion of his readers may not be able to assimilate the warning, gives them a note as follows: "When you are in general society, never reflect on those who have been hanged, for you know not whose toes you may tread upon; and never speak of your pedigree or your coat armor, for there may be those within hearing who never had either." Yet the editor gives many pages to this matter of "coat armor," and follows genealogies of very ordinary persons into particulars really as unimportant as would be the succession and distribution of crops of cabbages and turnips. We must forgive him for all his contemptuous allusions and his sharp criticisms, as referring to this country, the home of some of the most distinguished of his own lineage, for he apologizes for and takes them all back in his closing colophon. He says, "When Americans have made reparation for all the slander and misrepresentation which they have persistently heaped upon the governor during the last one hundred and twenty years, then we shall be quits. It is time to bury the hatchet. Farewell."

Some facts, of easy explanation, concerning his subject, appear to have es-

caped the notice of the editor. Under dates of November 7 and 13, 1776, the governor refers to a small pamphlet which he had published anonymously, as "A Letter addressed to a noble Lord, etc.," a copy of which he sent, with the following note, to the king: "Governor Hutchinson, being prompted by zeal for your majesty's service, and a desire to expose, and as far as may be to frustrate, the very criminal designs of the leaders of your majesty's deluded, unhappy American subjects, has wrote and caused to be printed a small pamphlet, which he begs leave to lay at your majesty's feet, humbly entreating your majesty's forgiveness of this presumption." This pamphlet, the editor says, is unknown to him. He might have found the paper in Almon's Remembrancer, Vol. IV. It is made up of strictures on the Declaration of Independence, the reasons given to justify which the writer pronounces "false and frivolous."

Under date of November 20, 1777, the governor records, "I sent the Bishop of Rochester a set of my History and the Collection to-day, as I had done to the Bishop of London yesterday, and from both received very polite cards." The editor supposes "the Collection to be of his speeches to the House of Representatives." It was that invaluable volume of Hutchinson's, published in

Boston in 1769, entitled *A Collection of Original Papers relative to the History of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay.*

The editor, taking note of Hutchinson's unwillingness to listen a second time to Lord Chatham, who "had frequently uttered expressions calculated to encourage insubordination and embroil the two countries," makes it the occasion of a most murderous assault of his own on the opposition members in both houses of Parliament, as having given aid and comfort to the rebels. He writes: "It may be assumed that if half a dozen members out of each chamber had been hanged, a very sedative effect would have been produced in the colonies."

It would seem as if the editor must have noted the facetious items which occasionally appear in the journals about the possible payment by our government of the debt of our seceding States. For, looking farther back for a case of reparation, one would infer that he is not entirely without hope of sharing a compensation for the losses of his ancestor as a loyalist by confiscation. He quotes the following from the governor's Diary, with his own comment in square brackets: "'Perhaps I may not live to have my estate restored to me, or to receive a compensation, but I hope my children will.' [Aside — They have n't yet. Patience! patience!]"

FORTUNY AND DECAMPS.

MARIANO FORTUNY's art is so modern in its character that new words are needed to describe it; and Mr. Yriarte, in his biography¹ of the brilliant Spanish master, speaks a language which

owes some of its most telling terms to the highly colored jargon of the Parisian studios. The advantage of a personal acquaintance with the painter of the Spanish Wedding enables the author to tell the not unromantic story of Fortuny's life in an intimate manner, and to add many hitherto unpublished particu-

¹ *Les Artistes Célèbres.* Fortuny. Par CHARLES YRIARTE, Inspecteur des Beaux-Arts. Paris: J. Rouam. 1886.

lars. Born at Reus, a village in the province of Tarragona, in 1838, the artist lived only thirty-six years, but in this brief time he created a great fame. He was an orphan, and poor, when at fourteen he went to Barcelona to begin his studies under one Claudio Lorenzale, in the Fine Arts Academy. The modest pension of about eight dollars a month allowed him by the city he eked out by decorating in distemper several village churches in the neighborhood. In a competition he took the "prize of Rome," giving him the privilege of two years of study in that capital. The town of Barcelona, which seems to have taken a paternal interest in the taciturn young man from the beginning, then sent him forth, with General Prim, to illustrate the episodes of the picturesque campaign of 1860 in Morocco. Mr. Yriarte was with Fortuny on this expedition, and describes him as a robust and well-built Catalan, abrupt in manner, thoughtful, resolute in times of difficulty, accustomed to rough fare and hardship, always ready for anything, and cool under fire. His portrait of himself represents a strong and well-proportioned head, full of character, with a proud Spanish carriage, indicating independence and force of will. Although he was in Morocco more than five months, the war and Prim's easy victories did not interest him in the least. He made many sketches, but they were of everything except battles, and he was so much absorbed in observation of the exterior aspect of things — the arid country, the sky, the atmosphere, the character and costumes of the Moors, the buildings, and the play of light over these various objects — that he may be said to have hardly noticed that a war was in progress. On his return, Barcelona commissioned him to paint a large picture of The Capture of the Camps of Muley-el-Abbas and Muley-el-Hamed by the Spanish Army. He went to Rome, by way of Madrid and Paris, to execute

this work, which, begun with apparent enthusiasm, was never completed. Several accounts of this episode have been current, but it is plain, from Mr. Yriarte's account, that Fortuny never really cared for the subject, that it was so foreign to his bent that he was ill at ease in doing it, and that presently he became intensely interested in other things. He rolled up the big canvas, and for several years replied by evasions to the queries of the Barcelona authorities. Finally, he offered to return the money advanced, and although this proposition was refused at first, when it became evident that he had given up the idea of finishing the painting, the contract was annulled. His conduct in this affair appears to have lacked candor.

In 1866 Fortuny went to Paris, where he profited by the instruction of Meissonnier; and then to Madrid, where he married the daughter of his friend, the artist Madrazo. He returned to Rome, as ever, for he regarded the Eternal City as his home, and from this period forth he was famous, courted, and rich. A brilliant artistic group surrounded him, and such men as Zamaçois, Ximenez, Domingo, Rico, and Villegas regarded him as their leader. His studio was a marvelous museum. Visitors "de Boston, de Philadelphie, de Cuba," sought admission to it. Everybody admired those odd and sparkling little paintings, "made to delight the eyes rather than to touch the heart." Henri Regnault wrote home: "I spent the day before yesterday at Fortuny's, and *cela m'a cassé bras et jambes*. He is astonishing, *ce gaillard-là!* . . . He is the master of us all."

It was in 1870 that the Spanish Wedding made such a stir in Paris. Fortuny followed this success with others of his most striking canvases, — the Reception of a Model at the Academy, Les Suppliciés, Fantasia in Morocco, Halte des Voyageurs, Kabyles Convulsionnaires, Les Barocchi, The Drunken

Arquebusier, Rehearsal in a Garden, The Prayer, etc. His entire *œuvre* was very small, and less than fifty pictures and sketches are mentioned in the catalogue at the end of Mr. Yriarte's volume. Fortuny went to Granada and Tangiers in 1870, and was absent from Rome two years, passing the greater part of this time at the Alhambra, where he accomplished some of his finest work. A brief visit to England and a sketching trip to Naples and Portici were his last journeys on earth. He died in Rome, November 21, 1874.

Fortuny's works are all sparkle, brilliancy, and gem-like radiance. They have no depth of sentiment, and the human beings in them are not more important than the inanimate objects. All is superficial, but it is far from prosaic, and the barbaric splendor of the effect dazzles and amazes the sight. Fortuny liked whatever shone, — arms, faiences, glass, metal-work, precious stones, marbles, and bronzes; and, like the Zoroastrians, he worshiped the sun even as the eye of Deity. His effects of full sunlight falling upon white walls, relieved by transparent shadows, are almost magical. His touch was nervous and distinguished. His audacity was such that he attacked the most difficult problems of painting from preference. He was full of caprice, and in more than one respect he was like his compatriot, the fiery Goya, by whose works he was much influenced. It is generally conceded that Fortuny's manual skill has not been equaled by any modern painter. His biographer laments that he, with his prodigious dexterity, unwittingly founded "the school of the hand." In his track there came forward a whole constellation of prankish and scintillating executants, devoid of ideas, who betrayed and belittled the artist. "His genuine science, allied with an indisputable magic, whose spell was felt by all; his love of light, his worship of the sun; an indefinable and

unexpected quality in his selection, his idea, and his handling, — all this brought about his legitimate renown," says Mr. Yriarte. "But 'round about him it soon came to be believed that it sufficed to dress out a model in a lively-colored costume, and to place him against a more or less appropriate background, in order to constitute a picture. The weather, the time of day, the epoch, the country, the special atmosphere of a locality, the soul of things, in a word the *character*, no longer existed for certain uncritical, thoughtless, and unlearned artists, who undertook to replace intelligent drawing by the prestidigitation of the brush and the *séduction de la tache*." The contrast between Fortuny and Millet, with which Mr. Yriarte concludes his able study, is just and eloquent.

Alexandre-Gabriel Decamps, different in so many respects from the Spanish master, yet had certain rare qualities in common with him. Decamps was an orientalist and a virtuoso. He also was intensely modern. Known at the outset as a caricaturist and anecdotist, he passed on from burlesques and lithography to oriental *genre* and landscape, in which his style became fully developed and he took a high rank as a colorist. Like Fortuny's, his palette was described as bewitched; its resources were wonderful, and by its aid he accomplished miracles of coloring. Mr. Clément, art critic of the *Journal des Débats*, contributes an interesting account¹ of this remarkable painter's career to the valuable series of artists' biographies now in progress of publication in Paris. Decamps lived from 1803 to 1860, and was consequently in the thick of the romantic fray. He never received a thorough training in his art, but no man ever labored more earnestly to master the difficulties of a beloved vocation, and many a well-equipped ac-

¹ *Les Artistes Célèbres*. Decamps. Par CHARLES CLÉMENT. 57 Gravures. Paris: J. Rouam. 1886.

ademic draughtsman might have envied his success. At the time of the restoration and after the revolution of 1830, he was making drawings for *La Caricature* with Grandville and Charlet. A few of these crayon stabs are reproduced in Mr. Clément's book. They are witty and full of French malice. The decrepit King Charles X. playing at hunting in his own apartments, and in the act of aiming a popgun at a toy rabbit; Louis Philippe and his ministers vainly trying to hold in leash the too lively infant Françoise Désirée Liberté; the French class in Mr. Dupin's school (1830) conjugating the verb *to save*; Mr. Guizot at a government door begging for only a poor little prefecture; a group of four monkey experts solemnly examining a painting, — all these serve to demonstrate his exceptional sense of humor and his cynicism. In 1827 he had already begun to show oil-paintings in the Salon, and he was a constant exhibitor until a short time before his death. His great oriental pictures were produced between 1840 and 1860, after

several journeys in the East. His illustrations of Biblical episodes are really oriental landscapes, of astonishing depth and resonance of tone. The figures are small, but have much life, movement, and character. There was a sketch called *The Walk to Emmaüs*, in the Morgan collection, New York, last winter, which caused a profound and solemn impression by the extraordinary richness of its color and its imaginative force. "What sort of landscape is it?" was asked of an amateur who had seen it. "It is just such a landscape as Christ ought to walk in," was the reverential reply. Though his biographer makes no mention of it, Decamps was a Jew, as was Troyon and many other great artists. His influence has been great in the art of France. Marilhat, Guignet, and other painters have been more or less directly inspired by his example. Mr. Clément, without laying himself open to the charge of extravagance, might have claimed even more glory for Decamps than he has seen fit to do.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

MOST people seem to experience an odd difficulty in realizing that the very greatest personages of the past ever were young. Yet this conception is necessary, if we wish to see them as they really were, and not according to the text-books and other sources of illusory tradition. Milton, for instance: who does not think of him habitually as the "blind old bard"? To test this, let any one arrange to have the name brought suddenly before the attention at an odd moment, and see what kind of image presents itself to the imagination in response to the word. Ten to one it will prove to be a venerable but sightless

and piteous figure; a confused mixture of several superimposed images, of which the most prominent may be some dolorous frontispiece engraving of a stoop-shouldered bust, or the blind, pathetic form in Munkacsy's vivid group. It needs but an instant's reflection to see that this is a very inadequate and unfortunate conception of the actual Milton in his best days. True, he was both old and blind when the two *Paradises* were committed to paper, but not when they were first conceived in his creative brain. And what of that long period of his middle manhood, when he was not only poet, but statesman, and diplomat, and

terrible fighter for free thought and free government, — an erect, active figure, as full of force and fire as any trooper of them all? What of the still earlier days, when the beautiful young fellow charmed the hearts of man and maid, “cunning at fence,” of the literal sort, as well as in all the elegant intricacies of Italian sonneteering and polished state-craft? For my part, I like best to remember the outward aspect of Milton as he appears in Vertue’s engraving from the Onslow portrait at the age of twenty-one, — a jocund youngster, with laughing, dark gray eyes and fresh, manly face; full of the sap so soon to mature into the tough oak that helped — he more than almost any man, if we consider his having been both brain and pen to Cromwell, besides his own incessant prose polemics on the side of freedom — to wrestle out our modern liberties in that fierce tug of the Great Revolution. It was at just the time of this lovely boy-portrait that he was writing to his college-mate: —

“Festivity and poetry are not incompatible. Why should it be different with you? But, indeed, one sees the triple influence of Bacchus, Apollo, and Ceres in the verses you have sent me. And then, have you not music, — the harp lightly touched by nimble hands, and the lute giving time to the fair ones as they dance in the old tapestried room? Believe me, where the ivory keys leap and the accompanying dance goes round the perfumed hall, there will the song-god be.”

The teachers of literature might well make some effort to rehabilitate these misimagined worthies of the past, to remove from them the disguises of age and senility that a too reverent tradition has thrown about them, and to present them in that bloom of manhood belonging to the period of their greatest activity. If I were a Professor of Literature, I should desire to hang my lecture-room with pictures, — not of the

old traditional and forbidding decrepitudes, but of Milton, for example, as the charming young swordsman, with velvet cloak tossed on the ground and rapier in hand; of Homer, no longer blind and prematurely agonized, as it were, with our modern perplexities in finding him a birthplace, but as the splendid young Greek athlete, limbed and weaponed like his own youthful vision of Apollo, as

“Down he came,
Down from the summit of the Olympian mount,
Wrathful in heart; his shoulders bore the bow
And hollow quiver; there the arrows rang
Upon the shoulders of the angry god,
As on he moved. He came as comes the night,
And, seated from the ships aloof, sent forth
An arrow; terrible was heard the clang
Of that resplendent bow.”

I would tamper with even such venerated traditional dignities as Mrs. Barbauld, for the sake of their own rehabilitation in the eyes of misguided youth. She should no longer frown formidable behind the stately prænomen of “*Letitia*”; she should be given back her true girl-name of “*Nancy*,” and be represented, after her own account, as lithely and blithely climbing an apple-tree. Pythagoras should be a gracious stripling, crowned with ivy-buds and stretched at a pretty goat-girl’s feet, touching delicately the seven-stringed lyre. Even Moses might be shown as a buxom and frolicsome boy, shying stones at the crocodiles. Only Shakespeare, of all the pantheon, would need no change. His eternal youthfulness has been too much for the text-books and the monument-makers, and we always seem to conceive him as the fresh-hearted and full-forced man he really was.

— In what military school or generalised enterprise did the king-bird acquire his training, complete as it is at all points, so that he will not only attack audaciously and with large meed of success, but has the art to worry with small manœuvres the feathered enemy whose size renders him too redoubtable to be vanquished outright, and, last and sur-

est certificate of military worth, is able, if need be, to stand fire with undaunted courage? From the moment the cream-white eggs, with their bold tattooings of brown, repose in the rounded nest, till the four young conscripts issue forth from its walls to be enrolled in the service, he is constantly under arms. It is not the timid watchfulness of other birds at nesting-time, fearful for their young, and inspired in the hour of danger to defend them; it is a regular three months' campaign, fought every year within a small radius of the nest centre, generally from a vantage height above it, — a siege from within, so to speak, proclaimed against all who approach the sacred precincts.

I lately noticed a king-bird returning to his post on the topmost branch of a young apple-tree, after a sortie made against some swallows, the orbit of whose airy flight had described a circle intersecting his own imaginary sphere of possession. They meant no harm, were not pausing to take thought of him, their tiny minds bent on the insects which flew on either side his invisible fence. But the king-bird is a protectionist, and would fain have his flies for his own; so up went the standard. The invaders had been routed; that fact was apparent in every ruffled feather of the returning hero, in the poise and quiver of his wings, in the triumph of his crested head and the defiant glance from beads of jet. Such conscious, self-heralded elation roused the indignation and pugnacity of two boys, who instantly opened an attack upon the conqueror, in the interests of justice and of the balance of power. A small exercise of force on the part of his tyrannic majesty had driven the swallows to other fields, but a dozen or more large stones, not unskillfully aimed, failed utterly to dislodge the king-bird. Poised in air, a foot or two above his apple-tree twig, he evaded each stone by rising or sinking a little, his courage untouched, his

look seeming to indicate that he waited till the tables should turn, and some new line of attack be found, which should enable him to cope with these improved implements of warfare. Such pluck against odds could be accounted for only by the near presence of a nest; and where was there room and hiding-place for one in that scraggy, attenuated tree? Its scanty leaves clung to the trunk and limbs, as foliage will do on an exposed plain, where the winds give no chance for branches and twigs to expand. The combat was given up. The king-bird returned to the tree to nurse his indignation; and there, on coming back from our mountain walk, we found him, still dreaming of battles past or to come. Then we spied the nest, set in the short leafage, adorned with tufts of sheep's wool, doubtless brought home by our Jason from some spring-time quest or conquest. What is the meaning of these few inches of eager, triumphant, pugnacious life? Lives there some tradition of a defense of Troy in king-bird-dom, as of a lost Atlantis among the lemmings, which each successive generation, imitating rather than remembering the heroism of its ancestors, is bound to take up and continue? There must be a mythology and epic of some sort among the king-birds, if we could but get at it; for war is the life of each one of them, and is not a life, according to both historian and scientist, made up of lives gone before? Any way, the fly-catcher has a valiant air about him: he is a true king in the Carlylean sense, doing the fighting which lies before him with courage and persistence; not flaunting his yellow crown, but keeping it soberly covered with helmet of iron gray; a robber and marauder, but loyal to those whom it is his province to watch over and defend. Even his predilection for bees, which gets him into so much trouble, is, when we think of it, a Spartan taste.

— The *nouveaux riches*, as a class,

have been a good deal before the public, and their appearance and habits, both in the wild state and under domestication, are pretty familiar to all keen observers of the wonders of natural history. But there is another class in modern society, equally noteworthy, and in some respects even more preposterous and disagreeable, that seems to have escaped classification. It is that species of person whom we may denominate the *nouveau cultivé*. Sprung from illiterate stock in some uncivilized region, he has suddenly been plunged into an accidental penumbra of culture when well along in years. He has been "caught late." He has, accordingly, a most vivid appreciation of those things which seem to him to mark the difference between his present advanced position and his previous backward state. The little that he now knows is very conspicuous to him and to his relatives. His faith in certain second-rate makers of public opinion, especially since he has traveled and has seen the Building where these powerful things are produced, is very touching. He has religious convictions concerning the greatness of Washington Irving and Fitz-Greene Halleck, and perhaps of Young, Pollock, and Mrs. Hemans. He has read that Jeffrey said to Macaulay, "Where did you get that style?" and he, too, wonders where such a magnificent thing could have been found. Sometimes he copies passages, in hopes to acquire it for his own contributions to the county paper. He loves to quote from "quaint old" this one and that one; and has bought, but not yet read, a copy of Chaucer, because, as he is proud to explain to his family, he was a "well of English undefyled." His wife has presented to him a brief handbook of the history of art, and they have learned a good many of the dates. This gives them a contempt for the plain people who like and tack up wood-cuts and still take comfort in Christmas-cards.

They have read a little of "Dant," not without some secret struggles with the "I-talian" names; and greatly commiserate those who have not the advantage of familiarity with "Doar's" great illustrations.

All this is before the *nouveau cultivé* moves to the city. At that epoch the interesting creature enters on a second stage of development, but still very late. If the first was that of the larva, this is that of the chrysalis; but it is too far along in the season ever to produce a perfect butterfly. If the larva was active and aggressive, the chrysalis is appropriately cold and impassive. It has acquired a shell, and has a glazed expression of countenance, indicative of mysterious processes going on within. The man has mastered the code of dress, equipage, and etiquette; and so lately that he is greatly impressed with these things, makes his daughters and nieces shed tears for their errors, and rarely misses, himself. He not only acquires the correct pronunciation of "clever," with the genuine imported *chiar-oscuro* of the final syllable, but he learns to apply the word to the proper books and persons, and does this with almost painful frequency. He is wonderfully sure of the received verdicts on works of literature and art. If you happen to question any of them, or intimate a preference for some new man, it is comical, and yet a little vexing, for all your philosophy, to see how your lifelong weariness of the old orthodox judgment is taken for that ignorance of it from which he himself has so lately emerged. On the other hand, it is with an exquisitely benevolent condescension that he gives you the last twaddle as superseding your view of some one of the immortals.

There is, however, one consideration that should reconcile us to any and all of the social infelicities connected with the existence of this class of the *nouveaux cultivés*. It is the fact of the

better outlook for the next generation that comes from even the slightest lift to this. If the father only gets so far as to perform awkward and ludicrous antics on the front door-steps of culture, the children will certainly have a better chance of entering in than if he never had come out of the woods at all.

— The Thorndale of William Smith is one of those books (it would be interesting to make a list of them, some rainy evening) for which very few people care, but for which those few care a great deal. In certain moods, when the mind is disposed to fall into a fixed contemplation of one or another single great idea, I am reminded of Thorndale's incident of the ivory amulet. Cyril, who alone, of all their group of perplexed thinkers, has found peace as a Cistercian monk, relates the following :—

"Fearful of losing all the benefits of a *cultus*, I resolved to frame some simple ritual of my own upon a piece of ivory, about the size of half-a-crown. I wrote on the one side the single word 'God,' and on the other side the word 'Immortality.' Could I have chosen two words of greater significance? Then, drawing a silken cord through a hole pierced in the ivory, I suspended this amulet about my neck. It was my habit, when alone and thoughtful, to thrust my hand into my bosom. On every such occasion I should touch the silken cord. I should be instantly reminded of the words written on the ivory. This would direct my contemplation. For some brief time my modest ritual seemed to answer very well. But, unhappily, I was analytic as well as contemplative. 'Immortality!' I would sometimes say to myself. 'I aspire to be transformed into something higher than man, — not merely to be perpetuated.' Reason was less and less acquiescent. One day I took my ivory, and with a firm and yet no irreverent hand I drew my pen across the word 'Immortality,' and wrote instead the word

'Resignation.' But now the other uncanceled inscription began to call up interminable questionings. I never doubted of the existence of God, but I asked myself what conception I, judging by the mere reason, could form of him. The touch of the silken cord became now the signal for still more painful and terrible perplexities. One day, in my rambles, as I sat down by our river Isis, I felt once for all that the reason was utterly unequal to the task I had imposed on it. That silken cord, slight as it was, seemed to be strangling me. I drew it from my neck. I took my ivory amulet in both my hands, and snapped it in two. I threw the pieces into the running river. Thus ended my cultus, or ritual according to the pure reason."

As of words, embodying single great objects of contemplation, so of maxims, adages, *apophthegmata* : there are recurring periods when we find them of peculiar significance and value. We collect them, write them on various private sign-boards about us, — as the Cistercian on his ivory amulet, — then throw them aside till the period comes round again. For myself, I have latterly a trick of pasting them, in the shape of any chance slip, on the wooden shot-vase above which bristles my little forest of pens and pencils, on the end of the cedar envelope box, and on other convenient surfaces about my desk. Here is one, for example, that just at present stands warningly in the midst of my epistolary stationery :—

"If you don't want your letters to reach the 'private ear' of any one but the person you send them to, burn them as soon as they are written ; or, better still, burn the paper before you have written on it!"

I have accumulated several of the class that might be designated *takers-down* : they are like the ragged garb of his beggarhood which the king kept in a coffer for occasional contemplation. Such is this :—

"Wir unterschätzen das was wir haben, und überschätzen das was wir sind."

And this, also, which conspicuously and significantly clasps the receptacle of my favorite pen. It is from Kavanagh:—

"We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done."

Then there is the class which we may call *anti-illusioners*. Such is this couplet from Gautier:—

"Peintres, Musiciens, Poètes, Sculpteurs,
Pourquoi nous avez-vous menti?"

And this, which came from I forget what "melancholy Jaques" of the "gay" nation:—

"When the mask falls, the Carnival is ended."

And this, which looks from the other point of view, and finds something worth seeing even *after* the Carnival:—

"Während ein Feuerwerk abgebrannt wird, sieht niemand dem gestirnten Himmel."

This from Emerson, too, I have sometimes liked to keep where I might occasionally see it:—

"Too weak to win, too fond to shun,
The tyrants of his doom,
The much-deceived Endymion
Slips behind a tomb."

One more, and a very proper one with which to close, is that of Kant:—

"If a man were to say and write all that he thinks, there would be nothing on earth more horrible than a man."

— When one is in trouble — and who has not his troubles, "such as they are"? — one may resort to certain distinct ways of looking at things, certain points of view, certain accessible platforms in the mind commanding a particular outlook, which have in my own case so often proved medicinal, palliative if not curative, that I am disposed to prescribe them to my friends. One of these is what we may call the bird's-eye view of the whole affair. A painful personal

matter is always like the foreground of a photograph, unnaturally enlarged. An ache in any spot, whether of the body or of the experience, magnifies it like a sort of inner lens. The thing is to get off at such a distance as to shrink our mistake, our misfortune, our mortification, back to its true perspective. In the bird's-eye view, what does it all amount to, after all? Here are all these myriad affairs of other people, of whole communities, of nations and races and epochs, — how foolish for the little black ant of the mind to see only its own ant-hill, and even there to absorb itself wholly in a trifling scratch on one of its own antennæ! For this reason I like to keep a large globe standing on a pedestal in one corner of my study. "So it hangs poised," I say to myself, "the big, populous ball, swathed in clouds, as I might swathe this mimic microcosm in blue tobacco-smoke; tilted over to the pole-star, and" — then I swing it smoothly round with the flat of my hand — "rolling merrily on its ancient way, thus, and thus!" Then I figure to my mind's eye the sprawling continent, as it slips under, and up, and over the glancing ball; yonder would lie the minute crinkle of my river, and, covered by a pin-prick, my whole remarkable town, wherein the microscope might reveal the insignificant atomy of myself. "What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba," or the twain of them to the rest of the starry universe, that they should either weep or be wept for?

Another of these relief-stations in the mind is the *episode* point of view. This trouble, this worriment, this failure, this hurt (I say to myself), is not a finality. This is not what I was *for*. It is all a mere episode. My life went on before it, goes on underneath and over it, and will go on after it. Some time, somewhere, I shall tell all this to some one, and it will, on the whole, be worth the telling. But remember, foolish, deluded mind (still I

say to myself), it is not to be regarded seriously, as a part of the main plot. It is all very pretty if the thing in hand succeeds, if the little hour be an agreeable hour, if the curtain rise and fall without sticking, and applause, not jeers, be heard to arise from the temporary audience; but it is likewise "most tolerable" and perfectly insignificant, if the thing go with entire badness. *Quid refert Caio?* It is only a little momentary speck in the total of existence. *Hæc meminisse juvabit.* It will do well enough to tell of afterward. It is the merest episode.

I remember a beautiful house among the secluded bluff villas of the North Shore. Great rocks and undisturbed native woods surround it. The grounds are shadowy, cool, silent. One might be very happy within those stately walls — or very unhappy. But out from the porch a curving path leads among the oaks to the edge of the bluff; and there, of a sudden, you find yourself on an open platform in the sun, and the harbor before you, alive with sails like butterflies, and, out beyond, the level sea, that fades shining up into the misty sky. Such paths and such platforms of observation lie all about the dark places of the mind, if we will only remember not to forget their existence.

— Contrary to my custom, I showed some verses — before the ink and my affection for them had taken the time to dry — to a critical friend. Now this lady's mind is so constructed that when you attack it with ever so casual a remark or question you never know what may happen. On this occasion what happened was a discussion in ethics. But I had better give the lines first of all: —

HIS NEIGHBOR AS HIMSELF.

Black the storming ocean, crests that leap and
whelm;
Ship a tumbling ruin, stripped of spar and helm.
Now she shudders upward, strangled with a sea;
Then she hangs a moment, and the moon breaks
free

On her huddled creatures, waiting but to drown,
As she reels and staggers, ready to go down.

Crash! the glassy mountain whirls her to her
grave.

In the foam three struggle; one his love will save.
There's a plank for two, but, as he lifts her
there,

Lo! his rival sinking; eyes that clutch despair.

Only a swift instant left him to decide, —

Shall he drown, and yield the other life and
bride?

In the peaceful morning stays a snowy sail.

Two afloat, — one missing. Which one? Did he
fail, —

Coward, merely man? Or did the great sea
darken eyes

All divinely shining with self-sacrifice?

I waited while she read them. Then I waited while she read them again. Then there was a pause, and I said, "Well?" Then there was more pause, during which the mercury of my estimate of the verses slowly sank. Then I said, humbly, "I *did* think of sending them to The Magazine."

"Yes," said she, slowly. (The mercury continued to go down.) "But I don't believe in the ethics of it."

"Is *that* all?" said I, brightly.

"Is *that all?*" said she, darkly.

"Well, then," said I, humbly again, "what is wrong with the ethics? In-
stance me, good shepherd."

"In the first place," she was good enough to explain, "I don't like this handing a girl around as if she were a transferable piece of property. It is wrong, and, what is worse, it is sentimental. Because, of course, the one whom, in a fair field, she loves is the one who has a right to her, and how can he give her up without sacrificing her too?"

"But," said I, "the fact that she is his bride does not necessarily imply that she loves him best."

"Does n't it!" interjected she.

"At least we may suppose that in the case given the woman's affection or fancy — for it may as yet be only that — is evenly balanced between the two."

"Then," said she, "let his own love

for her decide him. *That he knows.* He cannot know that the other loves her so well."

"But," still objected I, "suppose he is a very common-sense, hard-headed person, and his view of love is that, as a mere sentiment, it amounts to nothing; that the important question is, Whose love is likely to surround her with the most comfortable existence, the best opportunities, — in short, the greatest happiness? And suppose he is perfectly aware that he himself is the old, sad, and every way undesirable Doe, while the rival is the young, chipper, and every way desirable Roe."

"You talk," said she, "as if the man himself had no rights, no claims to happiness on his own account."

"Oh, but," said I, "must he not recognize as well the other's rights and claims, and 'love his neighbor as himself'?"

"But," she insisted, "not better than himself."

"Would you have him, then, make a cool calculation — on a plank at sea! — of the exact relative values of himself and the other man, and adjudge the bride and the life to the most worthy?"

"I know," she replied, "that in all the small matters of daily intercourse it is the sweeter and more dignified course to give up, regardless of all question of who has the right, or which is the more worthy. But when it comes to the uttermost, when one's hold on life or on the thing that alone could make life valuable, is at stake, why should not a rational mind look down upon the whole matter as might an unbiased inhabitant of Mars, and give the prize to him who has the most desert?"

"But," said I, "could even the most rational mind ever hope to be an unbiased judge of the relative claims of another and himself? And besides, supposing the two men are justly estimated as precisely equal in value, the world would still be the gainer for the first possessor's giving up the plank. In either case, it would have had a living man; but now it has the man *plus* the act of self-sacrifice. To save the other man instead of himself is not merely substituting x for x ; it substitutes $x + y$. For my part, I must still hold to the ethics of $x + y$."

She let me have the last word, and there we left it.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

History. The third volume of the *Narrative and Critical History of America*, edited by Justin Winsor (Houghton), is now ready, and is given up to English Explorations and Settlements in North America, 1497-1689. There are some important chapters, notably that by Dr. Deane on the Voyages of the Cabots, in which he fortifies the position of the elder Cabot as an original discoverer. Dr. Ellis's chapter on The Religious Element in the Settlement of New England seems to us somewhat less satisfactory. Possibly this chapter was not the place for it, but we looked in vain for any clear statement of the course of the first settlers in Massachusetts in quietly ignoring the Church of England. They were not all open separatists when they came over, but the absolute transfer of themselves to separatist ways is not always accounted for by historians. As this great work goes on, we are constantly impressed with its im-

portance and with the editorial skill and ability displayed. We cannot too earnestly remind its conductors and coöperators that much depends on their accuracy. It will be the fountain-head from which the great stream of school histories and popular articles will be drawn. — The Great Conspiracy, its origin and history, by John A. Logan. (A. R. Hart & Co., New York.) Mr. Logan is one of those who like to find an explanation of historic movements in the nearest and most legible causes. His title indicates what he is driving at in his book. He has been so long in politics that he can scarcely conceive of the country except as a field for politicians and their games, and his history of the conflict which resulted in the last war is simply a reference to the political side of it, and that in a very narrow and limited conception. His book is most useful as a reflection of the historical habit of a politician.